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Her
Present...

A Poem of Christmastide—for Men

She MIGHT
Have chosen quietly,
Something dull and plain.
She might
Have been a bit discreet
In buying ties again.

She didn't HAVE to choose the stars.
The diamonds, the splashes,
Or those atrocious crimson things
With gold and violet slashes.

She needn't have . . . she might . . .
But there,
When man's in love he doesn't care.
And there ARE worse things that he
could wear
Than, bless her eager eyes,
His lady's choice.
In ties.

—P.D.B.

MENTAL TELEPATHY...

Can it Work for Good or Evil?

British Doctor's Weird Claim Leads to Dismissal



EYES are recognised as the windows of the soul. No person can look into his or her own eyes, through a mirror, for more than a minute without feeling queer. There is some strange power behind the eyes we do not understand. It is well known that two people cannot look into each other's eyes for more than a brief period.

Telepathy is a household word. Everybody knows what it means; thought transference or the sending of thought messages from one person to another.

Now the question of whether there really is such a thing, and if so whether it is possible to influence another person's mind by thought force, has been raised in England by the strange dismissal of Dr. Cannon, of Holney Hatch Mental Hospital.

THE medical and scientific world has been surprised by the announcement this week that Dr. Cannon, psychiatrist and research worker attached to the London County Council's mental hospital at Holney Hatch, has been asked to resign.

According to a cable, the cause of the trouble is a book written by Dr. Cannon entitled "Invisible Influence," dealing with hypnotism, black magic, and other occult sciences.

Dr. Cannon is known to have travelled a great deal.

While he was in Tibet, he claims to have heard forecast the exact date and manner of the late Mr. Justice McCardie's suicide, says the cable.

He adds that this famous English judge offended an Indian mystic, who willed him to suicide.

Dr. Cannon claimed that Justice Mc-

Cardie told him a fortnight before his suicide that he was awakened every night and transfixed by two eyes.

One of the most extraordinary features of Dr. Cannon's story is that, after the suicide, Cannon said he telepathised the Grand Lama of Tibet, who replied that if Cannon hypnotised McCardie the evil influence of the mystic would be averted.

COMMENTING on the expulsion of Dr. Cannon, a well-known Australian psychiatrist said that as he had not read the book, "Invisible Influence," he could therefore not express a definite opinion.

It seemed likely, however, that Dr. Cannon must have approached the psychic subject matter of his book in a manner considered irrational by the hospital authorities.

If he had written about hypnotism and psycho-analysis in such a way that readers of his book might link these

SIR OLIVER LODGE, the famous British scientist and authority on spiritualism, is one of the many leading thinkers of today who believe in the power of telepathy. He has been associated with the London Society of Psychical Research for many years.

everyday manifestations of psychology with black magic, the hospital would be right in dispensing with his services, said the specialist.

On the other hand, he added, it was possible that the hospital had adopted a narrow-minded attitude towards what really might be a worth-while treatise on psychic phenomena.

Telepathy Proved

COMMENTING on the fact that Dr. Cannon is said to have claimed that he communicated with the Grand Lama of Tibet by telepathy or thought transference, the specialist said that telepathy had been recognised by the London Society of Psychical Research as a demonstrable fact many years ago, and that therefore it would not be correct to dub Dr. Cannon's claim as pure nonsense.

Telepathy, he said, was not known as a demonstrable fact before 1882.

At this time, however, some famous experiments were made by the Misses Creery under the direction of Sir William Barrett, Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and Mr. Edmund Gurney.

In 1884 the London Society of Psychical Research, after many other amazing experiments, declared definitely that "under certain exceptional and as yet unknown conditions" ideas are transmitted from one human being to another without the aid of the recognised senses, and irrespective of the distance between the communicating parties.

"In all these matters," the psychiatrist added, "we are like little children. We have not even begun to learn the wonders of the mind and the power of thought. A hundred years ago the present-day reality of wireless would have been considered magical, but wireless is only a simple mechanical thing compared with thought and psychic phenomena."

In Australia

THE psychiatrist pointed out that there were many bodies of "popular psychologists" in Australia who firmly believed that they had the power to influence individuals by telepathetic thought force, and that one of their regular rituals was to sit together and send thoughts of good health and strength to sick persons.

"If this is possible, and I would not say definitely that it is not," he said, "then it must also be possible to do people harm in the same way."

UNIQUE STORIES

Next week a series of very exciting short stories by Selwyn Jepson will start in *The Australian Women's Weekly*. They will succeed that most discussed of serials, Vicki Baum's "Falling Star," which ends this week.

NO serial ever created such a sensation as "Falling Star." It was something quite different. Either you liked it very much or you did not like it at all.

These new stories by Selwyn Jepson, one of the world's leading authors, are different too; but everybody will like them.

Although each story is self-contained, you will read about the same characters every week. You will get to know these characters, and will look forward to their very exciting adventures.

John Daven's daughter is the heroine. She is what every woman wants to be, and she lives the sort of life you dream about.

Her father christened her "Tiger" because she was entirely fearless. She has dark, ravishing beauty and a strong, lithe body. She is a champion shot, a jujitsu expert, and a wizard with the rapier.

English Film Winner



NITA HARVEY, the beautiful and talented young English girl who was chosen to represent England in the Paramount "Search For Beauty" film quest. Australia sent Gwen Munro from Victoria, and Brian Norman, selected through *The Australian Women's Weekly* in association with Paramount, for New South Wales.

UNKNOWN Heroes Voted for WOMEN Intriguing Position in Final Upper House Ballot

There has been a good deal of speculation and curiosity regarding the names of the two members of Parliament who gave their first preferences to Miss Preston Stanley and Mrs. Laverty in the third Upper House ballot.

To what extent the seven members who nominated women candidates will support them in the final ballot this week has provided another interesting angle on the election of a new Legislative Council.

INTERESTING facts regarding the Upper House, both personally and on account of her political record. She is a woman of very high principles and a broad national outlook, who has fought for the women's cause all her life. I intend to give her my support because I consider that although there may be other women as good there are none with a better claim than her to represent the people in Parliament.

Mr. A. H. Moverly, M.L.A.: I am not prepared to say exactly how my vote will be recorded. When I nominated Miss Preston Stanley I did so at the request of the Cabinet, as I had a nomination to spare. I did so on the distinct understanding that I had promised my primary vote, but I will give her a very high preference.

Mr. Jackson, M.L.A., was not available to express his views on the subject.

Dr. Webb, M.L.A.: Mrs. McKinnon is an outstanding figure in the world of women. She organised the Junior Red Cross which is now a world-wide organisation, and represented Australia at the Geneva Conference. She will have my support at the final ballot.

Mr. Lee: It was understood that the women candidates would get their run in this last ballot. I propose to give a very early preference to Mrs. McKinnon.

Mr. R. E. Savage: I nominated Mrs. Webster and I will certainly support her at the last ballot. She has been a wonderful worker in the Labor movement, and has been very attentive to her duties in the Upper House.

P. M. McGirr, M.L.C.: Mrs. Webster has always advocated the cause of women in the Upper House in a capable manner. During the past ballots she has not voted for herself but given her primary votes to others, and she is going to get a lot of support on this occasion.

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Let's Talk Of
INTERESTING
PEOPLE . . .



BRIDGE IS HER HOBBY

Alan How photo.

MRS. MYRA MILLINGEN is well known in bridge circles as a pioneer teacher of contract of outstanding ability and author of "Contract Kernels," which is now in its third edition.

She is the initiator of the newly-formed New South Wales Bridge Association, and has been appointed its first hon. secretary. It is hoped that this association will quickly develop into a State-wide organisation, as one of its main objects is to unite the bridge-playing public throughout New South Wales, and promote interstate contests.



FINNISH FILM ACTRESS

MISS ELLEN SYLVIN, a famous Finnish film star twelve months ago, is now working as a domestic servant for Baroness Ufford, in Belgrave Square. Miss Sylvin started her career as a dancer in the opera at Helsingfors, and later for five years, was leading lady for Eeriki Karu, director of a Finnish film company. Then, without warning, she disappeared because of an unhappy love affair, and was discovered in London only this month. She is now working in that country to gain thorough knowledge of English, and hopes to appear in English pictures soon.



Woman's Weekly photo.

NEW HEADMISTRESS

MISS MARY HUTTON is to be the new headmistress at Melbourne Girls' High School in the coming year. She will be returning to the school where she was a senior teacher nine years ago.

Miss Hutton has had a brilliant career as a scholar and as a teacher. She won her first scholarship, the late Mr. Robert Livingstone's, while still attending a State school, and became a junior teacher in the Education Department. Continuing her studies at the Teachers' Training College, she won the Gladman prize, completed the course for teacher's certificate, and then spent two years in various country schools. She was one of twenty who gained diplomas in her course.

She joined the Melbourne High School staff in 1928 and studied for her degree. While working as a full-time teacher she managed to win first-class honors in education and the Dwight Prize. By 1934 she was a senior teacher in the school, and left for a trip abroad, visiting girls' schools in England and Europe, and attending educational conferences in London and Oxford. On her return she became headmistress of Collingwood Girls' School, and will leave there when the school break up, for her new appointment.

GIRL WRITES from Remote ROPER RIVER

Would Not Leave Her Beautiful Northern Territory Home "For Paradise"

Here is an article that will disturb the complacency of people sitting peacefully at home in our big cities.

It is a letter written by Ellen Margaret Hobley, a girl of 16, who has lived since childhood in the remote Roper River district of the Northern Territory. It took six weeks to reach us.

Educated by post from Brisbane, she hits out straight from the shoulder in defence of her tropical homeland.

ROPER RIVER,
October 8, 1933.

I HAVE just received the July 29 copy of The Australian Women's Weekly, and on reading Dr. Marie Bentivoglio's remarks on the Territory, have decided that for the good name of the country in question I must write in answer.

She says white women cannot live in the Northern Territory.

Not only can they live here, but do so.

Also they can work in this country; must, in fact, if they live outback, as we do, for the sake of having something to think about besides how far away the nearest neighbor is.

Blacks are employed in most places, but we do not permit them to come here because they, and they alone, cause all the illness of the Territory. The natives are not scanty, but all too numerous; the sooner they die out the better for the country, as they are lazy, dirty, and almost useless.

She also says that a white woman in the tropics would consider polishing drudgery. What is she going to polish? The only thing I can think of is her finger nails, which are just as well left undone.

There are no waxed floors, French polished furniture, or gleaming silver on an outback station.

As for there being no health resorts, there is no need of them; all the Territory is a health resort.

It is one of the healthiest countries in the world, as can be proved by Dr. Marie says they are false.

No one is ever seriously ill, and no one dies in the Territory; they must go down South for that—which would suggest that the South is a deadly climate.

Certainly 90 per cent. of the people who go down there from here are sick all the time they are away, or else die.

As for it not being a land for weaklings, who wants them? We don't. They aren't bred in the North.

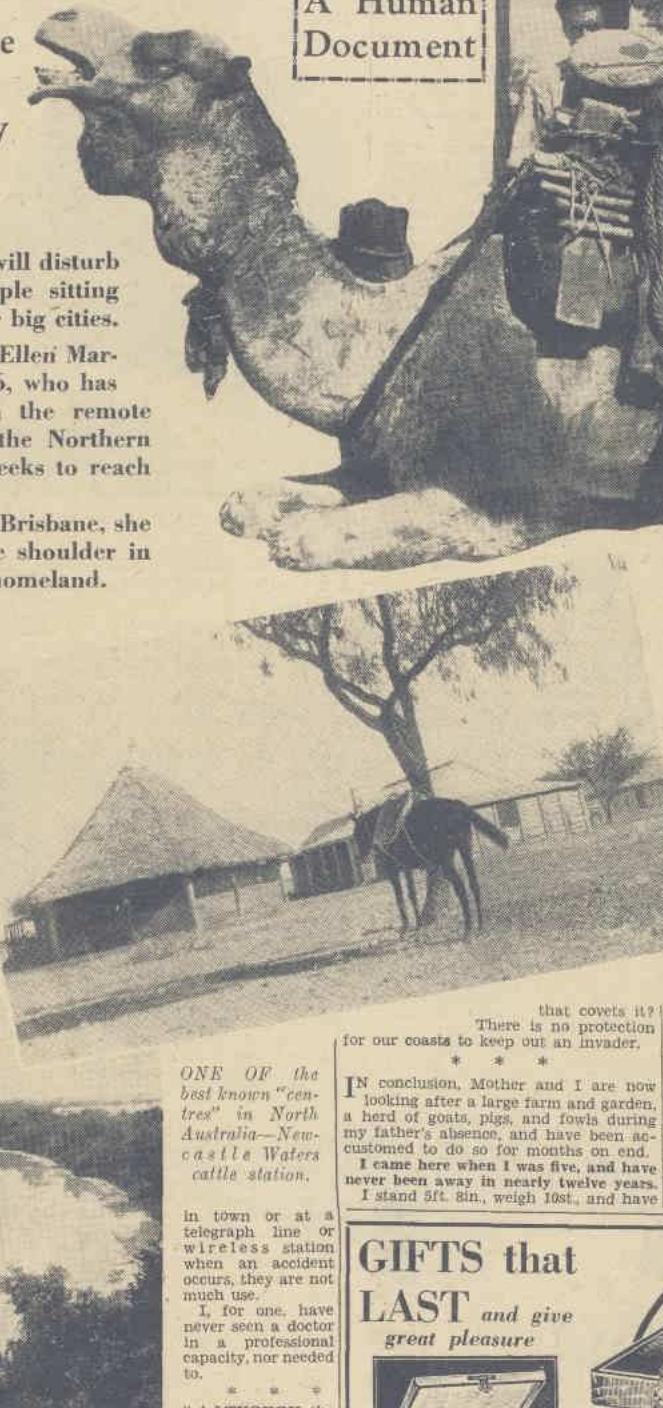
There is a doctor at Katherine, I think, and one at Cloncurry, but as one is rarely

The Roper River flows into the Gulf of Carpentaria, not far from Groote Eylandt, around which has revolved so much controversy.

who are totally ignorant and wholly unacquainted with the resources and conditions of the Territory spread such statements as this about in the Southern papers, they are not very likely to encourage settlers.

There are children here, and very healthy ones, too. Perhaps the Government should exploit the Barrier Reef. Is it any better to leave a magnificent land like this to the first foreign nation

A Human Document



A SYMBOL of the remote North, a camel taking on stores for Brunstall Downs station in North Australia.

never had a day's illness in my life.

We have had five weeks' holiday in eleven years. We do all the work inside and out ourselves.

Dad works a 60-acre farm, looks after the station, and spends half his time at work outside. He is 66, and Mother 47. I am 16.

I am fairly well educated, too, by the Brisbane Correspondence School.

I would not willingly leave my beautiful Roper River home for Paradise.

Dr. Marie knows nothing of this country. She should live as a farmer's wife in the outback ten years before she writes about it.

It is such erroneous reports as hers that do so much harm.

That no one who has lived here a year will willingly leave to live elsewhere should be conclusive proof that it is not a bad land.

—ELLEN MARGARET HOBLEY.

that covets it?
There is no protection
for our coasts to keep out an invader.

* * *

IN conclusion, Mother and I are now looking after a large farm and garden, a herd of goats, pigs, and fowls during my father's absence, and have been accustomed to do so for months on end.

I came here when I was five, and have never been away in nearly twelve years. I stand 5 ft. 8 in., weigh 10st., and have

GIFTS that LAST and give great pleasure

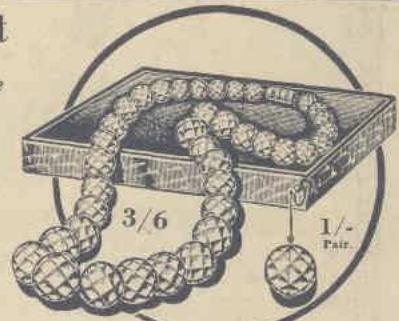


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BRIDGE War Is ON

*Dr. McAdam Claims that His Team
Is the Champion*

When anyone claims to represent the State as a champion in any branch of sport, it becomes everybody's business whether the prestige of the State is being worthily upheld.

THE leading bridge players of Australia are involved in a deep controversy on such an issue in connection with the Interstate bridge match to be held in Sydney between Melbourne and Sydney teams at Christmas time.

Like the bodyline dispute the bridge battle keeps on breaking out afresh.

The newly-formed New South Wales Bridge Association formally gave its approval to the match arranged between Dr. McAdam and Mr. H. Joske of Melbourne, and promised its support to help to make the fixture a success, although clearly laying it down that it regarded the match as a purely private one.

At its last meeting the New South Wales Association decided that whatever the result of the match, a representative New South Wales team would play a representative Victorian team at a later date. With the object of selecting the representatives of New South Wales elimination tournaments are now in progress.

A BOMBSHELL has, however, been thrown into the works by the action of Dr. F. V. McAdam, who has written a letter in the following terms to the hon. secretary of the N.S.W. Bridge Association. The reply of the hon. secretary (Mrs. Myra Millingen) is also given below.

In view of the interesting problem which the correspondence opens, the matter will be the subject of further discussion at a meeting of the association on December 18.

"In view of what took place at the last meeting of the council at which you were present, I cannot quite understand the purport of your letter.

"As you are aware, arrangements have been made for an elimination contest to take place to enable the selectors to pick a team for the match against the team from Victoria. Any pair of players including the members of your team who consider they have a claim for selection, or desire to compete, may do so. This is obviously the only way in which the association can ascertain the merits of the various players, and judge of their qualifications to represent the State."



AN INTIMATE study of the Lady Mayoress-elect, Mrs. A. L. Parker.
—The Australian Women's Weekly photo.

HIS colleagues may have cold-shouldered Ald. Parker when he received his surprise election as Lord Mayor last Saturday, but apparently a more friendly feeling will be experienced by his lady.

Mrs. Parker herself feels no qualms about the circle of activities into which she will be automatically drawn by her new position.

"I know the aldermen's wives personally," she explained to The Australian

Quite Gracious to New CITY LADY

*Mrs. Hagon Rang Up Mrs. Parker;
Her Congrats.*

In spite of the peculiar atmosphere which pervaded the election of Mr. A. L. Parker to the position of Lord Mayor-elect of Sydney, none of this has affected Mrs. Parker as Lady Mayoress-elect.

The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. R. C. Hagon, was the first to extend the gracious hand of congratulations to Mrs. Parker. She personally congratulated her on the telephone at the week-end.

Miss McMahon (sister of Alderman McMahon) also wrote immediately to Mrs. Parker a kindly letter of congratulations.

The Church of England, her home, with its beautiful spacious grounds are often lent to other denominations for outdoor functions.

HERSELF a quiet woman, brought up with the idea of making the home her central sphere of influence, Mrs. Parker yet expresses a deep admiration for the modern girl.

"It is amazing," she said, "the way the modern girl can turn her hand to anything."

The Modern Girl

"She has as many brains as the average man, and is very capable. As a whole, they are a fine type, and deserve the positions they are gaining in the medical, business and law spheres."

Mrs. Parker does not approve, however, of the modern habit of wearing backless bathing gowns, even if one has a beautiful figure.

Cocktail drinking, too, does not meet with her approval, nor so much because of the drink itself, which often is only taken for the sake of smartness, but because of what it may lead to, and the stamping effect it has.

Smoking, Mrs. Parker thinks, is a different matter.

"Indeed, I occasionally smoke a cigarette myself," she added.

Speaking of literature Mrs. Parker confessed that Galsworthy was her favorite author, and that she often dipped into the "Saga." Modern light novels do not interest her much, and in fact she has little time to read them.

"I find it takes a full week of my leisure time to read all the news contained in The Australian Women's Weekly. It is an excellent paper, brightly written, and a very good two-pence worth."

"SOUTHERN CLOUD" Mystery For SCREEN

The disappearance of the "Southern Cloud" on a day of terrible storms in 1930 is the greatest unsolved mystery in Australia's history.

FOR years the problem has fascinated the public, and countless solutions have been suggested.

A new solution of the puzzle is offered in "Secret of the Skies," a film made in Melbourne by Centenary Films Ltd., which is an all-Australian production, filmed in Melbourne and in the Australian Alps, and directed for Centenary Films by Dick Hardwood. Ella Bromley and John Darcy have the leading parts, and Norman Shepherd, Jimmy Dee, Fred Patey and Guy Hastings are also in the cast.

Who has forgotten that terrible day of gale and rain in 1930 when the "Southern Cloud," the Australian National Airways triple-engined Fokker monoplane, with Pilot Shortridge and a full complement of passengers, disappeared somewhere between Sydney and Melbourne?

For months the search went on, and still, from time to time, search parties

go out to investigate reports of the finding of wreckage. Parties as far apart as Moss Vale (N.S.W.) and Bass Strait were in recent months still pursuing the answer to this unsolved riddle of the skies.

The filming of the "Secret of the Skies" based on the story of the disappearance of the "Southern Cloud," marks a new departure in the making of films in Australia.

Hitherto Australian producing companies have confined themselves to the production of stories such as "On Our Selection," "The Squatter's Daughter," and "The Sentimental Bloke," which were proved box-office attractions as stage plays.

The directors of Centenary Films have decided that there is plenty of suitable film material which has not been exploited by the stage. This choice of fresh material will free them from the fixed conventions of the theatre, and enable them to produce films of a wider scope of interest.

Some people believe that the "Southern Cloud" was lost in Bass Strait, but Larry Brewer, who wrote the scenario for "Secret of the Skies," accepts the theory held by many people that the "Southern Cloud" came down in some inaccessible part of the Australian Alps.

Merry Christmas

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The Hand of an Egyptian Princess

By
William J.
ELLIOTT

I AM a criminal journalist. I am prepared to hear you tell me that most journalists are criminals. I know it—but that is not what I mean. I earn my living by writing-up the stories of crimes, the personal stories of criminals and crime-detectors, and similar stuff for the newspapers. In the course of my career I have heard some extraordinary stories and had some curious experiences. The story I am going to tell you now is the most amazing of them all.

We were one day out from Alexandria, heading for home. Our vessel was one of those large cargo boats carrying fifty passengers or so, and the said passengers were, as is usual in such cases, for the most part seasoned travellers seeking to get back to England as inexpensively as possible. It is part of my business to take stock of my fellow men, and I soon had them all sized up to my complete satisfaction—with the exception of two individuals, a woman and a man, neither of whom I should have expected to see upon such a ship as ours.

The man was a small, nervous little fellow, with a bald head and finicky ways, but, judging by his stocky build, a man of considerable physical strength, and by his tanned skin, a traveller. I was surprised to see him amongst us because, from various signs, I took him to be a man of considerable means.

The woman was an unusual type. She was an Egyptian, her soft, velvety skin the faintest of browns. Tall and slender, she was yet magnificently formed and carried herself with the grace of a dancing girl and the dignity of a grande dame. She always wore white, and morning and evening, at meal times and all other times, had her small, slender hands covered by gloves of the finest white kid, over which she wore a number of very fine rings and bangles. Her manner, though tinged with hauteur, was distinctly alluring; her voice the softest and sweetest I had ever heard. She spoke English perfectly. Her husband was a little fat American Jew, who literally worshipped the ground she walked on. I heard that he had met her in Cairo, fallen in love with her and married her within a week. They were now going to England for their honeymoon—and why chose a vessel like ours? was a mystery to me.

This woman had a curious effect upon me—one I couldn't explain, even to myself. I could only describe it by saying that when she was near me I had a sort of feeling as though I were in a church. Also she used a strange and subtle perfume which had about it a curious, clinging, musty-sweet quality. I was quite sure I had met it before, but I could not think where.

IT was on the evening of the second day out that the funny little man confided in me. I was leaning over the rail, staring at the placid waters of the Mediterranean, and watching



"Those large lustrous eyes of hers seemed to narrow and gleam, and it struck me that they were like the eyes of a feline beast of prey."

I glanced at the little man and saw that he was actually trembling. His eyes, wide and frightened, met mine; then he made an obvious effort to pull himself together, and, after a moment's hesitation, came up to me.

"You'll excuse me talking to you, won't you? My name is Griggs," he commenced nervously.

I told him my name, and commented on the beauty of the evening. He agreed rather absently, then said, with a nervous little laugh:

"To tell you the truth, old man, I didn't notice it much. You see I'm a bit scared." I was about to ask him what about, when he went on, in a high, nervous, staccato voice: "Tell me, who is that—that lady who has just gone away? Do you happen to know?"

I told him what I knew about her, and added:

"She is a magnificent creature—looks as though she might be a princess in her own right, doesn't she?"

To my amazement, the little man started violently and stared at me with almost horrified eyes:

"Why, what makes you say that—think that?" he almost gasped. "She isn't—she can't be that! Can she?"

His tone was almost hysterical and he actually clutched at my sleeve with a shaking hand. I laughed.

"Blast if I know, my dear fellow! But—why shouldn't she be?" "Oh, no! That would be—be awful!" he breathed. Then he said suddenly: "Look here, I've got to tell somebody about it or I shall go mad! So if you don't mind I'll tell you! May I? The truth is I've got the—the horrors!"

I WONT give you the story in his own words—he was very verbose, slightly hysterical, and at times, a little incoherent. But this is what it amounted to:

He was a chap with plenty of money and an ardent collector of all sorts of antiquities. Was particularly in-

terested in Egypt, and went nosing round there to see what he could find. Heard of an ancient and unlooted tomb in the neighborhood of Thebes. Went out there with a few fellows, did a little excavating and finally—having first sent his fellows off—penetrated alone into the hitherto undisturbed tomb of some Princess of the Tenth Dynasty or thereabouts. Got the lid of the sarcophagus partly off and had a look at the mummy within. She was—or had been—apparently a tall and shapely woman. The wrappings of one hand—the left—had come unstuck, and, despite the way it was shrivelled, the hand showed signs

of having been very beautiful—long-fingered and shapely. It had upon the third finger a very magnificent scarab ring. He was about to take this as a memento, when he was disturbed by a noise outside and, being a nervous little coot, thought he was going to be discovered. He knew he was breaking the law, and, while he was struggling to get the ring off and make his getaway, to his horror, the whole hand came away from the rest of the arm, parting just above the wrist. Instinctively he thrust the grisly thing into his pocket and bolted.

"... And I tell you, old man, ever since then that cursed hand has haunted me! Sometimes I see it floating about above my head. I dream of it at nights, and twice I've woken up feeling cold fingers round my throat..."

"What have you done with the hand—still got it?" I asked him—seeing clearly that it was no use pooh-poohing his idea.

"No, I chuck it into the Nile!"

"And the ring?"

"Oh, I've got that all right!"

"Hm! Well, I'd get rid of it if I were you. The truth is that your nerves are in a rotten state and that ring is apt to remind you of things you'd better forget."

He turned abruptly on his heel and left me, running along the deck and scuttling below like a frightened rabbit.

In the days that followed, Griggs became something of a bore. Having once opened his heart to me, he was al-

**Illustrated
By WEP.**

he persuaded the skipper to let him use it, and got the carpenter to put him a couple of massive bolts on the inside.

THREE

night when he did not show up at dinner—neither, curiously enough, did the lady. For some reason I was a bit worried about the little fellow, and after the meal set out to look for him. He was neither in his cabin nor in the smoke room. So I went on deck, and, after a little search, discovered him. He was leaning against the rail, with his back to it, and, from a distance, he seemed to be watching something with a curious intentness.

As I approached I called to him, but he took not the slightest notice. When I got nearer I saw that his eyes were wide, glassy and entirely expressionless, fixed in a vague sort of way, on something in the shadows. Following the direction of his gaze, I had a momentary glimpse of two eyes—eyes that gleamed in the darkness like those of a predatory animal. I gave a sharp exclamation and stepped forward—and as I did so, there came to my nostrils a whiff of that strange, musty-sweet, unforgettable perfume.

I stopped short as I recognised it, and then, in another moment, there came from the darkness a low, sibilant:

"Excuse me!"

Please turn to Page 34



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BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY F.W.L. ESCN

A TRIUMPH for "TEENS TRIUMPHANT"

Louise Mack needs no introduction to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly. Her weekly article, her serial and her short stories have been features of this paper since it started. Now her book, "Teens Triumphant," sequel to "Teens," has just come out in time for the Christmas season, and we have no hesitation in declaring it one of the brightest books published this year.

LOUISE MACK not only tells a good story, but she tells it in a style which is delightful to read.

The rarest of writers are those who, while writing in a semi-humorous vein, can become serious when situations demand. Louise Mack excels at this blending of the frivolous with the tragic in "Teens Triumphant."

The first chapter, describing the professor's Christmas Eve dinner party is a phantasy as appetising as the professor's hors d'oeuvres.

"He toddled blissfully about, opening the white and brown packages that kept on arriving, putting the walnuts here, and the muesli there, and the caviare here, and the sauted almonds there, and suddenly pausing to remark solemnly:

"I love hors d'oeuvres, don't you?"

"Love them!" replied Lennie, almost too emphatically.

"I could make a meal of 'em," muttered the professor.

"So could I!" agreed Lennie, with a heartfelt sigh, quickly covered with a rather winsome, if slightly pathetic, smile.

Rooms in London

THE reason Lennie Leighton could have made a meal of hors d'oeuvres was because she was half-starving, but the reader does not find out that till chapter two, and the professor does not become aware of it till she has left the apartment rooms in Montagu St., where the professor lives and dines, opposite the British Museum, and where the main characters of the book are skillfully introduced at the Christmas Eve party.

Lennie leaves Montagu St. to go to cheaper rooms. By one of those tricks of fate, so true to life, she takes an attic in a building where a strangely beautiful woman, Mrs. Ross Drake, occupies a lavishly furnished apartment on the ground floor.

Spending most of her time in bed, Lennie works hard at her book, "Winter Traces." At last it is finished, and she takes it round to the publisher. Meanwhile her friends, the professor, "Sandy" Jules the Frenchman, and Dennis Arden, the Australian, take it in turns to invite her to dinner, all of them being very careful not to let Lennie know that they know she is hard

Dennis and Lennie are attracted to each other. But Lennie cannot understand why Dennis will not come to her new rooms with the others. Once she thought she heard his voice in the hall. She discovers the reason soon enough when the beautiful woman on the ground floor is found poisoned.

Modern Writer

LOUISE MACK is probably the most modern of all Australian writers. She is mischievous and unorthodox all the way through her book. Some of her chapters consist of two pages only. But she obtains a wonderful effect of spontaneity and the story pulls from page 1 to page 287.

If you are near a bookshop have a look at Chapter 15, Page 113, which describes how the food-loving professor comes to take Lennie out to dinner.

Lennie's book, "Winter Traces," comes back. Too hurt to even open the package, she flings it in a corner of her



SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"Seven Yesterday." Paul Hoffman. A simple, well-written story all about an American child, told in the form of an autobiography. Mr. Hoffman's naive way of writing helps to render more vivid the impressions of childhood. (Hamish Hamilton, 7/-).

A Rose For Scotland: Alfred Tressider Sheppard and Roderick MacLeod. A love romance between King James Stuart, of Scotland, and Princess Margaret Tudor, of England, married over four centuries ago. It is rather an historical fantasy than a historical novel, in which Princess Margaret changes places with her maid en route to Scotland in order to completely satisfy herself that King James is a man whom she could happily wed. However, King James decides on the same course, and the maid finds herself wed by the king's servant with the real princess and king looking on, both unaware of the change made by the other. Only after Margaret and James run away to a chateau and are married, still playing the roles of servants, does King Henry, of England, join the threads of this enjoyable tale into a knot of conclusion.—P.H. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/-).

The Story of a Labrador Doctor." Sir Wilfred Grenfell's own story. An account of the exciting and interesting activities of Sir Wilfred Grenfell along the lonely coasts of Labrador, administering bodily and spiritual assistance to those in need. It is a narrative revealing remarkable courage and endurance, and more than enjoyable reading.—P.H. (Hodder and Stoughton, 3/-).

"In the Midst of the Years." Joan Sutherland. Adrian La Salle resigns his post in Egypt because the Home Government has different views to his on the control of the troublesome outpost of the Empire. He decides to take up a political career, and is returned as Unionist member for Starhampton, a county electorate. He falls in love with and marries Lucia, a beautiful English girl who, however, hates politics, and proves more of a hindrance than a help to him in public life. Eventually Lucia runs away with a rival politician. Through all his troubles La Salle has the assistance and advice of his secretary, Angela Selwyn, who has loved him in secret for years, but repressed her feelings. Just when a divorce and marriage with the secretary are anticipated, the story ends. The story is powerfully written and full of interest. (Cassell and Co. Ltd. 7/-).

12-YEAR-OLD GIRL'S BOOK

ONE of the most discussed books of this month has been the 12-year-old Sarah Bowes-Lyon's "Horsemanship As It Is To-Day."

The young authoress is a second cousin to the Duchess of York, and has earned great praise for her spirited book. It is written very naturally, and with great gusto, and, moreover, is illustrated with drawings full of movement and simple vigor. It is altogether a very lively piece of work.

One part under the heading "The Points of Your Pony," is typical: "For instance, say if your father was going to give you a pony, he would very likely say, 'First you must learn the name of a pony's points. Do you know them? And what would happen if you didn't?'"

So the whole technique of mounting, jumping, bridling, grooming and saddling is set out and illustrated with detail. Lord Strathmore writes an introduction to this attractive book by an interesting young person.

moments ago had been drenched with bites."

Later Dennis realises he has acted stupidly towards Lennie, and he waits on her to make friends again.

"I feel like a pocket handkerchief waiting to be ironed!" he told himself.

"Winter Traces" had not been rejected after all. If Lennie had opened the package she would have discovered this in the first place. Her serial, "Silver Sisters," solved her financial problems, but nearly sent her mad.

With two excellent titles like these, appearing merely as part of the story, one wonders why Louise Mack called this book "Teens Triumphant." It is not a title which would encourage adult readers, yet the book, in spite of the writing on the back cover, is definitely for general reading.—(P. R. Stephenson and Co. 6/-).

WYNNE W.
DAVIES

Complete Short Story

In PASTURES NEW

TIMES had been rather difficult in New York of late, and Enrico Ricardo was taking a little holiday in England for the sake of his health; and we now see him whiling away a dull hour in a London cinema.

The film was the latest gangster horror, and Enrico smiled through half-shut eyes as he stared at the silver screen before him. He nodded quizzically to himself with the air of a connoisseur. There were the machine-guns, the cops, armored cars, tear bombs, and corpses cluttering the pavements. Almost true to life.

He grinned cynically and allowed his gaze to wander from the scene before him, studying his fellow kinemagoers with curiosity.

Beside him, a laborer took a quick breath as he saw the screen hero shoot three policemen and a detective with dexterous rapidity.

"Gord—I!" he gasped to his sweetheart, who clutched his arm tightly. "Wat a bloomin' country, Lizzie—glad I ain't got t' live out there. It 'ud scare me stiff!"

Ricardo almost preened himself. He restrained himself with difficulty from leaning over towards the workman and starting a conversation. Instead, he turned away and watched the couple immediately in front.

"Thank heaven we have none of those desperadoes in dear old England," the elderly man remarked to his wife.

"Thank heaven, indeed," the old lady at his side murmured above the roar of a machine-gun. "One would be

nearly afraid to venture into the streets, Henry."

Ricardo started to chuckle out loud, but remembering himself in time, coughed and turned towards his left, where sat two soldiers, privates in a regiment which happened to be on guard duty at Buckingham Palace at that time.

"Lumme!" ejaculated one of the soldiers to his mate. "Wat d'y think of that, Bill?" cracked 'm as neat as y' like. Gosh! See that feller stand up to th' gunman? Got guts, 'e 'ad!"

"F that 'd bin me," observed his friend with emphasis. "I'd 've said, 'You 'ave it, ole cock,' and I'd 've gave 'im th' blinkin' bag root sweet, wivout any 'esitation. When a bloke sticks a revolver in yer tummy, give 'm anything 'e asks fer, sez I!"

"Ear, ear," agreed his companion with gusto. "No bloomin' 'eroes 'ere Postloominous decorations is all very well, but I rock'n there's such a norrible lot of 'em in 'eaven, nobody 'd look at yer twice if yer was a noo-corner."

The two soldiers chuckled at the joke and grew serious as they watched a car sweep down the street spewing death from all its windows, the whole interior of the cinema echoing to the chattering roar of machine-guns and the groans and shrieks of dying policemen.

Enrico grew bored. A weak-kneed lot, he thought, as he reflected upon

the conversation of his neig borin' pict uregoers.

Rising, he sauntered out into the street without waiting to see the end of the film which was, of course, a foregone conclusion.

A task lay before him, but the enjoyment which such adventures in New York usually brought him was, on this occasion, peculiarly lacking. It would be too easy.

EXACTLY three minutes before closing time the car drew up before the bank doors. It was a car of American make and the driver had appropriated it from the car park not because he wished to patronise home industry, but because it had left-handed drive and its present driver always liked to have the familiar thing rather than the novel.

Sitting back, he drew two or three steady whiffs at his cigarette and dropped the burning end out over the edge of the car with a dainty movement of his tapering fingers. Opening the car door, he stepped out on to the pavement, glanced at his watch, threw a cool stare around him, and walked over to the bank with leisurely stride.

Moving in through the swing doors he walked towards the counter, nodding easily at the anaemic-looking cashier in a gesture which also took in the only other occupant of the bank—the branch manager, who sat at a small table, writing.

The scene was a very ordinary one and the sound of an occasional car passing along the suburban roadway outside seemed but to accentuate the calm stillness of the bank interior.

Suddenly, with rude abruptness, the calm was shattered.

"Slick 'em up!"

The swift command bit on the still air like the crack of a whip.

The cashier's whole body jerked as though it had been moved by an invisible cord. Looking up, he found himself staring into the barrel of an ugly-looking automatic, held with remarkable steadiness by a dark, swarthy man in whose eyes glittered a cold purpose which there was no mistaking. The little cashier's heart missed a beat.

"Puah 'em under the grille and look smart," snarled the voice, and the blue smout of the weapon quivered ominously.

THE cashier's lips trembled and his knees shook as though made of jelly; he stared across the counter with terror-stricken eyes. Suddenly, however, he blinked and, bending forward, snatched up a glass paper-weight and cast it with very poor aim—for his hand trembled so—at the face on the other side of the grille.

"Ah—grazie—" grimed Enrico Ricardo through set teeth and pressed the trigger of his weapon. A bright red spot appeared high up on the cashier's left shoulder, and the little fellow disappeared from view behind the counter with comical suddenness.

The whole affair had taken but a split second.

"You, too," snarled Enrico, turning his attention to the manager, who now found himself coming out of the momentary coma which had descended upon him. He was fat and flabby and his mouth now opened wide, giving him the expression of a hearty codfish suddenly confronted by a shark.

He stared at the man before him, but, against his will, almost, his gaze was immediately drawn away to the ugly heap which sprawled so uncouthly

behind the counter. A cold sweat gathered on his brow.

"Stick 'em up," purred the dapper stranger smoothly. "I gotta date outside, and I can't daddle around here all day. Have a good look at da guy down there, then slide dem crackers across. If ya don't wanna feel lead."

The slight imperfection in the speaker's English was the only sign of impatience he showed.

Mr. Horatio Bedding, the bank manager, hesitated. His hands started to climb upwards for Horace—as his wife affectionately called him—was no hero. But suddenly, out of the corner of one eye, he caught sight of a faint movement in the crumpled figure under the counter. No more than the twitching of limbs.

BUT the movement affected the corpulent manager strangely. A wild, berserk rage shook him, and the color flooded up over his face until it seemed as if the blood would burst through his skin.

"Swide—" he gulped. "To do that to poor little Eveleigh!" Sweeping up a heavy ebony ruler, he hurried it acutely at Enrico's head.

For once Enrico was caught napping. A reader of character, he had read complete submission in the manager's attitude. And he had paid more attention to the pile of banknotes than to the man.

The ruler caught him on the side of the head, spoiling his aim, so that he did not more than draw a broad red crease along the side of the manager's head.

And as that gentleman slid down on his underling on the floor he yet with some last flicker of consciousness, managed to press the button of the alarm bell which "poor little Eveleigh," by reason of the suddenness of this unexpected invasion, had omitted to do.

Outside in the street started a

Illustrated by
**WYNNE W.
DAVIES**

to a curse as he saw a great face thrust itself towards him from the side of the car.

He dealt the face a sickening blow with the barrel of his gun and the navvy rolled off the running board into the roadway—to rise, shaking his fist at the fast-disappearing motor.

Enrico threw a hurried glance behind him. The scene that met his eye was an astonishing one. The street was crowded. It was a wide thoroughfare and down its breadth in a free-for-all hunt, hallooing for all they were worth, ran a strange pack—himself, Enrico realised, the quarry.

In a mad fit of rage he discharged his revolver into the dark mass and saw a figure hit the earth. But the crowd closed up and came on, and now he saw them give place to fiercer pursuers.

A mounted policeman came charging down the street, bending low over his mount's neck, and a cabman, whipping up his old and decrepit horse, leapt out from his box and urged the animal on to frantic effort. A private car came careering out of a side turning and slowed down only a little to allow a constable to leap on to its running-board.

Enrico stepped on his accelerator and gave all his attention to the task of steering a straight course. He was glad, now, that he had selected a bank in a quiet quarter, for the streets ahead were comparatively deserted. But not

A costermonger some distance away watched the oncoming car and its pursuit open-mouthed, then, with ready resource, seized the handles of his fruit barrow and, with a strong thrust, sent it and its load of juicy comestibles straight at the car.

Enrico closed his eyes and hung on to the steering wheel. The car smashed through the obstacle and continued its progress, its bonnet festooned with half the contents of the barrow.

Came a splintering of glass and Enrico blinked as a flying splinter alighted across his forehead. With a howl of rage he took a quick snapshot at the now truncheon-less constable at the side of the road and grunted with satisfaction as he noted that, by sheer luck, his wildly aimed shot had taken effect.

Turning his head again, he remarked that the taxi-cab was laboring a little, and that the horse cab had apparently given up the chase, but that the private car, with its civilian driver and policeman passenger, was gaining on him.

Enrico glanced at his speedometer and swung round a corner on two wheels, sweeping away a projecting shop blind with meticulous neatness. Down another street he sped, and, coming into a straight thoroughfare, perceived several dark blobs, all helmeted, drawn across the far end. A solid object of some sort, too. Enrico cursed.

He drove recklessly at the object and figures, his vehicle crashing through the things as the policemen leapt aside. Two more truncheons sped past the driver's face, but the aim was poor.

"Don't like it—" Enrico addressed his broken windscreen, and again turned to throw another shot at his pursuers. Came a dull click and no report. Enrico cursed fluently in Italian, and stuffed the empty revolver into his coat pocket.

"Have to dump this truck."

Please turn to Page 8

Quietude

Friends am I with the open sky,
And the white, long stretch of road . . .
The naked hills where low winds lie,
And the freedom of their abode;
And trees, black in the crimson light
Of the throb of the sunset's heart,
The outpost sentinels of night
On the hills where the shadows start.

When I am old perhaps I'll find
A cottage caught close in the hills,
With furrowed fields lying still and brown . . .
And a garden of daffodils . . .
Lover of earth, I'll find my place
Where the white road sleeps in the sun,
And lay my soul with God's good grace
To its sleep when the long tramp's done.

P. DUNCAN-BROWN

By J. D. STRANGE

strident clangor. Enrico swore feebly. Bending forward, he grabbed as many notes as he could conveniently reach, and leaped for the doorway. Gone was the indolent, almost care-free air of a few moments before

ON the steps to the street he collided with the burly commissioner. Huge arms wrapped themselves about him. He pressed the trigger of his gun—and was free. That would teach them. It always would. But curiously enough, in this case it didn't.

He had only taken two more steps towards his car when a large figure in blue seemed to descend on him like a cloud. Enrico gave this apparition the benefit of two pulls of his trigger finger and, panting slightly now, leaped into the car and drove off swiftly down the street before anyone else could get near him.

Behind him he heard a bedlam of sound: shouting, the shrill screaming of women, and a more ugly sound, the high-pitched note of police whistles. The whole world was going mad.

A navvy, a giant of a fellow, coatless, stood in the middle of the street waving his arms, but Enrico bent over the steering wheel and put his vehicle straight at the human obstruction. With amazing agility, the dirty figure in front leapt aside, and Enrico grinded through set teeth; but his grin changed

H.

He swung round another corner, passed through a side street, took another corner at speed, slowed down a little, and threw himself from the car. But even as he scuttled down a dark alley he heard the cry of "Stop thief!" in his rear, and knew that he had not been quick enough.

Came the patter of pursuing feet, and he dragged out his gun, re-loading it as he ran. A woman in front of him swung round—a large fat woman with an aggressive chin—stared past him and, as he raced along, shed her laden shopping basket at him. Enrico stumbled, but recovering, ran on.

An urchin rose up out of the gutter and, disregarding the menacing revolver, cast his iron-tipped top with unerring skill into the runner's face. Enrico spat out a broken tooth and, swerving, dodged the outstretched arms of a milkman. He sobbed a curse.

Things weren't going so easily as he had imagined they would, and he took quick aim at a sailor who barred his path. Jumping over the fellow's prostrate body as the shot took effect. The whole world seemed to be against him. His breath was now coming in short,

In PASTURES NEW

Continued from Page 7

tearing gasps, which threatened to choke him. He started to whimper as he ran. Blood flowed into his eyes from the cut on his forehead, while the salt taste of blood in his mouth caused him to expectorate at frequent intervals.

The debonair aspect had completely forsaken him; he now looked more like a hunted animal.

Desperately he struggled to retain some sense of direction. But it was terribly difficult in a strange city. Oh, why hadn't he confined himself to "work" in the haunts he knew? For in New York City he could have found a score of warrens open to receive him long ere this.

The people themselves in this strange country were an enigma. Timid as hell, not an atom of "guts" in them anywhere, yet they came for one, regardless of a gun. Plumb ignorance, of course. Damn busybodies. If he got

safely out of this, he'd see that he never.

Enrico lifted up his head. His sensitive nostrils told him that he could not be far from the river. And near a river in any city one found docks, wharves and a thousand little warrens where one might lose one's pursuers without trouble.

He dug his elbows into his sides and put all he knew into one last desperate spurt.

The sound of pursuit grew momentarily less as he hurried himself round a corner, and the runner seethed his relief. Before him was a forest of masts. Docks. Enrico can like a hare, and a twisted grin chased the tears away from his bloodshot eyes.

"Gracie Dio!" He saw that the last straight bit of street leading down into the maze of alleys and wharves which bordered the docks was deserted. He mentally promised a candle at the foot of Saint Joseph in the little Bowery Church when he returned to New York.

Suddenly his thoughts changed. Out

of a house midway along the street stepped two figures in khaki. Enrico swore under his breath, but sighed with relief as he drew nearer and recognised the faces of the men. It was the pair who had sat next to him in the cinema. Involuntarily he chuckled, then drawing his features into a ferocious scowl, he brandished his revolver threateningly.

"Out of de way!"

But neither of the soldiers—they were but youths—obeyed. They grunted strangely and held out their arms-wide.

"So—" Enrico wasted no time in argument, but discharged his revolver point-blank into the first soldier's face. The fellow doubled up like a jack-knife and lay inert upon the pavement.

"Y' little swine!" the other soldier—the man who, in the cinema, had said: "When a bloke sticks a revolver in yer tummy, give 'm anything 'e wants"—roared at the top of his voice. He carried out the precept now in his own peculiar fashion. He rushed at Enrico like a mad bull.

The American had hardly time to fire again when he went down under a mountain of youthful khaki.

"C'm up," grunted a furious voice in his ear, and Enrico suddenly felt naked. A hand as big as a plate had plucked the revolver from his delicate fingers.

"Nah, then—" he felt himself hauled to his feet and saw a face staring wildly into his own. "Slick up yer dooks, cock—if yer've conked poor Freddy, I'll blinkin' well bash yer!"

E

NRICO decided, in a muddled sort of way, that Freddy must be the fallen warrior. He put up his hands helplessly. The next moment he felt as if a trip-hammer had caught him on the chin. He fell down and lay still, counting a multitude of lights which suddenly appeared in the sky above.

"Gerrup—" yelled a voice from somewhere amongst the mysterious lights; and to give point to the words a rough hand seized him and pulled him to his feet. "I'll make yer bloomin' well sorry y' ever touched Freddy—I'll make yer bloomin' well wish you was bloomin' well dead!" and again the hammer caught Enrico's face.

He reeled up against a wall and caught a glimpse of his revolver lying on the pavement. He bent dazedly forward, groping for the weapon.

"No y' don't—" A well-directed blow in the pit of the stomach caused the gangster to straighten up with involuntary haste. Came a rain of blows on face, chest and ribs. When Enrico was upright blows hit him down, and when he was down more blows promptly hit him upright again.

T

HEN, just as Enrico felt that he was about to die—would, indeed, have welcomed death—there came another voice, a gruff voice which panted heavily.

"Ere," remonstrated Authority. "C'm off o' that, soldier. Leave a bit fer us t' take inside."

The rain of blows ceased and Enrico felt a gentle but very firm touch on his arm. There now seemed to be a multitude of faces around him; the owners of these faces painted, staring him with grim curiosity.

The khaki shade faded out of his immediate vision, its place being taken by a blue expanse broken up by a series of gleaming silver discs—butons.

"Come along o' me," panted the blue-clad one. "You ain't arf give us a run for our money. Made a mess of th' city, too—sich goings-on. O' right, soldier," in an aside. "Yer mate's on'y increased. Ave a 'art n' leave a bit fer us."

The broad red face above the expanse of blue lost its serious look and broke out into a child-like grin. The faces round about, too, started to grin. Enrico gasped, but the joke was completely beyond him and he allowed himself to be led away, his head going like a buzz-saw, his whole body one vast, blinding ache.

He was in the hands of justice, but justice could easily be delayed and, finally, put aside. There were ways.

A

SHORT time after this incident, a dark-faced man stood upon an eminence. A strange country—and a strange people—thought the man daily as a grim-faced fellow carefully adjusted the rope so that the knot came exactly under his left ear.

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CREAMIER LATHER . . . MORE WASHING POWER



HE: What would you do if I showered you with kisses?
SHE: I'd put up my umbrella.

Saturday, December 16, 1933.

CAREERS FOR GIRLS

SUCCESS as a FLORIST

By Our Special Commissioner

There are many women to-day holding outstanding reputations in floral art. They are successful, happy women demonstrating originality, artistic ability, plus personality and perseverance.

A DAY or two ago I was standing in front of a florist's shop and admiring an exquisitely arranged basket of flowers and fruit.

Two girls also stopped, and one said to the other: "Every time I pass this shop it makes me wish I had one of my own. Imagine working among such lovely flowers all day—life would be worth while."

On the spur of the moment I went in and purchased that basket of flowers. A smiling, immaculately-dressed young woman served me. We got into conversation. I discovered that she was the owner of that little business. She had previously worked in an office, but, like hundreds of others, she felt the urge to do something for herself—get away from routine. What to do? She evolved the idea of becoming a florist and running her own shop.

She arranged with a successful woman florist for lessons at a reasonable figure, continued with her work, and saved sufficient for a small capital on which to fall back, and, of course, for a little outlay in the beginning.

Bravely she set forth, selected a spot where the flow of traffic seemed to augur success for a new business, and fortunately secured half a shop.

Modest supplies from a grower were arranged for. She said "good-bye" to the office. Up went her little sign, and

LOWER'S WHIRL of XMAS SHOPPING**He's Still Feeling Dazed; But Happy**

The penalty of fame and many friends has given Lower a headache for several weeks. He has been compiling a list of Christmas gifts.

Having first hired a warehouse to store his purchases, he started buying carloads of presents last week. Read about it, sympathise—and laugh.

By L. W. LOWER,

THE grim form of Father Christmas is stalking the land.

Tableknives are being inserted surreptitiously into innocent children's money-boxes by furtive fathers.

Innocent children are borrowing money from their doting mothers in order to buy her a present.

Mothers are pondering whether to give the "old man" a packet of cigarettes for Christmas, or a box of matches.

Countless lay-bys which got away to a good start are breathing very hard coming round the home turn.

The same old thing is going to happen again. The day after Boxing Day we will be all feeling fed to the ears, kicking the kids for blowing their trumpets around the place and riding their tricycles up and down the side passage, motherless broke, and with a dismayed, hopeless feeling that for all the money we spent at Christmas time we could have paid-off the wireless set nine times.

I SAID to the woman next door only the other day, Tuesday, I think it was... no, it was Monday, now I come to think of it, because I remember now that Monday was a wet day and I had to leave the washing till Tuesday. Of

Illustrated by WEP

house for the water to be as dirty as that. And the rags she hangs out on washing day! *

ANYHOW, I went into town to do my shopping, and I took the tram to put the parcels in because the old man was working that day, and, besides, I had enough of him last Christmas.

After we'd been into a few shops, about seventeen, I think, he refused to come in with me.

I left him outside while I went in to buy a hat and when I came out there he was standing up against a post sound asleep, surrounded by thousands of cigarette butts.

Well, you've no idea how I got shamed about it. I wanted to buy some cigars for Uncle Arthur, you know, the one that works on the trams, and I got pushed into the gardening and tool department and had to buy him a lawn-mower.

He hasn't got a lawn, but still a lawn-mower is always handy to have about the house. I think it adds tone to a place. Of course, we have a gardener. Calls once a fortnight. Such a nice man, his nephew sings in the choir, but, of course, not all of us can afford to engage a gardener.

Anyhow, I bought the old man one of those combination tie-socks. You put them on your feet and they're socks. Tear them down the middle and you can use them for ties, and then when they're starting to wear you can use them for a belt.

Of course, the kids were easy. They made a list to be posted to Father Christmas. Young Willie wanted a racehorse, an electric toy train complete with signals, waiting-room, and ticket-office, costing approximately £75, a pea rifle and three million rounds of ammunition, and an Alsatian dog. So I bought him a whistle. Not very useful or instructive I know, but it'll be handy to annoy his father with.



Lower and Wep send a pal a Christmas Card.

AS I said, kids are easy, but it's the grown-ups that drive you mad. You know "Wep," who drew the rotten-looking illustration that has ruined this article? Well, when he got married people gave his wife wedding presents as some sort of compensation and a mark of sympathy. She got seven clocks. They ought to come in very handy this Christmas.

One thing about clocks is that they're pawnable. You can't pawn a tie. As a matter of fact, some of the ties that women give men you couldn't do anything with unless you used them to scare off birds.

Stop me if you've heard this one.

"Why don't you wear that tie I bought you for Christmas?"

"Well—er—as a matter of fact I didn't want to get it creased. By the way, where is it?" (Safely buried three feet deep in the back yard.)

"You don't mean to tell me that you've gone and lost that lovely tie you gave me! Well, I like that! And I particularly wanted to wear it to-morrow. There's a board meeting." Oh, yeah, verily.

But don't you girls get worried. We know you mean well.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



into the miniature window went the most original little posies, rustic baskets, and squat bowls of skilfully and artistically arranged blooms.

That girl has never looked back, and now has a small staff. Every customer becomes a friend. She lives in a comfortable villa in a suburb and does a good deal of her own growing—thus cutting down overhead expenses.

Her artistry, combined with a charming personality, is repaying in hard cash her courage and perseverance.

Of course, every girl is not fitted for this pleasant career, nor is every girl endowed with the inclination to be florist.

But for any girl who has a leaning that way there are often openings in the bigger shops where she may have the opportunity of studying every branch of this fascinating profession. Then, when the time comes, when she feels like spreading her wings, she can choose her shop and choose it where a moneyed clientele have their comings and goings. She must be prepared to face slack periods, with possibilities of waste, and

Her business acumen may seize upon the added remuneration to be gained by taking in pupils.

She can superintend the growing of her own supplies, thus eliminating much waste, besides reducing overhead expenses.

HORN Hollbrook says: My Worcester Sauce is tempting to the appetite. All the world's appetites ***.

ORDER THE BEST for XMAS PICNICS-PARTIES-ALL OCCASIONS

THERE IS ONLY ONE
FIFTY-FIFTY
AVOID TRADERS WHO PASS OFF

50 NOTHING COULD BE BETTER **50**

24 GLASSES TO THE BOTTLE

ALSO IN CONCENTRATED STRENGTH
50 DRINKS TO THE BOTTLE

Made from



ECONOMICAL
DELICIOUS
HEALTHFUL

ORANGES & LEMONS

OBtainable from ALL GROCERS, CONFECTIONERS & HOTELS..
Sole Makers O.T. LTD.

An Editorial

DECEMBER 16, 1933.

DIVORCE AND POLITICS

ONE of the most firmly established institutions is the Divorce Court.

It is one of the public institutions that is particularly frowned upon by many religious leaders. And the ugly tongue of scandal is ever-waiting to injure those who have dealings there. Its strength is that it has ended thousands of miserable marriage contracts, bringing relief to men and women locked in sham and unhallowed unions.

Like most social institutions, it is not perfect. There are queer twists and tangles in the marriage laws which lead to unequal results. Thus we sometimes see the blackest sinner benefiting from divorce proceedings, while an unfortunate victim is unable to get relief.

The community as a whole has long accepted divorce as a necessary social usage. Yet whenever an attempt is made to make the law work with more fairness and decency, the proposed changes are attacked as vehemently as though the whole principle of divorce was at stake.

None of the recently proposed amendments of the divorce law involves changes in our national regard for the sanctity of marriage. But those who oppose divorce evidently desire to see the laws as unfair as possible, so as to bring disrepute on the whole institution.

What is their purpose in such an attitude? Do they suppose that modern society is likely to pull down this section of the Temple of Justice altogether?

Undoubtedly those who believe that all divorce is irreligious are earnestly working towards the latter end. They believe there is a final moral harm in divorce that outweighs any apparent benefit.

In this conflict between religious precept and popular opinion the politician becomes the deciding instrument.

It is a pity, therefore, that politicians as a whole throughout Australia have not shown themselves more fitted to deal with such high ethical questions.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

THE ONE SO EVIDENT

I cannot think that she is really gone,
For still the blossoms bloom upon the lawn.
She sowed and tended, and the house within
Still blooms with beauty where her hands have been.
So busy with her little household cares,
I see her in the placing of the chairs,
The hanging of the pictures—who shall say
The one so evident has gone away?

HULLO!
PHOTOGRAPHERS ABOUT

MUST MAKE
AN IMPRESSION



JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

THERE! I THINK
I SHOULD MAKE A
PRETTY PICTURE

BUT I HAD FORGOTTEN
THE HOT SAND!



Points of View

Humbugs On Holiday

By Professor A. M. LOW

In an interview with MURIEL SEGAL, our Special Representative in Europe.

"Everyone's ideal holiday, if only they would be honest enough to own to it," says Professor Low, "is to spend a few weeks in luxury with every modern equipment and convenience to make life as near perfect as possible . . . and, of course, the right companion."

THE sight of city men going "back to nature" is too pitiful. You may say that God made man in his own image, but the question is whether the caveman or the stockbroker is God's image.

The caveman, with his hair-covered body, is in the picture as a nudist, but the city man, exposing his body for a few weeks during the year, gives a horribly half-baked effect.

It's just like buying a fine old Elizabethan house and installing steam heat. The gallants who lived in Elizabeth's time wore warm jerkins and doublets and goodness knows how many pairs of warm woolen hose under those tight-fitting affairs.

And here we are with centuries of scientific research behind us during which we've evolved the most sanitary and practical clothes, spent hundreds of years evolving a financier's or an inventor's brain, and our idea of a holiday is to pretend we have the physique and mentality of a slightly superior chimpanzee!

WOMEN are more asthetic than men.

Perhaps because they have only been really "educated" during the last fifty or so years.

The urge to discard our clothes is a reaction to the commands of the law which cramps our style so drastically during the rest of the year.

So, during the holidays, it seems quite natural to sprawl around the beach semi-nude and strike up an acquaintance with a strange and equally clad young female; but it's not the thing to do when both are fully dressed in town.

Oh, how puzzling are the habits of holiday-makers.

"And don't you think" concluded the professor, who, by the way, is young and whimsical and not my idea of the bearded, grubby old man which "Professor" always means to me, "that the ideal holiday is to sit in a sun-room and press buttons?"

And I cannot but agree.

My Ideal Woman

By "VAN LESTER"

The color of her eyes does not really matter, nor that of her hair. Yet hazel-brown and chestnut-gold are a pleasing combination in these things.

IT is what lies behind those eyes that really matters, that makes me wonder at, and worship, what I see there. And what I see there is religion enough for me, I think there is no poem in all the world to equal that which I may read in their depths. Nor do I wish to understand a single syllable more than I already understand of their message to me.

Her mouth? I gaze long and long in silence and delight, to see "how her mouth can increase that smile her eyes began." A sweet reasonableness in that mouth, full of the warm unspoken lore of tenderness and sympathy and of whatever else it is that makes for womanliness in woman.

Her charm is all these things, yet is none of them. Of itself, that charm is subtle, elusive and a mystery. And none may tell in which direction it lies more than another.

SHE is with me, this ideal woman, at all times and in all places. In the fields, at work in the sunshine, or by night in the silent watches, in fancy, or in fact, she is there. She is a vision, but is not all vision. She is as eager to serve my wants as I am to serve hers in ways that extend beyond the physical comforts and the thousand-and-one small needs of our everyday existence.

Her ministrations begin, but do not end there. For she is something more than wife, than lover even. She is a true mate and loyal comrade. If I am disposed to sour forebodings and morbid fancies, she is there to cheer and to chide me back to sanity and a shamefacedness for such follies, with her silvery, light laughter. If my unconsidered hopes seem to her vain or imprudent, and my ardor too unrestrained, she is at hand to check with wise counsels and balanced reasonings. If I have real cause for sorrow it vanishes at her lightest touch or word.

She is light where was darkness; order where was chaos; courage and serenity where was fearful doubt.

Have I called her my Ideal Woman? Yet, indeed, she is no "airy nothing." She, too, has "a local habitation and a name." And verily upon this earth she dwells!

Her name? But you shall not ask me that.

Saturday, December 16, 1933.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

11

Fascinating Short Story

FAY CONWAY did not finish her breakfast. Seated at her table in the breakfast-room of the Beacon Hotel, Crowfield, she was just approaching the toast and marmalade stage when Ronnie Crawford strolled in and took his seat at the next table.

"Tea or coffee, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"Oh, I dunno," said Ronnie. "Tea, I should think."

"Very good, sir," said the waiter.

"Unless I have coffee," added Ronnie. "You see—no, I'll have tea."

Fay shifted her newspaper, which was propped against the coffee pot, impatiently.

"And there's fish, sir," said the waiter, "or eggs and bacon."

"Eggs and—no; fish, please," said Ronnie. "At least—I dunno. I'll toss for it, waiter. Odds it's fish, even's it's eggs and bacon."

HE took a coin from his waistcoat pocket, placed it on the table and inspected it.

"1937," he said. "Odds were fish, weren't they? Righto—make it fish."

And then, as the waiter turned away, Fay's spoon rattled into her saucer, her newspaper was grabbed, and she strode from the breakfast-room.

Downstairs in the lounge, she flung herself so forcibly on to a settee that the springs twanged a protest, and stared, frowning, at her newspaper. Ronnie was impossible. Tossing to decide between fish and eggs and bacon for breakfast! It was the same over everything. A dozen times a day, over some trivial point, he would fish a coin from his pocket, consult the date to see if it were an odd or even number, and let the date of the coin decide the question for him.

And if he were like that over trivial things, he was probably like that over everything, over the important things—over the most important thing of all.

"Hello, Fay!" said Ronnie, seating himself beside her. "What's Fay doing?"

"Reading, Ronnie," said Fay shortly, still staring at the newspaper.

"You'll mess up your eyesight," said Ronnie. "Ask any optician, Fay, and he'll say it ruins the eyesight to read a newspaper upside down."

"I have been reading, anyway," said Fay, hastily reversing the paper.

Ronnie took it from her hands. "Births, deaths, marriages, personal, and in memoriam," he said. "That's all there is on that page, Fay. Which was it?"

"Personal," laughed Fay. "I never miss the Personal Column. It's always the first thing I read."

"Then if ever we quarrel, Fay—which Heaven forbid—and part for ever, which ditto, after long years of silent suffering you'll find a notice from me in the Personal Column: 'Fay. Forgive me. All my fault. Heartbroken, Ronnie.'"

"And I shall reply," Ronnie. Outside Grand Cinema, Tuesday, eight o'clock. 'Fay!'" She laughed. "I wonder if you'll be waiting outside the cinema, Ronnie?"

"Not me," said Ronnie. "I shall be sitting in the lounge. What do we do this morning, Fay?"

"Whatever you like, Ronnie."

"Well," said Ronnie, "there's golf, or we might go for a walk, or we could get Foster to take us for a spin in his car, or—" His fingers plumped into his waistcoat pocket. "We'll toss for it," he said.

But Fay sprang to her feet. "We'll play golf," she announced.

As they left the hotel, Ronnie paused and waved a hand towards a smart two-seater that stood by the kerb.

"That's Foster's," he said. "Beauty, isn't she?"

Fay nodded.

"She'll do seventy on the level," said Ronnie. "I've tried her. And she simply snorts up a hill. Foster wants me to buy her."

"And you're going to, Ronnie?" He gave a shrug. "I might."

"And you might not—eh, Ronnie?" "Quite."

"And in the end you'll decide by tossing."

"Probably," agreed Ronnie. "But you see, Fay—"

"Oh, let's go and play golf," snapped Fay.

Ronnie gave her a pained and puzzled look, and they set off together for the links.

Fay, of course, did not want to play golf, but she knew, having been to the links with Ronnie before, that going to the links did not necessarily mean play-



MARRIAGE is a Toss-Up

ALL his decisions rested on the toss of a Coin!

Illustrated
by
Boothroyd

"Everything," snapped Fay. "A man who can't decide a single thing for himself, who can never make up his mind about even stupid little things like using a mashie or an iron, and has to pull out a coin before he can come to any decision—it's contemptible!"

Ronnie's face registered pained surprise. "Sorry if I've annoyed you, Fay."

"It would annoy anyone," interrupted Fay. "It just makes people think you're a helpless, milk-and-water sort of idiot with no mind of your own and—oh, I'm sorry, Ronnie. But you're spelling yourself, and I hate it."

"I'm inclined to think," said Ronnie, "there was a pin on the linoleum."

"Tossing for which club to use," continued Fay scornfully, "tossing over the car, tossing over the fish and eggs-and-bacon at breakfast this morning!"

Ronnie grimmed. "Tossing, let me down there, Fay," he said. "The fish had three hundred and forty-two bones, and it was described on the menu as filleted sole. And the waiter said—"

"And if you can't make up your mind over little things," interrupted Fay, "then you're probably just the same over big things. If you think there is nothing so unimportant that you can't decide it by looking at the date on a penny—oh, I'm going back to the hotel!"

BUT she had not taken many steps before Ronnie grasped her arm.

"I say, Fay—"

"Well?"

"I'm a helpless, milk-and-watery, contemptible wash-out who can't decide anything without pulling out a penny. That's roughly the idea, isn't it?"

"That's exactly the idea, Ronnie."

"Well, we're slap in the middle of the fairway," said Ronnie, "and somebody's yelling 'Fore!', but we've got to clear this up here and now. Suppose I promise never to toss for anything again, Fay—will you finish the game?"

"I might."

"Righto! I promise. Never again will I toss for anything." He pointed to the ball lying in the rough. "See that ball, Fay?"

"Yes, Ronnie."

"I have not consulted a coin," said Ronnie, "but nothing can shake my determination to biff that ball with a niblick."

THEY finished their game, and Ronnie, though several times his hand went towards his pocket, never once produced a coin; and at lunch, when the waiter said "Thick soup or clear, sir?" he replied, "Clear, please," in a voice unnecessarily loud and emphatic, and glanced across at Fay to see if she had heard. And Fay smiled at him and sighed to herself. There were more momentous questions to decide than thick soup or clear. Perhaps if they played another round this afternoon—just as far as the fifth green . . .

But Ronnie did not invite her to golf that afternoon.

"This afternoon," he announced firmly, "we are going out in the car."

Fay glanced up eagerly.

"Foster's taking us out for a trial spin," he added.

"Foster!"

Fay shook her head. "Sorry, Ronnie," she said, "but I shall be packing this afternoon."

Ronnie nodded. "Don't pack your dance frock," he said, "because this evening you're going to dance with me. Keep me some dances, won't you?"

Fay smiled. "How many, Ronnie?"

"All, please," said Ronnie. "And because of that 'All, please,' Fay, as she packed that afternoon, was smiling.

Ronnie did not put in an appearance for dinner, and when dinner was over, Fay, since there was still no sign of him and the dancing had started, inquired at the office, and was informed that Mr. Crawford and Mr. Foster had come in a few minutes ago and were upstairs dressing.

So she seated herself in the lounge and picked up a magazine. "All, please!" Perhaps Ronnie had made up his mind at last. Perhaps this evening . . .

Please turn to Page 48

By A. WHATOFF ALLEN

at the fifth, Ronnie did not even glance towards the coppice. He set off in silence towards the sixth tee; and Fay, just because she was so desperately anxious to prop herself against the tree, could not, somehow, bring herself to suggest it.

Besides, if Ronnie couldn't decide whether to say anything or not, she certainly didn't want him to. But she sliced her drive badly from the sixth

"Off?"
"I'm going back to the hotel."
"Great Scot—why? Forgotten something?"
"Because I can't stand any more of it," exclaimed Fay. "You're enough to drive anyone crazy, Ronnie, with your idiotic tossing!"
"Good lor, Fay! What's wrong with tossing?"

**"In these days
of economy
here's a comforting thought"**
says
LADY MARIAN CAMERON



LADY MARIAN CAMERON

LADY MARY PAKENHAM

"COMPLEXIONS have won more battles than new hats. Pond's have done a wonderful service for modern women."

"I've found that Pond's method of skin care is better than all the complicated beauty treatments in the world," adds Lady Mary Pakenham.

Both of these English Beauties are intelligent women of 1933—they want the finest and purest product for the lowest possible price! Pond's gives it to them. These Two Creams are made for the two fundamentals of beauty care: Cleanliness and Protection. The fine oils of the Cold Cream sink deep into the pores and float all dirt to the surface, where it should be wiped away with Pond's Tissue. Used nightly and daily

after exposure, it will keep the skin clean and healthy. The Vanishing Cream, smoothed on before using Powder, protects from sun and wind.

Pond's Two Creams come in larger 1/- tubes and larger 2/- jars. For the perfect toilette use Pond's 5 Aids to Beauty: Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Skin Freshener, Cleansing Tissues and the new, exquisite Powder, obtainable at all department stores and chemists.



QUALITY OF 70 YEARS' STANDING
For free samples of Pond's two Creams, and new Face Powder, send 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to:
W. J. BUSH & CO., LTD., DEPT. XII, BOX 1131, J. G.P.O., MELBOURNE.
Name Address

MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL
Thousands of society women have formed their straggly, undeveloped, and flabby breasts and are now seeking a fresh, virgin-like development of youth, as Miss A. E. of Killars, Sydney, has done. "I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried many things to try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement for Mamogen and decided to try it. When I began beautifying the breasts, and in my bust measured 32½ inches, prepared from the prescription you can get a jar of Mamogen for 10/- post free from W. James Bunn Ltd., Dept. 2, 106 George Street, Sydney; or Lloyd & Co., 343 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne; D. Maclean & Co., Peacock House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped with full directions for use.***

**GREY HAIR
300 LOSE JOBS**

The aged, "burnt out" appearance that grey hair causes is a great handicap in business as well as in social life.

Youths, though, and the grey-haired find themselves on the shelf, forgotten in the social whirl. But in business it is serious because their very subsistence is jeopardised.

Particularly in these times of unemployment grey heads are finding it difficult to keep their jobs, and at least 300 of the greys are displaced every year by younger people. This is tragic—unfair—but grey hair does particularly not look nice and worn out, and there's no excuse for it. You can put up with grey hair who doesn't want it, because it is so easy to bring back the natural colour by just brushing Haydene through the hair two or three nights a week.***

Thousands of people have proved this already, and the case of this Sydney man is interesting. He says: "My work as sales manager takes a lot of nervous energy out of me, and when this caused me to go grey, there's something pathetic about a grey-haired man, so I took a friend's advice, and

started on Haydene to get back the natural colour. I only used two jars of Haydene, and my hair looks just as young now as ever it did. It's marvellous all right, and so easy to use."***

Haydene is the new antiseptic which removes hair to its natural colour without the use of dye or acids.

Haydene contains no dye, paint, or stain, so that it cannot stain your scalp, fingers, or your linen.

Haydene begins with the hair roots, invigorating them and cleansing the scalp of dandruff and impurities that cause baldness and loss of the natural lustre to every strand of hair quickly and easily in a few short weeks. You can wash your hair in the usual way because its colour is permanent and will not wash off or change in shade, and the colour cannot be detected by your friends.

If you are grey, get a 2/- box of Haydene from your chemist, make it up at home yourself, and watch the result in a week or two. If you prefer, send a postal note to—

W. James Bunn Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 2, 106 George St., Sydney, telephone F.G. 255; C. F. Lloyd and Co., Peacock House, 343 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne; or D. Maclean & Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Haydene will reach you by return mail—*advice*.

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

GOODWILL Days . . . the Message of the HOUR

"Goodwill," runs the message of the hour. Are you exercising that goodwill?

ARE you really making goodwill your left motif in these hurrying scurrying Christmas days, with the birthday of the beloved Christ child ever approaching nearer, escorting our jaded old nineteen thirty-three onwards towards its fins?

Is goodwill your watchword? Your talisman? Your war cry?

If not, let us ask ourselves why not?

"We dread Christmas," writes "Wife and Mother."

"We are so worried and so hemmed in by cares that we could almost pray there would be no Christmas this year. How do you advise poor, desolate, desperate Australians, down and out, like us to think of Christmas?"

How can we turn "The winter of our discontent" as Shakespeare puts it into the "Overture to Joy this Christmas?" that's what that letter asks.

Well, never has the world invented a cry to equal the Christmas paean of Peace and Goodwill, not only for sheer loveliness of sound, and gently dropping vowel and consonant perfection, but also for the incredible, illuminating power lurking in that simple combination of words plus thoughts.

Peace and Goodwill.

And all anxieties banished.

And all enmities, all hatreds, fall down dead, killed outright by that omnipotent combination.

Peace and Goodwill.

And the little children begin laughing and shouting; the lovers begin smiling and kissing and singing; the beggars

Ssh . . . Santa has just come down the chimney with a bagful of toys. Millions of children all over the world picture his arrival in just this way, and dream and hope. For 10 years Mr. Knight Duane, of Melbourne, has filled the role of this particular Father Christmas.

Why "linger shivering on the brink," when Peace and Goodwill are yours for the taking?

You don't even have to ask.

* * *

YOU only have to feel, to take.

Has it ever struck you how extraordinarily simple it is, this way of making life lovely and lovable?

Extraordinarily simple, astoundingly simple, in fact.

All there for just the taking.

Yet the amazing thing is that the very units who most desire this, the very human beings of the universe who cry out loudest for Heart's Ease, are the only ones who most refuse it.

Yes, it's we men and women of the globe who refuse, deny, batter, and scarify the very thing we want more than anything on earth—Heart's Ease.

Why?

What's wrong with us?

Are we mad?

No, we are just stupefied and stupid, too small-minded perhaps for the great grandeur of the life we have been put into.

* * *

IN ancient days people like us would have poised by our friends and lovers into such metaphors as roses, lilies, doves, pools of Siloam, cedars of Lebanon, but as the great poet of America put it, "John F. Robinson, he said, 'they didn't know everything down in Judee'."

To-day, up-to-date, we must liken ourselves to wireless, to radiators, to transmitters, to receivers, to A.B.C. stations, catching eternal messages from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth.

Now when you come to think of yourself like that, doesn't your luck come home to you in being able to transmit Peace and Goodwill out of your own body and soul?

And can you really transmit it?

Of course you can.

Just try it, O my readers, and test for yourself your own marvellous, illuminating statics in the regions of sublimity.

In fact, if you choose you can be more modern even than wireless. You can be the coming discovery trembling on the horizon threatening even now to put wireless out of date.

You can be the very latest, the not-quite-yet-arrived science still trembling on the threshold of the world, but quite certain soon to enter in, a conqueror, the science of television.

You can be television itself. In truth, you ARE TELEVISION. Yes, but you need not wait till then.

AUSTRALIA MIMICS U.S.A. in Architecture

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

While Reginald Uren, the 27-year-old New Zealand architect, was holidaying in Spain he heard that he had won the £350 prize and the contract to supervise the building of the new Town Hall at Hornsey, North London, which will cost £200,000.

THIS brilliant young architect came over to England from Christchurch a little more than two years ago, and has since met with continued success.

He won the competition for the Manchester exhibition; he has been working on the colossal and interesting rebuilding of the new underground railway in the city, he is engaged on plans for the new store for the well-known firm of Derry and Toms in Knightsbridge. During the year he has entered for three architectural competitions and won two of them.

Plans for the Town Hall were submitted by 280 architects, many well known and experienced. "The Builder" says of Mr. Uren's winning design: "The winner has a stroke of genius which makes the rest look rather silly. The design is childishly simple, wherein lies its beauty."

During a talk to Mr. Uren recently I gathered that he has a perfect mania for simplicity. He is full of interesting ideas on home building and home decoration. He has promised some of them to The Australian Women's Weekly in the near future.

Do We Build Wrong?

I REGRET the tendency shown by Australia and New Zealand to build on American lines," he says. "I should advise young architects to base their developments on English models. The foreigner sight-seeing in London notices how slowly English ideas in architecture have progressed. But examples of modern English architecture show that the progress has been sure. On the other hand Continental designs have gone ahead feverishly, and spectacular buildings have been shooting up like mushrooms. But suddenly there has come a halt, and it is expected that the old conservative ideas will be reinstated as the most practical and lasting."

You, with your own eyes can instantly, now to-day flash forth sweet pictures of Peace and Goodwill the while your heart-sings are wirelessing from end to end of the universe the same sublime message.

Just try!

Our Own Special Song for Christmas: The gateways of Gethsemane Have moulder'd in decay. Rank poppy and anemone Make red the sacred way.

The cry of Christ the Crucified Rings dimmer with the years; A louder sound has deadened it, The fall of the world's tears.

The world goes weeping on, but not For Christ it's tears are shed. The hardness of a living lot Rings louder than a dead.

For what are thorns to hunger, Dead hands to living thirst? The children's cries are loudest, Or their little hearts would burst,

Just try it, O my readers, and test for yourself your own marvellous, illuminating statics in the regions of sublimity.

In fact, if you choose you can be more modern even than wireless. You can be the coming discovery trembling on the horizon threatening even now to put wireless out of date.

You can be the very latest, the not-quite-yet-arrived science still trembling on the threshold of the world, but quite certain soon to enter in, a conqueror, the science of television.

You can be television itself. In truth, you ARE TELEVISION. Yes, but you need not wait till then.



Brainwaves

Conducted by
L. W. LOWER

WIFE (pointing out high-priced hat in shop window): John, dear, isn't that a duck of a hat?

Husband: Yes, but I prefer a duck with a smaller bill.

SUPERIOR PERSON: These modern girls don't want to get married.

Host: Why, how's that?

Superior Person: I've asked them.

BILL: Has Sandy McTavish bought the garage at the corner?

Gill: Well, the "Free Air" sign is down.

BONES: How tall are you?

Jones: Just six feet.

Bones: How tall is your brother?

Jones: He's just three feet.

Bones: Just fancy. He's just half your height.

Jones: Yes; he's my half-brother.

I HEAR your son is getting on.

"I should just think he is! Two years ago he wore my old pants. Now I wear his!"

SANDY: Are ye comin' to the pictures, Mary?

Mary: I can't. I've no money with me.

Sandy: Oh, weel, can I meet you somewhere when I come out?

MABEL: I'm going to have my eyebrows plucked. It's fashionable.

Mildred: Yes, but isn't it very expensive?

Mabel: No, my boy friend is going to do it. He's worked in a poulterer for nearly five years.

HOBIE Hefner says: Vinegar should have a mellow, fragrant flavour, and Hebsicks

Pure Malt Vinegar will please you.***

Saturday, December 16, 1933.

WILL Color BREAK THROUGH MALE Fashion CLOUDS

EVERY woman will be interested in this article by Dr. Raoul Cardamatis, an authority on the evolution of dress:

FINE feathers make fine birds, and right through the bird world it is the cock, and not the hen, that puts on the finest clothes. Why should men at all seasons of the year dress in woolen garments, generally of a dark color, and more or less of the same pattern? There is nothing inherently ridiculous in men dressing in fine colors.

As Lecky, the historian, has pointed out, we cannot but be struck with the immense change which has passed over male attire since the 18th century.

"The contrast of color between male and female dress which is now so conspicuous," he says, "then hardly existed; and rank, wealth and pretension were still distinctly marked by costly and elaborate attire."

"The neutral dress, scarcely differing in shape or color, which now assimilates all classes from the peer to the shopkeeper, was still unknown, and a mode of attire was in frequent use which now survives only in court dress, in the powdered footmen of a few wealthy London houses; in the red coats of the hunting field; and in the gay coloring of military uniforms."

* * *

LECKY mentions that when Lord Derwentwater mounted the scaffold he was dressed in scarlet, faced with black velvet and trimmed with gold, a gold lace waistcoat, and a white feather in his hat.

A greater contrast can scarcely be conceived than between the male clothes of the present day and those in vogue 150 or 200 years ago. Men even wore shoes with very high heels, sometimes four inches high. This enabled Governor Pitt to bring home with him from the East Indies the great Pitt diamond, which he concealed in a cavity of one of his high-heels.

The crowning glory of a fashionable man in the early part of the 18th century was his wig, and often as much as 50 guineas would be given for one. Sir Edward Hungerford, of Queen Anne's reign it has been said, paid 500 guineas for his.

* * *

WE read in the "Tatler" that not to have a wig in perfect curl was considered unducable. "I think standing in the pillory cannot be a greater ignominy to a gentleman that wears tolerable clothes than appearing in public with a rumpled periwig," said a writer of the 18th century. The men of that time always carried muffs in the cold weather, and often used to comb their precious wigs in public, as colors.

HEROIC Woman's Memorial



THE MONUMENT erected at Cooktown, Qld., in memory of Mrs. Watson, heroine of the Lizard Island tragedy of 1881.
At left, Mrs. Watson.

The tragic story of Mrs. Watson, of Cooktown, one of the pioneer women of Australia, told in The Australian Women's Weekly of December 2, has brought to light several additional interesting facts.

AFTER putting up an heroic fight with the blacks in the year 1881, Mrs. Watson, with her baby and her Chinese servant, escaped in ship's tank from their home on Lizard Island—unfortunately only to perish a little later from thirst.

A Ballarat reader has forwarded a photo, taken in Cooktown, a few weeks ago, showing the memorial to Mrs. Watson, the heroine of the story, related in

The Australian Women's Weekly. On one side are the words—"Five tearful days beneath the scorching glare,
Her babe she nursed,
God knows the pangs that woman had to bear
Whose last sad entry showed
A mother's care,
Then 'Near dead with thirst'."

The monument was erected in 1886, and carries the inscription: "In Memoriam Mrs. Watson, the Heroine of Lizard Is., North Queensland."

The portion of the square iron ship's tank in which she, with her babe and the faithful Chinaman, escaped from the blacks, only to perish of thirst, is now in Brisbane Museum.



By . . .
**Dr. Raoul
Cardamatis**



EVEN in modern clothes some men can look attractive, as these pictures prove.

Christmas TREES!

Whence They Came

What is a Christmas tree? Is it any old sort of tree covered with presents, tinsel, colored balls and gay lights?

DECIDEDLY not.

It is a Christmas tree from the very day that it is a little seed.

Nature, in her cleverness for adapting plants to certain climatic conditions, so designed firs and pines that they could bear the weight of snow.

Man, with his ability for converting existing things to his own menial use, realised that trees which could hold heavy falls of snow could also hold loads of toys.

In England, Scotland, Germany, and other cold countries he cut down such trees before they reached maturity, took them home and transformed them into glittering beauties of joy.

The abet pine was the first to be used for this purpose, and is still so used in countries where it is indigenous.

Our Own Trees

BUT Australia has her own trees to meet this need. The Norfolk Island pine, which is so plentiful in New South Wales and other States, is used most extensively. Cedars, spruces, and the plain *pinus insignis* are also so honored, and frequently are grown for this specific purpose. Most nurseries cultivate these trees to meet the heavy demand each Christmastide.

Much care is lavished on them from the time as tiny seeds when they are planted in glass frames and transplanted months later into the open. There they are set eight or nine feet apart, often in tubs or kegs, ready for sale five or six years later.

The public buys hundreds of these every year, public institutions, such as hospitals, being the keenest purchasers. Often private families or kindergartens who need little trees only four feet high go and choose their own while they are still growing.

Christmas trees were first introduced into England from Germany.

The idea did not originate with the coming of Christianity, but seems to be traceable to Roman times.

You must guard
youthful charm . . . says
LORETTA YOUNG

"The woman who loses youthful charm is in danger of losing happiness! But fortunately, nowadays any woman who really wants to can keep youth's radiant loveliness right through the years. A fresh, clear complexion always spells youth, and I've found the way to keep my skin always at its best. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Loretta Young
20th Century Pictures



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FOR IMMEDIATE RELIEF

Check that sore throat at the outset. Gargle with quick-acting Melasol in warm water and prevent a more serious illness. Use it for the children.

Melasol contains 40% Ti-trol, the powerful Australian germicide and deodorant. Unique because non-poisonous and non-irritant. Recommended by the medical profession.

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Antiseptic Solution

Containing 40% Ti-trol, the new Australian germicide. Eleven times as strong as carbolic but non-poisonous and non-irritant.

Sure in Action—Safe in Use."

FALLING STAR

... By ...

VICKI BAUM

Author of "Grand Hotel"

Final Instalment of
Our Serial ...

Frances sobbed out:

"Because he is still alive. He is still alive. Because he looked so bad that last night. He was already sick. But he is still alive," she sobbed.

The Morescu pushed her away.

"Stop your crying," she said impatiently. "Stop your crying," she screamed, showing her fist.

F

RANCES stopped immediately. She took a handkerchief out of her handbag and dried the tears on her face and rubbed her little nose.

"Would you please explain what this scene means?" Donca asked furiously.

Frances sobbed once more, very deeply; then she gathered herself together for more coherent speech.

"Don't be angry with me," she pleaded. "I admire you, Madam Morescu. First of all the way you act. I admire you. But that you should be able to act like that while Oliver is dying—" She stopped held back by a movement of Donca's hand.

Frances looked her straight in the eyes.

The Morescu approached her as if she wanted to hit her.

"What are you babbling about! What kind of nonsense are you talking! Are you drunk?" she asked threateningly, coming closer to Frances' face.

Frances withdrew. She dug her hand into her handbag and brought out a crumpled newspaper.

"Here," she said, pointing at the paper she spread out on the dressing-table. "Here, if you haven't yet read the noon edition."

The Morescu looked at the paper, then looked at Frances inquisitively, then again at the paper. Finally she took the paper in hand and began to read. Frances stood there with an expression of anxiety and pain on her face. She would have liked to use her lipstick, for she felt that the tears had made ravages in her face. But she did not dare make up there. The Morescu continued to read. She read the bulletin over for a third time.

"Oliver Dent is positively still alive. The news of the death of Oliver Dent, published this morning by another newspaper, was a false. Oliver Dent is still alive. The doctor's bulletin at ten o'clock this morning said that although he had had an attack of the heart, at that time he had conquered it. His condition is very serious, but not without hope. No fever. Pulse weak."

While the Morescu was reading, it was so quiet that the fall of a petal from the overripe rose bouquet Frances had brought could be heard. Another petal followed it. Frances reached her hand out to the bouquet to place it in a better position. The roses were withering too fast. She withdrew her hand; for the Morescu had turned to her. For a moment the Morescu's eyes seemed all white. The black had disappeared from them. But the next moment the black reappeared, swimming in trembling tears. They had the look of the eyes of an insane woman.

"You will excuse me," Frances said. "Will you be so kind as to leave the room at once?" the Morescu said. And there was fury in that polite request.

Frances walked out without a word. The Morescu remained alone with her own image in the mirror, and the newspaper. She closed her bathrobe with a safety-pin. She did not faint. She did not scream. She did not even cry. She put her face for a few moments into the palm of her hand and tried to think. She could not think. Her mind wandered off. And then her knees buckled. She dragged herself to the chair that stood in front of the mirror. She smiled at herself as if asking forgiveness for such weakness, and for looking at herself in the mirror at such a moment. Then she took the page of the paper up again and began to read slowly once more. And there she sat before the mirror when Applequist appeared at the door and asked:

"Shall I set the table in the room or outside, madam?"

Please turn to Page 51

LET YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT BE Cashmere Bouquet

that all women adore

NO GIFTS provide the opportunity to win so much appreciation as the Colgate Cashmere Bouquet Gift Boxes. The name Cashmere Bouquet, famous for 127 years, will stamp your gift with rare distinction and good taste. See the Cashmere Bouquet Gift Boxes at chemists and stores everywhere.

COLGATE CASHMERE BOUQUET DUSTING POWDER. In pale green tapestry box, with dainty velour dusting puff. A marvelous delight after the bath—a real luxury at low cost. Cashmere Bouquet Perfume and Powder of downy fine texture are a sheer joy.

COLGATE SHAVING BOWL of jet black ebony and gold, containing weeks and weeks supply of the celebrated Colgate's Shaving Soap that gives rapid shave however tough the beard. In the world, with a reputation 127 years old. The gift box contains 3 cakes of this best-loved perfume of 12 precious flower oils. A most flattering gift for Mother, Sisters, women relatives and friends.



A WRINKLE IN TIME SAVES . . .

FOR PAINT stains on white fabrics, cover the stain with lard and leave for a day or two; then wash with white soap.

HOB Brook says: My Anthony Paste makes neat, tidy sandwiches. Tasty morsels for the Brings Party ***

Saturday, December 16, 1933.

The Garden of DELIGHT

Irina bent forward so that her curls touched one of the high cheek-bones of the peasant's face.

HERE was to be a gala that night in the open-air restaurant of the Russian Grand Duke. Sun had come to Cannes again after a wet December and a January spoiled by snow. The carnival, during which the diaphanous ladies on the floats had suffered from severe attacks of goose-flesh, had been a catastrophe. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the Riviera, no season had been so bad. The garden must shake off depression and put on an air of gaiety because the little box in which earnings were kept was at its lowest ebb. A screen of canvas was drawn across the gate.

But that meant nothing to Ivan Storoge, the successful gigolo, who, at three o'clock in the afternoon, had crawled from his comfortable bed. A year ago he had been a waiter, a loyal member of the commonwealth of Russian aristocrats who lived by the skin of their teeth under the leadership of the dead Czar's cousin in that place. In a sense a deserter because he had capitalised his beautiful face and slim figure by attaching himself as a professional dancing man to the smart hotel, Count Storoge was still welcomed by his former chief and given the run of the untidy villa in which the brotherhood lived, cooked, and laughed away their tragic memories. He made his way through the house, saw Princess Irina Petrovna hanging paper lanterns on the shabby pergola and marched quickly to her side. He had the look of a man whose nerves were about to crack.

"You!" she said lightly. "How nice of you to come. None of us hangs these bedraggled lanterns with such a touch." In a vivid sweater and a short brown frock, hatless, with the sun on her golden hair, she looked even more lovely than when she faced her father's fluctuating clients every night among the orchestra in Cossack uniform. There were men all over the world to whom the mere mention of Cannes stirred the haunting memory of her enchanting face and the liquid wine in which all the pain of Russia was epitomised.

He said thickly, "Why don't you answer your letters? You've had two from me this week." He made no attempt to hang the lantern which she gave him, nor was he affected by her flattery, for which at other times he was more greedy than any man. In his dissipated eyes there was deep resentment, and on his white face two red spots of rage.

* * *

IRINA continued to put the candles in their sockets with a steady hand. "If you're not going to help me," she

I earn enough money on which we can keep a respectable apartment and I've saved enough to lift you from this place. Why do you hold off?"

Irina assumed an anger that she did not feel. This pertulant man had proved himself disloyal. A year ago, when she had watched him going from table to table with a napkin over his arm, there had been a flutter in her heart. No longer was it there. "You bore me, Count," she said. "You know the way to the gate."

Ivan stamped his foot, and the two red spots of rage were even redder now. He cried out, "Has the degradation of this cursed place dulled your moral sense? Why not say that you're in love with someone else? You think that I've lost caste by dancing at the hotel. I have. But so have you. I've seen you looking at Shakovskaya, that peasant with his 'magic' violin. If you and he have any idea of going to our church on the hill, I tell you this in cold blood: here and now: there'll be murder in this Garden of Delight, and suicide as well. As God's my Judge, that's true."

He turned on his heels and left, the prince of gigolos. With the disturbing vibrations of his presence removed, the restaurant, with its charming trees resumed its cheerfulness. General Igorevitch, the head cook, and Prince Vladimir Dionsievitch, the xylophonist of the orchestra, were singing to themselves as they arranged the little tables and treated the cheap napkins in their expert way. The other members of the commonwealth, ex-officers in the Russian Army and Navy of the Czar, and the girls who were their sisters and cousins, were busy and happy, too.

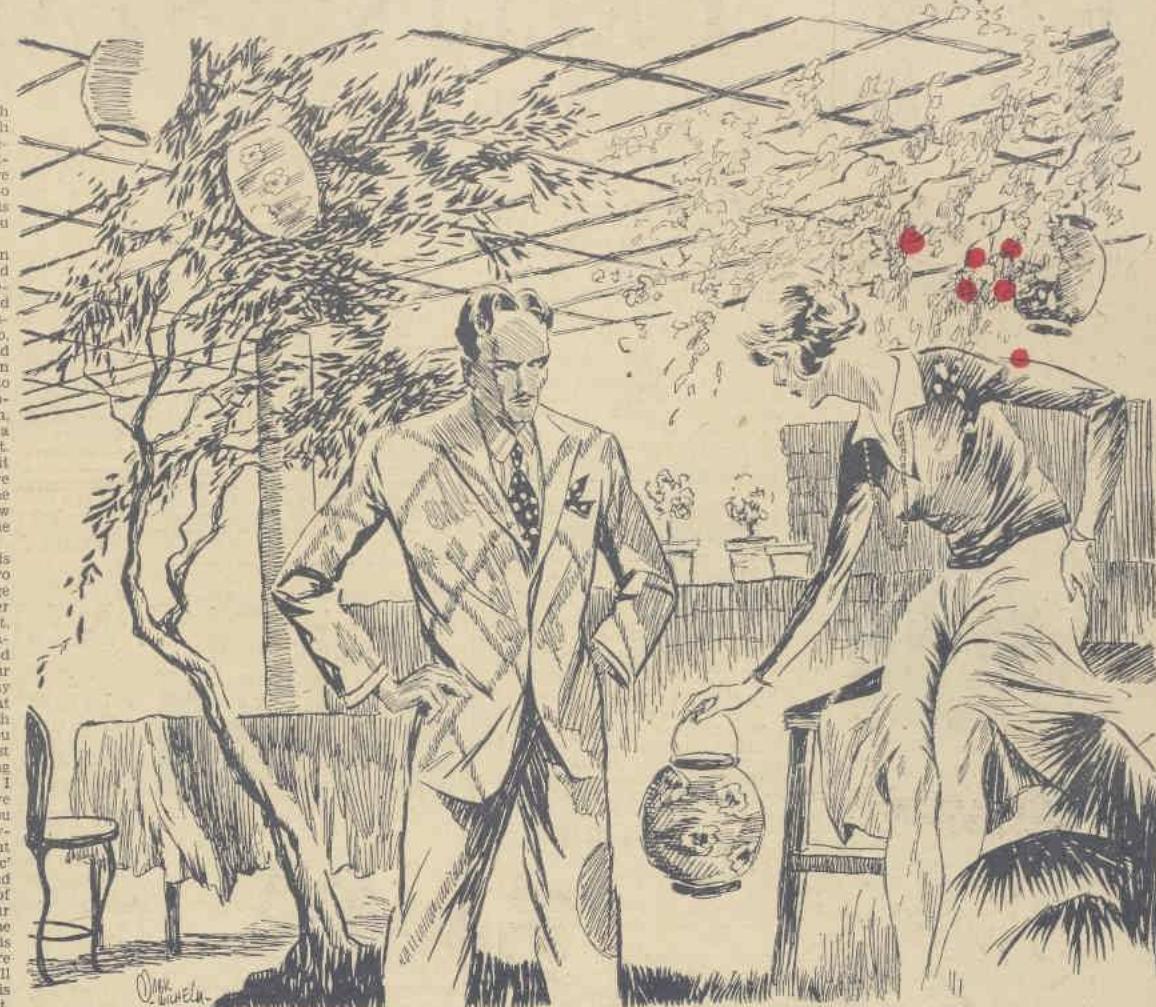
nificant torso, the square face with the Tartar cheek-bones and blue eyes of the men who sing the "Volga Boat Song" as they haul their smacks from the sea. Peasant, yes. Why not? He was an aristocrat in music, and his mastery of the violin was uncontested.

If Ivan had seen Irina's eyes as Shakovskaya passed, murder and suicide would immediately have turned the Garden of Delight into the Garden of Despair. . . It was a fact known only by herself that she was ready to lose the caste to which her people clung, and which enabled them to carry out their honest, servile work with undiminished pride, and go up with this peasant to the Russian Church on the hill. She loved him. She hung enthralled upon his music. She admired the nobility of his character beyond the power of words. But she knew that unless she were herself to smash the conventions of her caste and make a proposal to him the little church on the hill would never see them there. To Shakovskaya she was the Grand Duke's daughter, as far removed as though she were a star.

DURING the gala that night Shakovskaya watched his chief with affection and deference. Turning to Irina he said, "A master of men, Princess. One whom it is a joy and an honor to serve." And because he was happy at the fullness of the

garden, exhilarated at the mere presence on that platform of the girl of whom he dreamt, he took her hand and raised it to his lips. Made with simple spontaneity, it was a gesture in which he thanked her for her father and congratulated the world that she herself had been born.

By COSMO HAMILTON.
Senior Member of the World's Great Literary Family.



He made his way through the house, saw Princess Irina Petrovna hanging paper lanterns on the shabby pergola and marched quickly to her side. He had the look of a man whose nerves were about to crack.

his brain and a revolver in his pocket, all according to Fate. . . Irina's heart was to be his target, not that

of Shakovskaya, whose life meant nothing, he considered, in the scheme of things. It was his intention to join the spirit of Irina as he and she passed over the thin line between two eternities, leaving their bodies lying in the gravel of the Garden of Delight.

He knew that it was Shakovskaya's habit to wind up his dinner programme with a special song. He had made up his mind to hear Irina sing once more, and as the last echo of what was to be her swan song died among the trees, to send her out of the possibility of belonging to another man and follow after her.

* * *

THE orchestra went softly into the opening bars of "Le Bon Temps Viendra," which Shakovskaya had set to a haunting melody. And as the loyal peasant drew his bow across his strings, saying to himself under the deep emotion at the confession of love that he had seen in Irina's eyes, "Can it be true, oh God, that the good time will come?" he caught the gleam of Irina's eyes and saw under the red glow of a lantern the white face and mad eyes of the man who also loved . . . But as he stood there playing, outwardly calm but with a whirling brain, he saw with horror and amazement that the small circle of steel was not aimed at himself, but at Irina—Irina who was standing, wholly unaware of impending death, a few feet to his right. With a sort of divine inspiration it came to him that Ivan intended to hold his hand until Irina had finished the song, and so he carried on until her last note had risen into the hushed night like a small white bird. Whereupon he flung himself quickly in front of her.

There was a loud report. He fell with a crash at her feet.

And while the startled diners crowded together with screams a second shot rang out.

Ivan had put the barrel to his head. Chaos, the crush of running people at the gate, the startled movement of the Grand Duke to the platform with his faithful friends, the crumpled figure of the wasted gigolo lying on his face . . . And to Shakovskaya the knowledge of a hot sting in his left shoulder and Irina's lips on his mouth in that Garden of Delight.

(Copyright.)



"My Sweetie just gave me a rainbow kiss."
"What kind of a kiss is that?"
"Oh, the kind that comes after a storm."

said, "you're badly in the way." There was something in his expression which made her glad that her father was festooning the nearby trelliswork with branches of young leaves.

He said, "I can't and won't stand the way in which you're treating me. Do you hear? I regard myself as engaged to be married to you. You know that.

PAUL SHAKOVSKAYA, peasant and violinist, was tying pieces of colored paper to the pergola. Both in his Cossack uniform and now in an ill-cut suit, the man of whom Ivan was so passionately jealous caught every feminine eye. He was simple and huge, broad of shoulder, with a mag-

dimension, lovely in its clear light, vibrating with the high, sweet notes of birds.

"Oh, my God," he said beneath his breath, withdrew his hand, clicked his heels, seized his violin and stuck it beneath his chin. And when, hardly able to pull herself together, Irina took her place in front of the platform to sing, there was a tremor of so great a joy in her voice that it hushed the conversation and brought forth bursts of applause.

* * *

AND at the back of the garden, in the shadow near the gate, there stood Ivan Storoge with madness in



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PUBLIC NOTICE

A ZOTH'S planet readings never err. Birth date, P.N. 2/6 and stamped addressed envelope. Box 629PP, G.P.O. Sydney.

RICH Pudding for EVERYBODY TRADITION WINS

Dietitians, food faddists, and similar species all cry aloud at this season, and crave considerations of health and climate in the selection of our Christmas dinners.

But they cry in vain in most instances. Tradition outweighs common sense at this season of the year.

NO matter how convinced of the suitability of cold food-stuffs, iced puddings and so on, the majority cling to the old custom of hot poultry and pudding.

It is usual for the Vice-Regal families to spend Christmas at "Hillview," Sutton Forest, and Sir Philip and Lady Game are no exception. Lady Game says that this year, "the same as at Home," there will be turkey and plum pudding for Christmas dinner, but no special "frills" otherwise.

Mrs. C. Lloyd Jones' "pudding is made." Small son David gave it his stir, and baby Charles' tiny hand was guided to stir from left to right for luck. A light luncheon in the middle of the day and Christmas dinner at night is the custom at Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Jones' home. Cold turkey with all salads and then the pudding all ablaze and holly-crowned are the main dishes at the evening meal, followed with icecream and dessert.

Makes Her Own

Mrs. P. A. Micklem, wife of Dr. P. A. Micklem, rector of St. James', decided that she would make her own Christmas plum puddings so, with the help of a reliable recipe-book, her puddings were set merrily boiling in her kitchen at the T. and G. Flats. When the puddings get their last boil up, one is destined for a poor friend who has five hungry little mouths to feed. Another is for the University Settlement at Chippendale, and the other is for their own dinner, which will consist of the usual Christmas fare.

FROM its enveloping green baize Mrs. Edmund Playfair takes out each year her silver epergne, which spells Christmas to all her large party of young people; then it is fitted with red candles in keeping with the general color scheme of decoration. The turkey is flanked with a sucking-pig, and then for the children there are roast joints and all accompanying sauces and vegetables. The plum pudding follows, well and truly enveloped in flames, and everyone is sure to find a silver "good luck" wish in it. There are mince-pies and all the usual goodies, and heaps of crackers (helping the red decorative scheme).

Rich Pudding

Brigadier-General and Mrs. Sidney Herring will have relatives to help them eat all the usual Christmas fare at their home in Double Bay. There are people who cannot eat rich plum pudding, so for these guests who like something simpler, "I always serve a rhum omelette, which I learned to make in Paris," says Mrs. Herring, and of course that always goes away like the pudding.

AT the home of Mr. Roy Hendy, the Town Clerk of Sydney, two very excited little daughters, Pat and Robin, hold solemn concilie. The great secret is the decorations to be used as a surprise to Mrs. Hendy on Christmas Day, when she is only concerned in the provisions. The decorations are planned and kept secret from her until the day arrives.

Mrs. Hendy will arrange a cold meal of poultry, salads, and Christmas pudding. It is not quite settled if the family will dine at home on Christmas Day or go to a beach and have their midday meal at an hotel, but some time on Christmas Day Mrs. Hendy will pull a cracker with her little daughters and admire their table arrangements.

"I plan plain things for Christmas," said Mrs. J. J. C. Bradfield, "but this year I do not know what we will do. Of course we have the usual things, too, but Dr. Bradfield may be in Queensland, or he may be home, which will make all the difference. Then one son is in England, and we still do not know if the other will be with us at Gordon for Christmas Day. So it is all uncertain, but the holly will be brought in for decoration, and it all depends."

German Fare

A "Jungle Christmas" is the way that Mrs. Norman McLeod describes her Christmas doings. With her husband, the Consul of Latavia, and a few friends, they will leave their home at Parsley Bay for the Mountains. Christmas dinner will be cooked in the open, spatchcock, Christmas pudding, and mince pies (the filling has been made for months) is the menu for Christmas Day. A choice vintage of Burgundy to toast a "Merry Christmas" in coffee to be made. Later in the afternoon there will be dinkum "billy tea," with its distinctive flavor.

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when this marvellous
new beauty mask
can make you
young again...



THIS Beauty Mask is entirely new—nothing approaching it has been offered to Australian women before—although it is used extensively by maid-servants in Hollywood.

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Send 15/- and a compact, beautifully packed, convenient container. Contains: Beauty Mask, Orange Skin Food, Anti-Wrinkle Cream, Pure Cream, and a packet of Timms, will be sent post free by return. Should particular be required, they will be sent post free on request.

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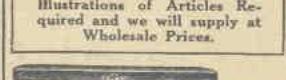
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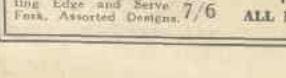
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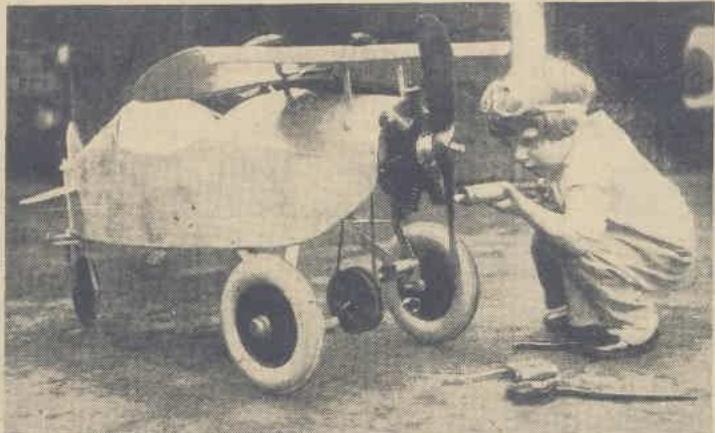
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Something Special From Santa



HARDLY a speed merchant, perhaps, but she'll get there in this sturdy conveyance. Note the claxon that clears the road for her.



With all the care and concentration for which Kingsford-Smith is noted this small mechanist prepares for a non-stop flight.



"WHERE did you get those eyes so blue," and the frock and shoes an' all? But the small mother is so proud she doesn't care, anyway.



HE "wants to see the wheels go round," and he has a great demonstrator in this high-powered locomotive.

Toys by courtesy, Farmers Ltd.

Women's Weekly Photo.



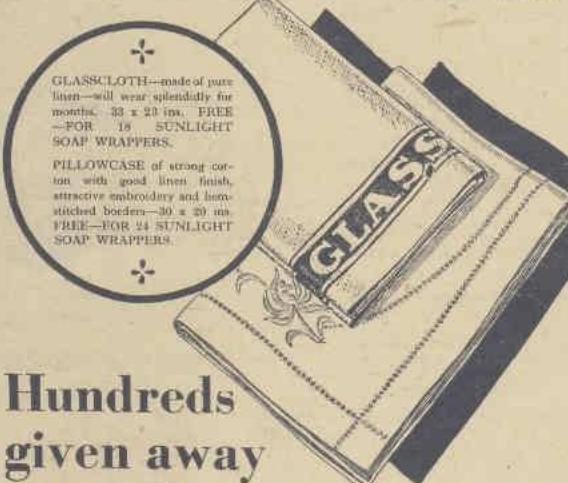
THERE'S no difficulty in keeping one's equilibrium with a passenger like this in the sidecar of this sports model.



IT'S TEA FOR THREE this afternoon, and though one deplores Teddy's habit of sitting on the table, he's really a very charming guest. This tiny girl is Roma Arrowsmith, appearing in the Australian film "Hayseeds".

*Snap these up
FREE!*

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Hundreds given away every day.. GET YOURS

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR FREE GIFTS

Save Sunlight Soap wrappers, 18 (from 6 cartons) for a Glasscloth or 24 (from 8 cartons) for a Pillowcase, then cut off the wrapper tops (the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap"), and take them to Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter St., Sydney. If you cannot call or send personally attach them to a sheet of paper giving the following information—

1. Your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS.
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Frocks for the Holidays!

WAY'S

Inducing Values



Swagger Coat of Pebble Crepe, a smart, well-cut style, featuring the new cape shoulders. Fastens to neck, finished bow. Colors: Black, Brown or Lido. Sizes, S.W., W. and O.S. Usually 32/- XMAS SPECIAL .. 25/-

Distinctive Frock of Fancy Art Crepe—quality that excels. New designs in smart three-colour printings. Inlet front of Beige Morocain trimmed to tone. Pleated rill on shoulder. Flared skirt, showing reversed panels. S.W., W., X.W. Usually 42/- XMAS SPECIAL .. 35/-

A Smart Ensemble—and Amazing Value—Frock of Fancy Rayon, latest designs, styled with short cape sleeves. White Morocain front and bow. Pleats in skirt. Swagger coat of Morocain to match: Lido, Navy, Green, Red or Black-White. S.S.W., S.W., W. Usually 35/- XMAS SPECIAL . 29/6

Youthful Frock of Pique Voile, in effects of Red, Blue, Green or Lemon, new trellis design. White organza bow and lantern cuffs. Finished organza ruching. Sizes, S.S.W., S.W. and W. Usually 22/- Xmas Special 16/11

Out-Size Frock of Fancy Morocain, in Black-White, White-Black or effects of Saxe or Navy. Shaped front panel defined by white pipings. Suitably styled for the bigger woman. Belt across back. Sizes, W. to X.O.S. Usually 42/- Xmas Special .. 35/-

Matron's Frock of Art. Morocain, a carefully cut and well-planned style that gives the slimmer line. Inlet front and pipings give the necessary trim. Colors: Black, Navy, or Lido. Sizes, X.W. to X.O.S. Usually 35/- Xmas Special .. 27/6

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OVERWORKED Teachers Collapse

Declaring that during the last three months several headmasters and teachers have collapsed, and have even died, at their work, the secretary of the New South Wales Public School Teachers' Federation (Mr. W. J. Hendry) said this week that at the Teachers' Conference, scheduled for next week, a vigorous effort would be made to obtain easier working conditions in all schools.

THE conference is to be opened on December 18, at the Sydney Town Hall, and may last until December 20.

The second and third days' sessions are to be held at the Teachers' Training College.

The president of the Teachers' Federation (Dr. C. H. Currey) is to be chairman.

More than 300 delegates will be present.

Several of the disabilities under which departmental teachers have labored are to be discussed, and motions concerning them moved.

One of these is the necessity for appointing a sufficient number of teachers to give four hours off per week to teachers for preparation and correction.

The Teachers' Federation contends that classes have grown too large in recent times.

Collapsed at Work

Within the last three months several headmasters have collapsed and died at their work.

Women teachers are also affected, and suffer frequently from neurasthenia.

A greater number of women than men have had to apply for leave of absence.

Married Teachers

THE Maitland delegate intends to move

"That the Government be urged to repeal the Act against married women teachers and lecturers, as its operation is contrary to the accepted ideals of British justice."

Brisbane Not So Slow!

When the Lady Mayoress of Brisbane announced that she intended to wear slacks there was a local sensation, and the news was telegraphed all over Australia. However, it was soon found that these garments are quite popular in the Northern capital. Here are two Queensland society girls who favor slacks and shorts.



THREE interesting insertions in the platform of the Teachers' Federation which are to be proposed concern equal pay and employment rights for both sexes, with no discrimination against married women; Government provision for adequate feeding and clothing of all schoolchildren; and that no teacher be punished professionally for the public expression of political or religious views.

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Everything offered
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PLUS absolute safety
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The new MAGNET is not merely just another cleaner. It is not to be compared with cleaner standards hitherto accepted; it is a newcomer out of the rut, bringing NEW features, NEW advantages, NEW standards of efficiency, serviceableness and value.

You can't leave a MAGNET cleaner switched on. When you leave the handle in a normal position the power cuts off. It only comes back when you pick the handle up again to operate. Safety is provided automatically.

The MAGNET floor nozzle is designed to a generous size to enable you to cover the floor quickly and easily. The revolving brush for picking up threads, etc., is firmly motor driven.

Five nozzle positions make adjustment easy for carpets of different thicknesses, felt or linoleum.

The ten simple attachments make every cleaning task easy and quick, and a convenient rack is provided FREE for storing these when not in use.

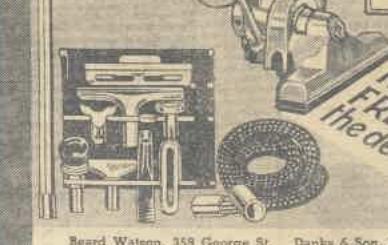
If you are contemplating the purchase of an Electric Cleaner, see the new Magnet at any of the Magnet dealers below.

Cleaner complete with bag, 20ft. flexible 5 plug adaptor £15'15'-

VERY EASY TERMS.

Complete set of attachments and tools with rack (as illustrated), 6/- extra.

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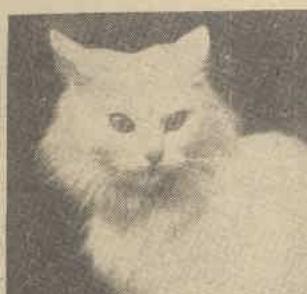
Danks & Son, John, 324 Pitt St.
David Jones Ltd., George St.
Domestic Electrics, 387 George Street.

Eddy & Co., 397 George Street.
Forster, L. H., 401 Victoria Av.
Chatswood.
Westcott Hazell, 225 Castle-
reach Street.

An Advertisement of The British General Electric Company Limited.

CLEANER

Why Can't We Have Festivals Like This?



WHICH LOOKS the most savage? The beautiful white Persian cat on the left, or the two lions on the right? There is a moral in these photographic studies by Hedda Waither which you can think out for yourself.



GWEN MUNRO and Brian Norman, Australian winners in the Paramount "Search For Beauty" film quest, are now quite at home in Hollywood. Here they are at a fancy dress party with a Spanish senorita.



A CHARMING study of one of the many happy scenes typical of the harvest festivals which have been taking place all over Europe recently. The picture shows a fair grape-picker being helped from a cart during the grape harvest festival on the middle Rhine, Germany.



HARVEST FESTIVAL scene from Touraine, France, where the peasants have been making merry work of grape-picking. These girls are pressing grapes with old-fashioned wooden hammers.



EVEN IN America there are harvest carnivals. Here is a group of pretty girls in a Californian vineyard. At Asti, where the photo. was taken, things are in full swing in readiness for the Prohibition repeal.

In Circle:
The annual hop fair at Stratford-on-Avon, England. One of the chief incidents is the roasting of two oxen and two pigs. The fair dates back to early times.

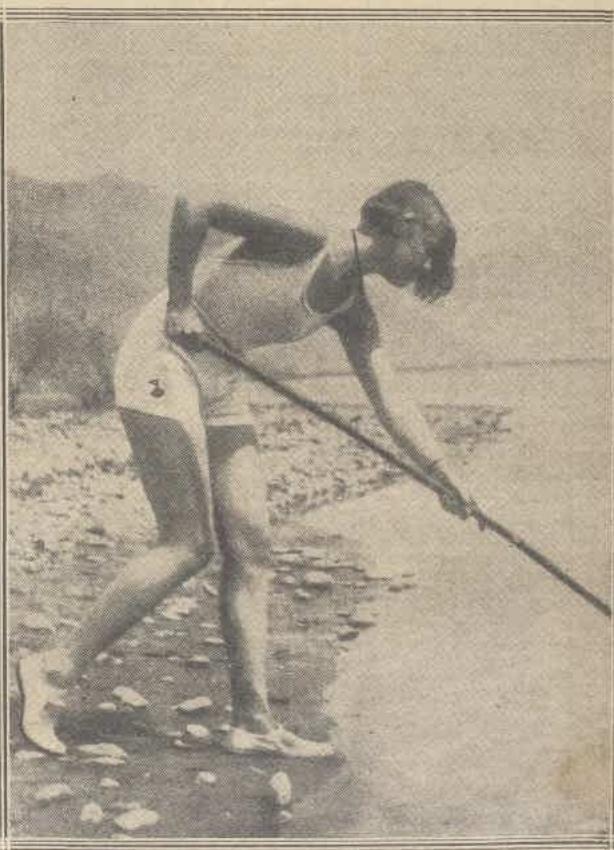


HERE IS one job where women have not tried to compete with men. The chimney is one of the highest and most famous in England, the Doulton chimney of Doulton China fame. The speck climbing up the side to effect repairs is steeplejack W. E. Mackney. The chimney is 56 years old, and 245 feet high.



HIGH STREET Festival held in Rouen, Famous Normandy cider being pumped out to citizens during the recent big annual fair. The inhabitants of the town are dressed in ancient costume for the occasion.

RIGHT: Prawn-catching is a pastime which calls for patience and energy. This young girl is demonstrating the sport as an aid to beauty. She gets sun, and exercise, and a meal all at the same time.





CONSIDER the SILHOUETTE

The girl or the woman of charm is the one who can afford to be natural; who can walk or dance without the unnatural restraint imposed by compression, the restriction imposed by heavy and exacting corsetry. To be forced to submit to heavily boned garments, in which one scarce dares to breathe, results in acute bodily discomfort and the mental unrest that follows in its train.

Foundation garments have banished this very real bogey for all time. Corsets take their rightful place in the family album—beneath the antiquated bustles that we thankfully relinquish to our predecessors.

Dainty grace for blonde and brunette is exemplified in these front-lace foundation garments.

The "Average" model (below) and the "Hip" model (left).



That Subtle Simplicity

To achieve that simplicity of line synonymous with grace and with health we have considered it necessary hitherto to look overseas to famous designers—and then to look, searchingly, in our purses and compromise with the "next best thing."

That the elegance that begets the grace of perfect co-ordination, as expressed in the illustrations of models from the Continental salons, can only be attained by expensive imported garments, is an assumption which Australian designers have now proved to be utterly false.

To the designers it has been a matter of scientific research; to the woman who would be well dressed it is a matter of discrimination in her purchase. The new Berlei Front-lace Foundation garments are a local product of which every Australian woman will be justly proud, both from the point of view of a national product and from that of personal appearance and comfort.

Health and Charm

THERE are three factors which govern the success of the foundation garment. They are, in order of precedence: Health, comfort, and appearance. A healthy body is the direct result of judicious garment control. Nor is it possible to achieve this result through the use of a uniform article.

It is in this aspect that science has played its part in the evolution of foundation garments. The natural development of a woman may tend to the average type or to a generous hip measurement, to a "sway-back" or an abdomen type—to use the professional, though self-explanatory, terms. It is necessary, therefore, for the foundation garment to control each type in accordance with its natural trend.

For this reason, the new front-lacing foundation garments are made in four distinct models.

The average hips are preserved in upright and graceful lines in one model; in another the wider hips are so controlled that the tendency to increase, inevitable with advancing age, is checked; the abdomen type model gives just the correct amount of additional frontal support; and the sway-back conforms, below the waist, to the gentle pressure that gives graceful contours.

The feature of the foundation garment that is the source of this natural con-

trol is the new front-lacing, for the lacing allows a certain relaxation, and if necessary, daily readjustment. The lacing itself is so carefully inlet into the garment as to be completely inconspicuous beneath the most revealing gown, while the fastening of the foundation garment takes the form of a very simple side-hook.

Complete Comfort

Complete comfort is the obvious result of the minimum of elastic used in the design. The placing of the elastic insets has been carefully considered to render only the very smallest pieces necessary. At the waistline a straight-length has been inlet on either side, and at the bottom of the front a triangular inlet allows freedom of leg movement. The wearer can thus walk or bend or sit in absolute comfort. As in the latter position, the lower hip measurement shows a natural increase of between three and four inches, this feature is very important.

Graceful and charming contours are the natural corollary of a healthily controlled body. The accentuated, muscular development of the athletic girl is

directed into firm lines, while that of the woman who has been prone to softer, even flabby, muscles, will respond to the moulding effect of a foundation garment. Further, with daily wear, it will be found that its influence will be to occasion a pleasing decrease of measurement.

Exquisitely Feminine

The foundation garments themselves present a truly delightful appearance. The material is a silk batiste, in which a very fine cording is discernible in the weave. This cording gives the desired firmness. The finishings are, obviously, the work of an artist, and disclose minute attention to detail.

In the best quality models, for example, the side-fastening is lined with a band of softest velvet.

For its health-giving properties, as a delightful, exquisitely feminine addition to one's wardrobe, for the economy effected by local manufacture, every woman will congratulate Berlei on the new front-lace foundation garment.

It will not only make corset history, but definitely make corsets a back-number.



A Berlei Front-lace foundation is Different

so much more satisfactory

WHEN a front-lacing garment doesn't poke into the flesh at the diaphragm—but sets smoothly, comfortably close about the waist; when it doesn't ride up—but keeps its correct position throughout the day; when it banishes the busk—and fastens very firmly, but oh, so comfortably at one side, it is different indeed, it is, in fact, a Berlei Front-lacing foundation.

1132—Berlei Front-lacing foundation in peach figured faille. Clever boning has an exceptionally slenderising effect. A boned flap reinforces the non-slip lock lacing. Elastic sections. Average type. Waists 24-31 ins. *

1134—Are you perhaps a short-backed figure with flesh accumulation at the abdomen? Wear Berlei Front-lacing foundation 1134 and rejoice in the modish lengthened lines your figure takes. Art. silk broche and elastic. Waists 29-36 ins.



Ab 1134

BERLEI
FOUNDATION GARMENTS

Saturday, December 16, 1933.

Rector's DISAPPOINTMENT and SORROW!

Wife Reveals Unhappy Side of Church Discord

Sorrow and disappointment have been the lot of Rev. Dransfield, Rector of Adaminaby, on account of lack of understanding of his Anglo-Catholic views, says his wife.

Mrs. Dransfield has written to The Australian Women's Weekly, following a recent article by our Clerical Observer, entitled "Deep Currents in the Anglican Church."

She thinks that the article misrepresents the Anglo-Catholic viewpoint in regard to prayers for the dead, candles, vestments, the confessional, and other usages, and thus makes harder the lot of her husband.

By Mrs. R. B. DRANSFIELD, Wife of the Rector of Adaminaby

IN your issue of December 2, you publish, under the above title, certain observations by your "Clerical Observer" about the Anglican Church.

As the wife of an Anglo-Catholic Rector whose lot is already hard enough, I protest against it being made much harder by such ignorant or malicious misrepresentation as the article contains.

I think that many of the Anglo-Catholic clergy are at least honest, which is far from what your article implies.

To say that the Anglo-Catholic Movement began 100 years ago, with a reversion to pre-reformation observances, is untrue.

It began with a desire to save the Church from a repetition in England of what had happened in Ireland, namely, the suppression of Bishops and the appropriation by the Crown of their revenues.

The writer thinks that though the Church of England is numerically the strongest in Australia, her adherents are the worst informed and least loyal of any Christian Denomination.

THE Catechism of the Church of England has always taught that the Sacraments of the Gospel are the Divinely appointed means of Grace, and clear distinction is made between them and the other commonly called Sacraments. A reference to the Thirty-Nine Articles will bear this out.

The use of the Eastern position, the word altar, candles, vestments, the confessional, etc., never were introduced into the Church by Anglo-Catholics, but were used at the coronation of THAT MOST PROTESTANT QUEEN, VICTORIA!

This symbolism has always been part of the Coronation service, and still is. I have never heard my husband, nor

any Anglo-Catholic clergyman preach a belief in purgatory, which is expressly forbidden in the Thirty-Nine Articles and to say that the doctrine is "implied" because of a Requiem is absurd. To pray that the souls of the faithful may rest in peace is a far cry to asking that they be delivered from horrible purging torments.

With regard to the reference to transubstantiation, I have never heard this preached either.

But perhaps the Clerical Observer knows little about the history of the word which was coined in deliberate opposition to a materialistic conception of the Presence in the elements.

Transubstantiation is a word which needs careful handling, and then by those who have more than a passing knowledge of philosophy.

THE reference to Monks and Nuns is couched in such terms as to make it read that these have replaced the deaconess and secular worker. Nothing could be more untrue.

And in any case, in these days when Communism is talked so much, why should not the Church have its "Communists" who are apparently the only ones who can live in communities without dictatorships?

Finally with regard to the political significance of the movement, and the revision of the Prayer Book.

The Clerical Observer should know that it is something vainly imagined to identify the most extreme Anglo-Catholic with any political movement.

It was the combined opposition of the Evangelical and Anglo-Catholic which stopped the Revised Prayer Book from going through the House of Commons.

It was not introduced by Anglo-Catholics, and no Anglo-Catholic would consider the Book, as it stood, on the ground that such a mess had been made of the Prayer of Consecration, that it was impossible of acceptance.

CONSIDERING the wide circulation of your excellent paper I trust that

Prayers for Dead

Transubstantiation

is a word which needs careful handling, and then by those who have more than a passing knowledge of philosophy.

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CONSIDERING the wide circulation of your excellent paper I trust that

HAVE YOU BEEN ILL?
ARE YOUR NERVES OUT OF ORDER?
DO YOU SLEEP BADLY?
ARE YOU ANAEMIC OR RUN DOWN?
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THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

IS WHAT YOU REQUIRE TO REGAIN
HEALTH, STRENGTH AND ENERGY

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"I have been ill for some time with Anaemia and general debility, and I was getting so weak that I began to think I was never going to feel well again, and was losing weight steadily. One day a month, I have had various tonics and tonic foods, but nothing seems to pick me up. I have been taking Roboleine for three weeks, and I feel a different person again. I have never felt so well for months. I sleep better, and my appetite has returned, and I am already gaining weight." Mrs. A. B. Folkestone.

SAMPLE
VOUCHER

Mur & Neil Ltd., Box 1562E, G.P.O., Sydney. I enclose 3d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine.

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Address
W.W.12

Explaining Position

Our Clerical Observer states:

"Clerics, as well as other people, have sometimes to suffer for their views, and I know too well how that feels to have any wish to increase the suffering in another."

The article was intended as a simple explanation of the position."

you will see fit to publish these brief notes.

My husband has already been caused sorrow and disappointment through insinuation and half truth; and as my position enables me to observe more clearly than most, I have cause to know that the Anglo-Catholic is more loyal to the standard of the Prayer Book than most Evangelicals.

I should have stated earlier that a careful study of the Morning and Evening Prayer, the Communion Service, or the Ordinal will reveal that the Church of England has always practised both general and private confession.

Those who have objected most to the practice have admitted that the authority for it being taught is in the Prayer Book!

A movement to have these passages removed is in itself sufficient testimony to the loyalty of Anglo-Catholics who have stood by the Book of 1662.

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Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

Only MANLY can offer you this.

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at night, bubbles over and under the water, contains a Slipper Dip, Diving Tower, Water Wheels, Spinning Fleets, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards and a host of other aquatic novelties and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT. A magnificent Dressing Pavilion and Tea Room situated right at the end of the pool provides the sum of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper parties, dances, bridge, etc.

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To-day and
Cotton again
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That's why "chic" has made Dandy Starch its chief ally this Summer.

**DANDY
STARCH**

Dandy is stronger
than other starches,
so less is required to give
that perfect finish. Obtainable
at all grocers in half
and full size packets.

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she'll appreciate!

A pair of Beau Monde
Hose will solve your
gift problem. In all the
New Season's Styles.
Cellophane packed in
bright Christmas cartons.

From 5/11 to 17/6 a pr.

AT ALL DRAPERS

Beau Monde

FULL FASHIONED
Hosiery

MOONEY-WEBB

Saturday, December 16, 1933

So They Say

ILLEGIBLE PRESCRIPTIONS

WE are all conscious of the tyranny exercised by the doctor in virtue of his illegible writing. Are there any doctors who ever write prescriptions in a legible hand? I think patients should demand that all prescriptions be written in block capitals and be decoded on request.

The doctor gives us a mysterious formula to be got as often as not only at a certain pharmacy, conveyed in writing cunningly illegible to all but the fellow conspirator.

Miss Janice Blundell, Ermington, N.S.W.

First letter, £1.

FATHER MARS

WHILE in Sydney I took my children along to a Sydney store to see Santa Claus, who, on receiving a ticket, presented the boys with a toy each. Strange toys for this peace and goodwill season—a "fighting" plane, and a gun!

Mrs. A. Fitton, Moleworth St., Tenterfield, N.S.W.

SLOW BOYS

DOES anyone agree with me? Why are boys so slow or shy at dances, especially in the country? The orchestra plays quite a while before the boys make any attempt to ask their partners. I think it should be the opposite every second dance, and see if the fair sex would be so slow.

Thelma Roberts, "Jena," Guyra, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIANS ABROAD

WHAT do Australians see when they go abroad? Recently an educated young woman who had spent three years in Great Britain and on the Continent was interviewed as she stepped off the boat at Sydney. According to the account printed, all the traveller could find to talk about were the latest fashions in women's clothes. Or, did the journal think clothes were the only things that mattered?

Dot Mack, 31 Prince's St., Bexley, N.S.W.

FREE CAGED BIRDS

I MUST congratulate M. Dickie on the way she "sticks out" for the freedom of birds.

It is quite right that people cage birds to show (as they say) their love for them, when at the same time, they are doing all in their power to make the poor little creatures miserable.

A bird's natural state is flying about; so common sense alone points to the fact that they cannot possibly live nearly as long when they are packed into a cage and left there.

I hope that it will not be very long before the general public opens their eyes to this fact.

Esme J. Pimm, Millmerran, Qld.

LET US BE CURVED

LET me say that I think the Mae West figure infinitely preferable to the wry "beanpole" shape now in fashion. The majority of girls have gained this desirable (?) state by rigid dieting, and many have fallen into ill-health thereby. Let us hope the Mae West figure is here to stay. Let us be curved and comfortable.

E. Stewart, 126 Nelson St., Annandale, N.S.W.

DANCING STANDARD

WITH regard to readers' paragraphs on "Standard for Dancing," I believe a Society of Dancing has been formed in Victoria. My young sister attends a well-known dancing academy in Melbourne nearly every day in the week, and her sole ambition is to become a teacher, probably in some country town. Some time ago her teacher informed me that they have formed a society of teachers, and are trying to make things so that only fully qualified teachers may teach. She is sending a number of pupils up for their ballroom examination this week, my sister being one of them, and she tells me that they have to do a written theory examination as well as the practical work, in which each pupil takes the part both of the lady and gentleman.

Mrs. E. Plunkett, Box 56, Lalbert, Vic.

The Husband in The Kitchen

Monotonous Work

A MAN who thinks he is lowering himself by helping in the kitchen is mostly selfish, and the only love he has is for himself. I know several men who lend a hand with the chores when needed, and they have not lost any of their manliness by doing so. These men realise just how monotonous housework can become, especially when there is a family to cook for. If a man could know his gain in the heart of one he helps he would not require another's opinion.

Mrs. G. Carney, West St., Katoomba, N.S.W.

Quite Wrong

I THINK Miss Louise Mack is quite wrong about the man in the kitchen. True, in prehistoric days, Dad did kill, cook, and clean up the offal, but he had no petty kitchen chores to do as the man of the present day has.

I do like to see a man buck in and help the wife by clearing off the dishes and giving them a thorough wash, or scraping the potatoes and taking that job very earnestly. It's a grand man and a good husband or brother that is quick to notice a tired woman and bring his brute strength to bear on the household tasks, but it is a no-count man that would be satisfied to go into the kitchen and stay there.

B. Waterfield, Market St., Mudgee, N.S.W.

Turning Housemaid

RE Miss Mack's article on man's perfection in the kitchen (The Australian Women's Weekly, 2/12/33). It is quite apparent that this article is written by an unmarried woman. Otherwise she would not so glibly describe man's perfection in the home, especially the kitchen. I wonder how many married readers would turn over the home every day to their husbands and go off for a daily round of pleasure? It is not the man's job to set to and wash dishes and prepare meals. He does not get married to turn housemaid, and it must surely be a very peculiar woman who would expect such a thing.

Mrs. M. McKay, 221 Pittwater Rd., Manly, N.S.W.

(Louise Mack has been married twice, and is a widow for the second time.—Ed.)

Perfect Description

LOUISE MACK describes my husband perfectly when he has had occasion to do the chores. In fact, I have at times felt quite furious watching him doing everything so carefully. But would the men be so fussy doing the same monotonous work day in, day out?

Mrs. G. Philpot, Kitchener Rd., Croydon, Vic.

In and Out of Society

The Tram Seat Problem

Encourage Them

S. SMALES is certainly right when she calls women foolish, who are too independent to encourage male chivalry. When a woman is offered a seat, she ought to accept gracefully instead of embarrassing the polite man, of which there are all too few, chiefly to girls encroaching on male attire and pursuits. So, dear sisters, pray encourage the man who still looks on women with respect and protective instincts.

Mrs. M. Ireland, "Ronelgar," Wilson Street, Lawson, N.S.W.

Way It Happens

RE the argument about men standing for women in trains and trams. While travelling in a tram one day an elderly but stylish lady got in, and a gentleman at once got up and offered her seat. The lady refused, but was making for the seat, but the man sat down again and said, "O.K., then stand." No one else offered their seat.

Mrs. R. Tidey, Sexton Street, South Brisbane, Qld.

More Difficulties

REFERRED to the question of men offering seats in trams! If a woman holding a baby refuses a seat, she cer-

TOY LIBRARY

WHY don't we have in Australia a place where children could borrow toys to take home, as adults do library books?

One toy at a time, and kept for a week, would suit these times.

Christmas is a suitable time to start this "Tobery."

What about it?

Mrs. J. Allardice, Welwyn Crescent, Coorparoo, Qld.

tainly is foolish. But flappers often stand at a man's elbow practically asking for a seat. This, naturally, makes more sensitive women afraid of appearing too eager to accept. But I have noticed that usually girls on trams are more thoughtful for older women than men are. Often a girl rises to offer her seat, while a man buries his nose in a book or paper. Does this ease his conscience? In cases of offering seats to old gentlemen, one hardly knows the best way to act, as many old men hate to be pitied, especially by the opposite sex.

Mrs. J. Melloy, "Day Dawn," Eskbin Road, Annerley, South Brisbane, Q.

LETTERS sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for the first letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

Should Cycles Be Taxed?

Small One Wanted

RE Tax on Cycles, I think that a small tax on cycles should be made as they share the good roads, which takes motorists and others pay to keep the roads in repair. The person who rides a cycle is often not in the position to buy a car, but he has so little upkeep in comparison with motor repairs that I, too, feel he should share in the taxes.

Mrs. L. White, 49 Carlyon St., Benleigh, SE14, Vic.

Most Unfair

I ENTIRELY agree with Mrs. P. Brownlow's grudge against not registering cycles. This also includes horse vehicles. Owners of cycles and horse conveyances sail forth in glorious unlicensed freedom, while the poor tyrannised motorist not only must have his vehicle licensed yearly, but must also pay to be allowed to drive it. Can anyone dispute this unfairness?

Mrs. W. Overall, 47 Chapel Street, Lakemba, N.S.W.

Tax Prams Too

MRS. BROWNLOW'S impulsive outburst (The Australian Women's Weekly, December 2) is most intolerant. Do motorists own the public highways? If your correspondent thinks that cycles will be kept off the roads by the levying of a tax, she is mistaken. "Young Australia" will always use this cheap and quick way of travel.

Babies! Beware! Someone will agitate for a wheel tax on your prams next!

Mrs. A. Farmer, Shamrock Street, Kedron, Brisbane, Q.

Last Straw

I DON'T agree with Mrs. P. Brownlow's suggestion re taxing cycles. Surely we cyclists have enough to contend with pushing our cycles about without having to pay taxes on them. We cyclists have to stand a lot of dusting and horn-hooting from motorists without them suggesting taxes on us.

Miss D. Taylor, Euranderer P.O., via Mudgee, N.S.W.

Road Hogs Worse

WHY should the ordinary working person, who cannot afford a car, be taxed on a vehicle that does not wear or tear up the road. I don't think cyclists are as bad as road hogs who run them off the roads.

Mrs. Dorothy Finnigan, 357 Johnston St., Abbotsford, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE



In writing to an Archbishop you begin, "Your Grace." To a Bishop the form should be, "My Lord." The endings should be: "I remain your Grace's most obedient servant"; or "I remain, my Lord." Intimates would begin: "Dear Archbishop," "Dear Bishop," and "Dear Dean."

THESE "A" CLASS

CONCERTS

HOW much longer have we "listen-ins" to endure the programmes broadcast from the "A" class stations in the evenings? The same programme is broadcast throughout practically all the "A" class stations, and I am sure it is not at all enjoyable. Sometimes there is the most mournful music issuing from the speaker; at other times a play of which no one can understand a word. I must say on rare occasions the night's programme is very bright and interesting, but why broadcast the same items throughout national stations? We pay our license fees, and I think it only fair that we should receive as reward a bright, pleasure-giving entertainment, or, if not, we should be able to vary the stations. I think there are quite a number of people who agree with me, and would like to hear of a change in the system of the A.B.C.

J. Jones, "Clear Hills," via Temora, N.S.W.

BLAZER AND ETIQUETTE

IN support of Ruth Preddy's article in The Australian Women's Weekly of December 2, I also wish to call attention to the persons wearing their blazers over any old thing. The women are not the only ones to abuse the use of the blazer.

Worn over cream trousers with sports shoes and pyjamas or a sports frock, it is extremely dressy and sportslike, but when it comes to wearing it over trousers from best suit, dance pumps and felt hat or some fluffy creation the blazer then loses its good appearance. We see them at the talkies, dances, and even at work. How these blazer cranks would laugh at anyone wearing plus fours, shorts or bather to any place of amusement. Please wear your blazers for sports day or picnics only.

A. Dooley, 109 Wanlock Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

NO WAR STORIES

LIKE previous correspondents, I am strongly in favor of the retention of the fairy story in the school curriculum. What I should like to see deleted is the war-hero type of story told to children just past the fairy-story stage. I loathe relating to young children stories of Grenville, the "Revenge," Nelson, Clive, and hosts of other gory heroes of war. Why cannot we substitute stories of the heroes of peace—Pasteur, James Vague, the story of the "Titanic." There are hundreds. Let us stress the fact that "peace hath her victories."

Dorothy Baker, State School, Cobuna, Vic.

CHILDREN & ELECTRICITY

I QUITE agree with your article in "Points of View" section (2/12/33) in that children should be instructed in the schools regarding the dangers of electricity, as in many cases the parents do not bother (from lack of thought, I suppose) to even explain to their children what to do if they witness any person receive an electric shock. Only last Sunday, after reading of those sad cases, I asked two of my young hopefuls what they would do in above case, and they both thought it best to run and get a glass of water and pour it down the victim's throat. So the sooner some knowledge of electricity is imparted in the schools the better, and I sincerely hope your article will bear fruit.

Doris Thurbon, 175 Dora Street, Hurstville, N.S.W.

WANT PEN-NAMES

I SEE where "pen-names" are debarred in the "So They Say" column. What does it matter to the public or papers concerned if a pen-name is used, it will save a lot of rows in some homes, as husbands (some of them) object to see their wives' names in print, and a pen-name will hurt no one. Let's have a vote on it!

M. Fullerton, "Dalma," Rockhampton, Qld.



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for FACES now losing something of their former charm

Let Kathleen Court, world-famous cosmetician, charm from your face the mask that hides the natural loveliness so rightly yours. Facial Youth, amazing skin-rejuvenant, will swiftly take from 5 to 15 years of the age you now appear to be... will restore your loveliness to a degree that has to be seen to be believed.

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clever R.K.O.
Radio Pictures
Star.

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Get a package of Facial Youth to-day, and use it as directed. Any chemist or store can supply you. There are two forms, for day use, in tubes at 1/3d. and 2/-, and in jars at 2/6d. also a special cleansing form for night use in jars at 2/6d. Also with same 1/3d. tube Golden Youth Face Powder a little Gift Tube of Facial Youth is now presented with the compliments of Kathleen Court!

FACIAL YOUTH

Will Swiftly Remove From Your Skin any Unhappy Signs the Years May Have Brought!

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

TAKES TERRIBLE TOLL

THE Blood Pressure of Australians is higher than that of any of the World's peoples—higher than that of the American negro, whose blood pressure exceeds that of all peoples except ours.

It is a curious fact that the blood pressure of emigrants to Australia increases from the normal in their own countries and Japanese and Chinese, whose blood pressures have been normal in the countries of their birth, have experienced an increase in pressure after living for years here—to the level of that of native-born Australians.

In one year no less than twelve thousand Australians died prematurely from the effects of High Blood pressure, and included in that number were some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:

- 1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.
- 2. Head noise.
- 3. Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.
- 4. Flushes to head and throat.
- 5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
- 6. Insomnia and nervousness.

High Blood Pressure, like cancer, gives no early warning of its presence, and these symptoms occur when the blood pressure has been high for some time, so that immediate action must be taken to keep the pressure down to a safe level.

Watch Your Food

As we said before, High Blood Pressure is most frequently caused by toxins and poisons in the blood, and so it is important to cleanse the body of these poisons and to keep it free from them.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids occasionally after meals. Mentholoids being a most powerful herbal antiseptic medicine in convenient form, which neutralise and expel the toxins and poisons from the blood stream, and relieve the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids is sufficient for the cure.

Undoubtedly many people make mistakes with the food which they eat. Generally because they do not know that some foods are not good for them, and that other foods are actual poisons when disease is present.

Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids are procurable from every chemist and store in Australia in flasks of 30 Mentholoids at 6/- (sample flask of 26 at 3/-) with the diet chart in every flask. If you are not strong enough to store a flask, send it to W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 135, George Street, Sydney; C. P. Lloyd and Co., 343 Lt. Collins Street, Melbourne; D. Macleay and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; and your Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids will reach you by return mail, complete with diet chart enclosed.

Be sure to get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids in the green carton, and refuse imitations of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs!!!

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MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

"AIDA" without the Spectacle

On a Christmas Eve just sixty-two years ago, the Khedive of Egypt fulfilled an ambition — his great opera house in Cairo was filled with the music of the first performance of a grand spectacular opera specially written for the potente of a grand opera composer of the times — Giuseppe Verdi.

THE opera was "Aida," which is to be broadcast by the A.B.C. on December 21.

Verdi was almost 60 years old when the Khedive offered him the commission to write an opera for the opening of his theatre. Loath to emerge from his retirement the composer mentioned what he thought to be a prohibitive fee; but his patron was in no way dismayed.

Verdi completed the work, but the Franco-Prussian war intervened; the scene was shut up in the besieged city of Paris until the fighting was over. Then, in the land of the Pharaohs itself an opera reproducing the glamor and glory of early Egypt began its triumphant career.

Verdi completed the work, but the

"AIDA" CAST

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| AIDA | GWENDOLYN EVANS |
| AMNERIS (King of Egypt's Daughter) | EVELYN HALL |
| RHADAMES (Egyptian Captain) | LANCE JEFFREY |
| RAMPHIS (High Priest) | OLIVER KING |
| THE KING | LOBBAN HOUGHTON |
| AMONASRO (King of Ethiopia) | FRASCO LEAL |

pivot round which the whole A.B.C. series revolves. Coming direct from the Italian centres of opera he brings authoritative artistry to bear on the hero roles, all of which he has sustained brilliantly to date.

At the same time it is a happy thought to give one of our local tenors an opportunity to show the mettle of his talents—Lance Jeffree will be the radio Rhadames, and if his operatic work on the concert platform is a criterion he should be a more than adequate Egyptian captain.

Another Sydney singer, Gwendolyn Evans, is to be Aida. This lyric-dramatic soprano, will be remembered for her excellent work in the title role in the radio production of "La Gioconda." On this occasion it is to be hoped that Miss Evans will be brought just a little closer to the microphone. Evelyn Hall is to have the responsible role of Amneris, and the final duets in the tomb had ever appeared in his previous works.

The Story

in Brief

The story of "Aida," unlike many an opera plot, is straightforward and intelligible. Several men took part in the writing of it, although it seems to originally have been put forward by the famous Egyptologist, Mariette Bey.

Here it is in brief: Aida, the daughter of Amneris, the King of Ethiopia, has been taken prisoner by the Egyptians, and given as a slave to the Princess Amneris. They both love the warrior, Rhadames, the chosen chief of the Egyptian army; but he cares nothing for Amneris, and she vows a deadly vengeance against the slave who has supplanted her.

Rhadames returns in triumph from the wars, bringing with him a chain of prisoners, among whom is Amneras. The latter soon finds out Aida's influence over Rhadames and half terrifies, half persuades her into promising to extract from her lover the secret of the route which the Egyptian army will take on the morrow on their way to a new campaign against the Ethiopians.

By the way, he became the father of a son about three weeks ago.

Records Worth Having

Records from the new lists, which I can recommend: The "Dance of the Apprentices" from "The Mastersingers" (Wagner), and the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," played by the British Symphony Orchestra under Bruno Walter. (Columbia.)

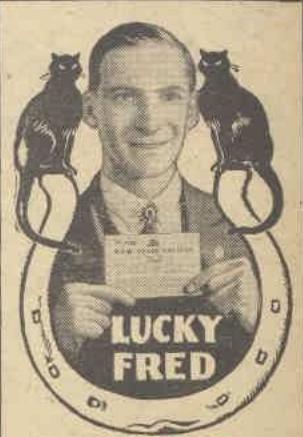
The Church Scene from Leo Fall's "Spanish Nightingale," and a scene from "The Barber of Bagdad" (Cornellius), sung by Herbert Grub (tenor) with chorus. (Parlophone.)

Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, played by Artur Schnabel, with the London Symphony Orchestra. (His Master's Voice.)

Roland Foster Students

AT an end of term concert by professional and amateur pupils of Mr. Roland Foster, at the Forum Club last Saturday, Mr. Foster commented on the fact that the average Australian parent who sent a child to learn singing did so with the idea that the pupil would ultimately become a professional singer. He deplored the fact that so few students took up singing for singing's sake.

HOST Holbrook says: Cocktail parties are the vogue just now. Holbrooks' Margarita Olives are correct for the cocktail. ***



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the only winner of FOUR FIRST PRIZES of £665 in the State Lottery, won more prizes and cash than any other Share Syndicates. In the last three Lotteries, he has won over £3000.

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297 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY

Saturday, December 16, 1933.

A FEAST of Good THINGS In the SHOPS

CHINA in colorful and artistic guise is always an acceptable Christmas gift, and this year there are the most delightful trifles at equally pleasing prices.

Strolling with ever alert gaze through a suite of rooms newly furnished, I was diverted and then intrigued at the unusual design and general make-up of the furniture. That, I thought, me, is something that should be bruited abroad.

Of the "bits and pieces" of china it is difficult to make a choice. The group at right will give you cause to run hastily through your list of Christmas beneficiaries and select those of the card-playing ilk.

Let me stress the resourceful nature of the combined match-holder and ash-tray, for, as one makes a double finesse at "auction" or "contract," one withdraws a match from this quaint receptacle and the said match is struck in the process.

COLLECTED on the extreme right are three novelties that are literally bright. The holder designed to support three candles. It would be very delightful on a dinner-table, set with a view to hosting a small entertainment on an intimate note.

The vase, with its futuristic line, has not lost any of the grace and charm that attached to less modern conceptions, while the other two candlesticks of single purpose would be a piece-de-resistance in the boudoir.

THIS very new furniture is primarily of steel construction. The finer points of its construction we may consign to the limbo of forgotten things while we lose ourselves in the charm of its contours and general appeal. Suffice it to say that the chromium-plated steel principle ensures furniture that will last for decades and still be furniture when its peers of wood have passed away.

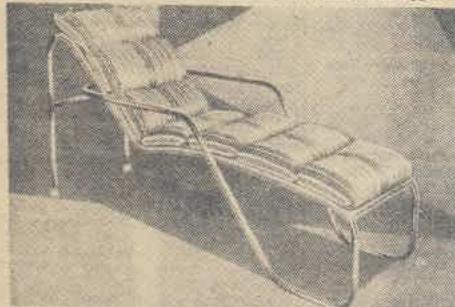


Of octagonal shape the top of the chaste occasional table depicted above is black vitrolite, which gleams through the room and casts a grateful reflection from any article placed thereon. The price is £7/10/-.

Just a cheery note that has nothing to do with china or with furnishing, but with a very engrossing topic—that of hats. Don't you derive no end of moral



support when you know just how much a hat is going to be before you try it on? With a knowledgeable conception



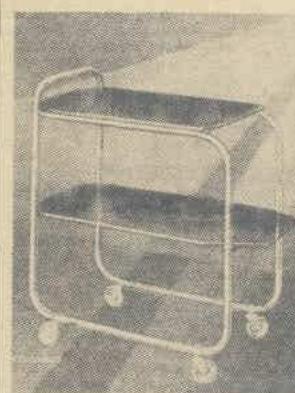
of this attitude an enterprising milliner has opened a shop at which there are no hats priced above 5/- and 10/-. The display includes the most desirable collection of very smart models—particularly in white.

Being the Weekly Shopping Diary of SAIDE.

HERE'S a covered cigarette-box and a set of four ashtrays in Ceramic art, 14/- a set; a bonbon box, 6/-; a cigarette box, 6/-; and an ashtray, 4/-, in jade green majolica, and a quaint ashtray and match-holder combined which would be very acceptable to card-players, 18/9.

Let me stress the resourceful nature of the combined match-holder and ash-tray, for, as one makes a double finesse at "auction" or "contract," one withdraws a match from this quaint receptacle and the said match is struck in the process.

BBLACK vitrolite, with highly-polished edges, has been used, too, for the



cute little dinner-wagon above. It is one of those versatile models that runs hither and thither at the slightest touch. Its shining surface is proof against the most virulent inroads of hot water or tea, or those inconsiderate trifles that are upset on unrehearsed occasions. The price is £1/15/-.

* * *

This mirror would impart a gratifying air of distinction to the most uninspiring reflection. The glass is bevelled and rimless, the sort of thing that makes one view the world with "rose-colored glasses," and it is adjustable, for £1/17/6.

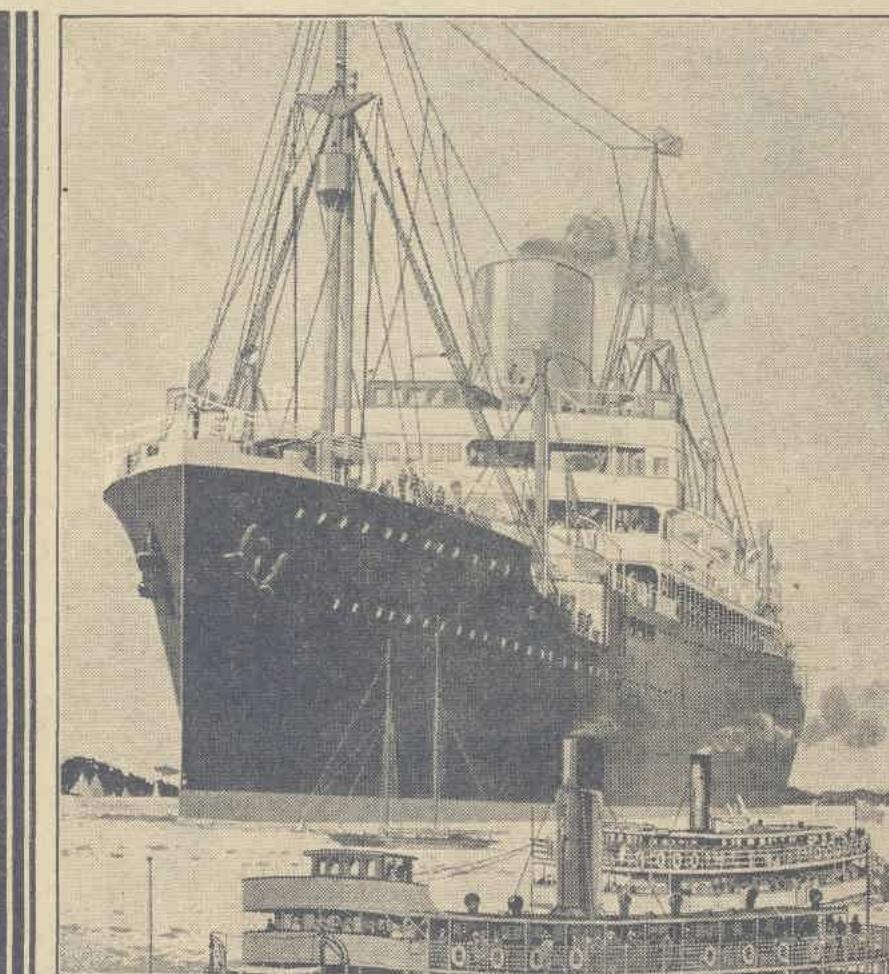
Shaded copper or colored lacquer finish has been applied to the metal work of this graceful and reposeful lounge. The upholstery has covering of double thickness multi-colored duck, guaranteed to withstand wear and tear. Should your head be of the tender persuasion you will appreciate the well-filled kapok head-rest. Should you wish the comfort idea

carried out to encompass the entire body, a pocket-filled overlay is also available. The price of the lounge is £4/12/6.

HOT Holbrook says: A dainty dormitory is the Holbrook Stuffed Olive. The stones have been replaced with red pimento. ***



An exquisite shade of jade green is the color note of this group, which includes a candlestick in majolica to hold three candles, 13/-, a majolica vase, 7/-, a candlestick with circular lines, 6/-, The candlestick with the handle is pale orange pottery with blue and brown markings, 5/-.



**ONE CLASS
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RONALD COLMAN is one of the most reserved men in Hollywood. He is widely travelled, but the "inside stories" of his travels will never be told.

There Are MEN Who SHUN PUBLICITY ... IN ... Hollywood

By a Special Correspondent
in Hollywood

SO relentlessly has the camera man followed them, so remorselessly has the publicity man exploited them, that the general impression of the citizens of Hollywood is that they seek the limelight of public approval and that their every gesture is studied with a view to evoking applause.

To a very great extent this judgment is well-founded. The ubiquitous American publicity agent is a highly-paid official, and it follows, a man of many parts.

BUT, notwithstanding the many spectacular divorces, extravagant living and general ostentation of the stars, there remain quite a number of artists who regard their work—screen work—as an engrossing vocation, yet just as much a thing apart from their private lives as the bank clerk who thankfully closes his ledger when the clock strikes five.

There's John Barrymore, who hates publicity. He simply refuses to show the faintest simmer of interest in his fan mail. It probably deals chiefly with the famous profile of which he must be very weary.

The handsome gentleman owns a yacht and, at the conclusion of every film, he leaves, "address unknown," to cruise down the Mexican coast and across the Pacific.

After two marriages and the same number of divorces, he married Dolores Costello, and has two children, a girl and a boy.

Originally a cartoonist on a newspaper staff, he is admittedly one of the greatest artists of the screen—and also the most blase man in Hollywood.

Dick Barthelmess and Ronald Colman are on excellent terms with one another, but keep practically everyone else at a distance.

Dick's father died when he was only two years old, and his mother became a famous character actress on the stage.



JOHN BARRYMORE is the most blase man in Hollywood, but he is certainly showing a flicker of interest in John, jun., and his mother.

He was educated during his tender youth at a military college, and traces of this early training are still apparent in his bearing. Later he went to Trinity College, Hartford.

He is a man of considerable independent means, for in the heyday of his success he invested his large salary very conservatively, and is reaping the benefit. His first matrimonial venture was with Mary Hay, and a subsequent ceremony found New York widow, Mrs. Jessica Sergeant, as the bride.

RONALD COLMAN is, of course, English. Perhaps this explains the impression of extreme reserve that he gives in contrast to his demonstrative confresses.

When interest centred on the tall dark Englishman, who has given us so many delightful films, the whisper went forth, has he a wife? Now that is the sort of personal question that represents a total lack of breath when addressed to Ronald of the extreme reserve.

It is on record that he was "formerly married to Thelma Raye," of the English stage, but he is now regarded as one of Hollywood's eligibles, though one could hardly accuse him of placing himself on the matrimonial market.

His gallant war record has occasioned

HOBST Hesbrook says: My Worcestershire Bane in the perfection of favour. Aye, it is the world's greatest appetiser. ***

Ramon Navarro is simply dynamic, and an hour or so with the Mexican star is a truly entertaining experience. Despite his flashing eyes and generally exuberant portrayals on the screen, Ramon is widely read, and is never so happy as when quietly ensconced in his library, which includes classical works in English, French, Spanish and Italian.

At the advent of talkies, Ramon decided to realize his original ambition and made his operatic debut in "Tosca" in Berlin. If this move was intended as a precautionary measure against a failure on the talking screen, it was entirely unnecessary, and since that time we have had many successful numbers from him.

From the financial aspect his screen career has been most satisfactory, but not so his investments. He has lost a large fortune through unhappy speculation.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

CHRISTMAS

ATTRACTIOMS

FOUR of the long run houses are just entering upon new programmes, which will carry over Christmas. The Prince Edward presents a double bill of melodrama and detection, "The Torch Singer" and "Midnight Club." At the Plaza is "Stage Mother," the drama of a footlights career. "Paddy the Next Best Thing," and just the thing for children of all ages, is topping the bill at the State. The Civic, beginning its second Australian season, is showing "The Hayseeds."

* * *

"STAGE MOTHER"

Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan (M.-G.-M.).

BACK-STAGE films are not much of a novelty by now. But this picture has a strong dramatic story and some excellent characterisation. Alice Brady draws a convincing portrait of a woman bred to the life of "the road" in the U.S.A. She loses her trapeze artist husband just before her child is born. Later, when she realises that her own career is ended, she devotes herself heart and soul to training her daughter to be a star. Maureen O'Sullivan, as a girl reluctant at times to undergo the strict discipline and sacrifice of private life that this entails, acts with charm. It is a pity that her voice is so much less pleasing than her dancing. Franck Tone is the lover whom the mother's ruthless ambition succeeds in estranging for a time. Phillips Holmes endeavours to represent an English peer. He has worked hard at the speech, but has not mastered the deportment. He does not seem to know about raising his hat.

There is a very effective stage spectacle of the chorus dancing with the rainbow as a background for the "Rainbow Girl," in which Maureen O'Sullivan makes her Broadway hit. (Plaza)

* * *

"THE HAYSEEDS"

Cecil Kellaway, Arthur Clarke, Shirley Dale, Beaumont Smith.

AUSTRALIAN audiences want Australian films. There can be no doubt of that. And they are quite right, too! There is a special interest in seeing our own familiar landmarks, and our own people on the screen. We naturally enjoy watching Dad and Mum Hayseed being shown the sights of Sydney. When they try to scramble on to a Pitt Street tram they get our sympathy. All the same, it is unfortunate for Australian productions, either through shortage of capital, or by reason of lack of time, to fall below the technical standard of the average film from elsewhere. In the present instance the photography of the studio scenes appears to be handicapped by insufficient lighting, and the cutting seems not very expert.

The bucolic humor of Joe and Pansy is well enough of its kind, but it makes the hikers' ballet seem an incongruous



JOHN MOORE and Shirley Dale leading the hiking ballet in "The Hayseeds."

importation. Cecil Kellaway, as Dad, shows again how well he can render a character part of kindly humor. Katie Towers and Kenneth Brampton also are well in key. Some of the other actors would have benefited by stricter direction. (Civic Theatre).

* * *

"PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING"

Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter (Fox).

GOOD news for Janet Gaynor's fans. Here she is in fine form, working her well-practised wiles in a picturesque setting of Gulgahireland. This sort of innocent tomboy part is much more suitable for her than masquerading as

a princess. Not that she gets away with the Irish accent. Her flat, metallic voice is incapable of any other inflections than those of her native land. But the speech of her father (Walter Connolly) and most of the minor characters has a satisfactory Irish lilt. This man is sheer sentimentality, of course. Well, sentimentality does no harm now and then, provided it is not indulged in too often, or to the extent reached by the young woman who here sings "Macushla," an excruciating performance. As for those impatient people who may long to give Paddy the wailoping that her father found himself unable to administer, they should know by now that you can have Janet Gaynor or real life, but not both together. Deep voiced Margaret Lindsay, with her rather wooden face, is an adequate foil to the twinkling and dimpling of her younger sister. Warner Baxter is an agreeable, Daddy-Long-Leggs hero. (Released at the State).

* * *

"MIDNIGHT CLUB"

Clive Brook, George Raft, Helen Vinson (Paramount).

HERE is an excellent detective thriller. Clive Brook is the head of a group of well-connected jewel thieves, who run a Night Club as a blind. That, you will say, has been done before. But wait. These people have devised an ingenious scheme by which exactly dressed and made-up doubles, drilled in their mannerisms, impersonate them in the club when they are on business and thus furnish them with an unassassivable alibi against the suspicions of Scotland Yard. Baffled, the Chief Commissioner of Police arranges with Raft, a detective from U.S.A., to pose as a crook and join the alliance to get to know their secrets. The film closes on an edifying note of chivalry. Helen Vinson, who has let herself be taken while trying to save Raft, refuses to betray Brook, who has escaped. But to free her from the clutches of the law, Brook, always the gentleman, gives himself up.

Helen Vinson is not completely English in her intonations, and there is a very American exclamation at the moment when the lights go out in the ballroom. Otherwise the English atmosphere is very well maintained. How Helen Vinson could have preferred that "tough guy" Raft to the polished, charming Brook must remain a mystery!

* * *

"THE TORCH SINGER"

Claudette Colbert (Paramount).

UNSCIOUS is the word to apply to Claudette Colbert's beauty. In this film she has achieved a languorous sweetness, heightened by her make-up, which reminds one of Marlene Dietrich. There is a similar suggestion, too, of smouldering fires and mockery. And the effect is reinforced by the pulsating emotional music used throughout. Put bluntly, this is sob-stuff about a poor betrayed girl, who is forced to surrender her child; then after she has become the most notorious and expensive cabaret singer in New York, mother love triumphs. The theme, however, is saved from crudity by the star's well-balanced performance, ably assisted by David Manners, as the man who comes back to reclaim her, and by Ricardo Cortez, who resigns in his favor.

It is unlikely that the notorious Mimi Benten, who on a sudden whim undertakes to be Aunt Jenny over the wireless to all the little children of America, would not have been widely recognised. The quality of a voice it is practically impossible to disguise. However, that is picking holes in a story which hardly rests on probabilities. (Prince Edward).

* * *

"THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS"

Benita Hume and Adolphe Menjou (Fox).

AFTER an interval Menjou comes again to the screen as the Man About Town. He is a millionaire in Paris, and a connoisseur of pretty women frequently elegant apartments and expensive restaurants. For some time he has been linked in an alliance, which does not include marriage, with Benita Hume, an English art student, who has deliberately gone gay and climbed to the top of her chosen profession. These scenes and also the later scenes, when she has returned to Paris, are well done. It is in the middle that the film sags. Discovering a mutual boredom, the millionaire and his pretty lady decide to part, and she flies to America. There held up by a train smash near a country town in Kansas, she falls in love with the local schoolmaster. Such a thing is not impossible for a woman of her type, but neither Benita Hume's acting nor the direction succeeds in making the episode convincing. Nor, it must be confessed, is Harvey Stephens, as the schoolmaster, a likely sort of man for the "worst woman in Paris" to go all romantic about.

Saturday, December 16, 1933.

"BEAUTY Born of MURMURING SOUND" The Rising TRIO... Tea, Milk, Bread

Overshadows Mode & Manners At Palm Beach

PALM BEACH, Sydney's famous seaside resort, once the happy hunting-ground of a few of Sydney's chosen rich and fortunate, is now in the throes of its summer season.

Not quite in the throes, perhaps, for the great rush does not actually begin until Christmas Eve.

PALM BEACH is no longer a place of Arcadian simplicity, of isolated loveliness, destitute of the "mod. cons." of civilisation.

Its loveliness remains, for its greatness must ever triumph over the changes wrought by man. But where, only a comparatively few years ago, the regular Palm Beach devotees could pass through thickly-timbered bushland to the yellow sands, the residents now follow a formal road or track, pick their way through hundreds of cars parked along the asphalted road, and step either over or on a mass of humanity sunbaking on the seashore.

It is a sophisticated humanity in the main, with a "right thing at the right time" code.

There is a code of manners, a code of dress, a code of entertaining, a code of speech with seasonal fashions in the choice of slang, forms of salutation, and so on.

By these things are the genuine "Palm Beachers" known. They have their own particular pass-word, as it were.

If one fails to do the "right" thing at

Seaside Fashions

SO far nothing ultra-modern in beach fashions has made its appearance at Palm Beach, but no doubt many modish ideas will be adopted by newcomers within the next few days.

Here are some of them: Cellophane sunshades, sailor suits with slacks and matching coats, wrap-over skirts, accompanied with matching floppy hats and bags that hold every surfing requisite, immense cretonne hats that act as sunshades, and "sheil" cloaks, composed of a straight piece of brightly-striped material and worn wrapped round the figure.

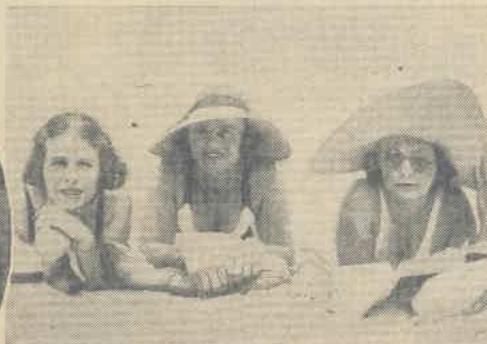
In Beach Rd., Mrs. Alan Box was living in the A. J. Horderns' home, and Signor and Signora Bianci (formerly Mona Edwardes, of Turramurra, and here on a two-months' holiday with hus-



PALM BEACH, nestling in the curve of the sea-shore.



PREPARED FOR THE SUN, but not shirking its fierceness. Left to right: Mrs. Dick Kirby, Mrs. A. Samuels, and Mrs. W. Hay.



MRS. LAURIE FOSTER, with her mammoth cretonne sunshade.

Palm Beach has two little characteristic "originalities."

One is to name the hill containing the homes of Doctors Godsall, Gordon Brown, and Bullimore "Pill" Hill, and to have nicknamed "Sunset Rise" "Spinster's Rise" because of Dr. Lucy Gullett, Miss Garvan, and Miss Bowman (Mrs. Macarthur now) having residences there.

The action of the Milk Board in fixing the maximum price of milk at 7d. a quart in New South Wales has resulted in hundreds of milk vendors adopting the maximum price as their minimum.

THIS billiard-room at "Moana," one of the modern homes in the "Village."

RIGHT: The residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. Peters, on the beach front.

—photo by Women's Weekly.

Palm Beach in the season, one can be as much a frozen outsider as a boot-legger at a prohibitionist rally.

This intimate circle is not as remote as it was. In the busy season, at any rate it is submerged in the vast hordes that invade the beaches, the people who come by motor cars, by hand and four children in Mrs. Ingram's house. In Florida Rd. the Blacklands had vacated "Inglewood" in favor of a niece, Mrs. Downer; the Bill Hays' home was housing Doug. Levy, while Mrs. Hay was staying with Mrs. A. Samuels.

Afterwards, however, it was discovered that still a few remained in their own homes, such as the Laurie Fosters, Mr. McKay, Dr. Keith Brown, Mr. L. S. Wehion, and the R. C. Hagona. Dr. Godsall was also "down." He is hoping to build another at Bowsral.

Cheaper and better transport facilities have robbed Palm Beach of its remoteness. The beach is now fringed with beautiful homes, complete with modern conveniences, and in many instances modern art.

But its golden sands and tree-studded hills, its turbulent or quiet sea, the nearby harbor with its myriad bays and inlets, will always invite lovers of the beautiful, and proffer charm and repose to those who seek its charm.

A VISIT to Palm Beach the other day at first led to the conclusion that there had been a sort of Mad Hatters' tea party, and everybody had "moyed one place down."



of tents—tents which were far superior to most seaside cottages for comfort.

The McKays' home is particularly noted for its lovely garden, perfectly kept. The first frangipanni grown at the Beach was in this garden.

Mr. Weldon, who owns "The Moorings," is so fond of gardening that he will even drive, after a rush day at the office, all the way to the Beach to plant a baby stag-horn.

Previously, however, an even more romantic owner lived in "The Moorings," the late Mr. Walter Lipscomb. He had the nickname of this, the first bungalow built at Palm Beach (by an American architect, with keystone to the chimney piece by Theo Cowan), "moored" to a tree, not the fence, as it is at present, and the verandah not comfortably closed in as now with glass and awnings, but open to the four winds.

REDUCES from 12st. 1 to 8st. 13 at the rate of 5lbs. weekly

Without Diet or Exercise

WOMEN love to have the beauty of body—exquisite lines and ravishing limbs—like those possessed by Miss Alfred Gray.

Thousands of women, and men too, have lost their ugly surplus fat with YOUTH-O-FORM.

FORM Tonic Reducing Capsules, indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, headache, and many other illnesses.

This woman's report will interest other women who are too fat:

"I have reduced wonderfully with YOUTH-O-FORM," she says.

"Last January I weighed 13st. 1lb., and I am now 8st.

"In some weeks I reduced 5 pounds, some weeks 3. I

"I take YOUTH-O-FORM with fruit acid, and could not raise my arms to do my hair. YOUTH-O-FORM has cured me completely. I haven't a twinge of pain now, and I feel twenty years younger."

WHAT CAUSES FAT?

Often people say, "Why should I be fat? I do not overeat." The fact is that many people assimilate too much fat from the food they eat, and so, in spite of diet and exercise, they continue to gain weight.

Women get fat often after motherhood, at about the age of 35, "change of life," and after some operations. Men, on the contrary, are troublesome, too, at middle age and after certain operations.

Now YOUTH-O-FORM Reduces Fat.

YOUTH-O-FORM is the world-famous herbal medicine for obesity. Not only does YOUTH-O-FORM reduce ugly surplus fat, but its valuable herbal ingredients cure Chronic Rheumatism, Indigestion, and Constipation, too. YOUTH-O-FORM prevents the accumulation of fat in your body, and the body uses up its own fat naturally, surely, and permanently. The fat-tissue parts are reduced first, the normal parts remaining unaffected, so that if the fat is mostly round waist and hips, these are reduced first.

When normal weight is reached, YOUTH-O-FORM is discontinued, and example taken occasionally afterwards, if necessary, to act as an antidote.

If you are too fat, and wish to reduce to normal weight, take a little YOUTH-O-FORM TONIC REDUCING CAPSULE, occasionally before meals, and watch the ugly fat go, leaving your body slim and beautiful.

AND YOU CAN ALSO GET YOUTH-O-FORM, FOR YOU CAN GET SUFFICIENT YOUTH-O-FORM FOR SIX WEEKS CONTINUOUS TREATMENT, COSTING ONLY 50/-, and this is enough to give the treatment a reasonable trial, and to show definite results. (A 10-DAY CARTON COSTS 5/6.) All leading chemists stock YOUTH-O-FORM, or you may have it privately direct. Just pin a postal note to this advertisement with your name and address, and we will send you direct YOUTH-O-FORM, and your YOUTH-O-FORM will reach you in a week or ten days, tightly wrapped, with full directions for use. STATE DISTRIBUTORS: N.S.W.: W. James Roever, Ltd., Dept. 2, 35a George Street, Sydney; Victoria: C. P. Lloyd & Co., Dent, J. McEwan House, 212-214 Collins Street, Melbourne; Queensland: D. Maclean & Co., North Quay, Brisbane; South Australia: G. E. Smith, 127 King William Street, Adelaide.

INVITATION: Call in and ask about YOUTH-O-FORM personally any time you are passing Rogers, Ltd., the well-known chemists at 128a, 130, 132 George Street, Sydney, opposite the G.P.O.

YOUTH-O-FORM TONIC REDUCING CAPSULES

Fashion Finds Expression in Four Nationalities!



• VIENNA. With a long, graceful tunic of white crinkle crepe and skirt of black, this typical Viennese costume has slimly-fitting sleeves, luxuriant fox furs, combining black and white, and a tiny black hat. The handbag is of that chaste design that bears the hallmark of superfine production.



• PARIS. Color contrast finds favor with the Parisienne, and a cape of original design forms a smart finish to her sleekly-bitted gown. Her eye-veil flares provocatively round her face, and her handbag is a very recherche model in softly-gathered suede.



• LONDON. For the Englishwoman this tailored ensemble is the ideal outdoor wear. A blouse in silk of contrasting shade, and a hat that conforms to the tailored note, lend distinction to the whole.



Models by courtesy
David Jones Ltd.
Women's Weekly Photo.

• NEW YORK. Elaborate trimmings mark the smart American ensemble. Fully-puffed sleeves are gathered into an elongated cuff that caresses a slim wrist. A finely-tucked muslin hat of the "visor" mode, and an exaggerated shoulder-line, are the complement to her attire.

THREE EXTRA SPECIAL GIFT CASKETS

EVENING IN PARIS

Gifts that radiate the gaiety, brilliance, and glamour of an "Evening in Paris" . . . What could be more fascinating and irresistible in their appeal?

S.4 23'6

S.2 31'6

N.31 12'6

EVENING IN PARIS
(Soir de Paris)

Also many others to select from.

All Stores and Chemists

"HERE'S certainly distinction and a difference, too," said Miss Macdonald, on her return from a recent trip abroad, during which she visited the world's fashion centres.

"Personally I considered the Viennese women the smartest of all, but it is, I suppose, after all a matter of taste. In Vienna there are no big stores as we know them, just individual salons displaying the most delightful notions."

As the advertising manageress of one of the biggest stores in Australia to-day, Miss Macdonald is in a position to give an authoritative statement. She has chosen the costumes depicted

above by our photographer as typical of the vogue in the four different countries from which our fashions emanate.

To accentuate the national individuality, the same model has posed in each and yet looks entirely different in each of four pictures.

The Viennese women are slim and graceful and essentially conservative in their dress, yet they wear any ensemble with an air that marks it as something quite exclusive, even if it chance to be just the simplest morning frock. An indispensable adjunct to the toilette of the smart Viennese is a fox fur. She wears the new eye-veil fastened firmly round her head, just showing a glimpse of it at one side of a smart little hat.

The Parisienne dons her veil with an air that is distinctly provocative; as are all her clothes. Her shoes have tiny, very stumpy toes, while the Viennese prefers a slender, longish last.

For the American, the acme of chic is achieved by the addition of fullsome finishings, frills and flares and bows. Hats of sheerest muslin, set at an angle, have found favor in her eyes, and her make-up is extremely vivid.

Ever reserved and in complete contrast to the American, the Englishwoman dresses with the object of escaping, rather than exciting, public attention. The advice of the tailor is apparent in her ensemble, and her shoes, while they have sufficient heel to conduct grace of carriage, are designed on comfortable lines.

**From Paris and Vienna
London and New York**



Saturday, December 16, 1933.

**PARIS . . .
SNAPSHOTS**

TWO more additions to the fancy glove situation—white pigee gloves with flaring gauntlets that button on to two large buttons placed four inches above the wrist on the long sleeves of a black frock. New mitten gloves showing the fingers. They are short, made of colored crepe or kid, and often match the rest of the accessories. Long mittens in colored crepe for evening.

SOME smart Parisiennes are wearing gold and silver bracelets to match their metal trimmed frocks for both day and evening.

SCHIAPARELLI shows the hookless frock, without any fastenings whatever. They have neck lines, belts and cuffs of elastic ribbon which stretches and allows them to be slipped on over the head.

ALMOST invisible yokes of flesh colored tulle are seen on Paris dinner frocks. They pretend to follow the high-necked evening mode.

FASHION ON PARADE **E** **BY JESSIE TAIT.
SKETCHED BY PETROV.**

**ELEGANCE and RICHNESS in
STYLE, FABRIC and COLOR**

—Says PARIS

**New Mermaid Silhouette
for Evening Wear**

PARIS has just shown the new clothes for next autumn and winter. Contrasting greatly to the fussy organdies and cottons of summer, the new fashions are permeated with elegance. They make women feminine, figure-conscious; they are rich and luxurious. For day wear the very exaggerated shoulder width has almost disappeared—furs are massed round the neck and over the chest—skirt lengths are about the same. All the interest centres around the neck and hem-necks are high up under the chin.

New Moulded Evening Gown

Clinging dresses of sumptuous gold and silver lame, rich brocades and

crepes embroidered with gold threads. Lustrous satin; some stiff as slipper satin, others supple and heavy. Thick, richly-colored velvets, rustling taffetas—these materials make the new evening gowns that outline the figure from bust to knee. Soft shoulder drapery, high necks pulled tightly across the front with completely naked backs, fullness starting at knee level, short peacock trains, absolute lack of detail between shoulder and knee, dark rich color; these are the outstanding points of the new evening fashions.

The Mode for Long Sleeves

Many evening frocks have long, tight sleeves. Jean Patou shows one with a slinky skirt and the front of the bodice high at the neck of black velvet, tight sleeves, wide at the armhole, are of sheer black organza. The organza forms what little bodice there is at the back.

Fish-tail trained, dark, slim skirts are topped by sleeved bodices of gold

SHE newest evening shoes in Paris are in a fine leather stencilled with either silver or gold lines. They look just like lame and are infinitely more practical.

lame. Fine pale lace makes sleeves and yoke on velvet frocks of deep color.

Velvet and Satin a Good Combination

VELVET is successfully combined with satin: Augustabernards shows a moulded sheath of mauve satin, shoulder straps of purple velvet from the top of the shoulders come down the back and shape into a low V. They shape out under the arm and join the satin front at the side seams. There are a sash and bow of the velvet. Another frock is of clinging white satin with a double bias strip of black velvet standing up like a little fence, running across the neck and out over the shoulders.

The New Colors

Rich fabrics hang straight and follow the lines of the body, emphasising the shapely figure, the color and texture make the frock. Fandy blue, from pale to deep rich purplish tone; waterily green, a fresh clear green; verdigris; navy cut, a tobacco brown; blood-orange; fuchsias; blackberry, raspberry and mulberry; reddish browns; mauves and reddish purples; strawberry and hollyhock pink, deep reds and, as ever, black. These are the colors of next year's evening as well as day clothes. Two colors are used a great deal for one frock, for instance; raspberry sash on a violet blue or purple dress; silver lame sleeves on a black; blood-orange bodice on a tobacco brown skirt; waterily green with blues and browns; hollyhock pink with blackberry or red.

Evening Coat

THE coats and cloaks to wear over these gorgeous dresses must match them in splendor. Schiaparelli has revived quilted taffeta, to be used for long coats and stiff military capes.

Long, clinging coats are made of lame, brocades and velvets; they, too, are high at the neck, the sleeves are full, but not so exaggerated as before; they touch the ground all round.

The coat contrasting boldly with the frock is often seen. A nasturtium orange coat over a brown dress, scarlet over black, purple over deep red.

These dark rich shades will be delightful to wear after the whites and pastels of summer—and they are so becoming.

Styles from Paris

NEW fashion points for evening in the latest Paris fashion show the salient points of some of the leading designers' displays were as follows:

Augustabernard: Richness of material several lines, princess with ruches on the shoulders, three-quarter flounce on skirt, entire dresses in lame, decollete, high in front and low in back, tightly draped skirts with fullness at knees; very dressy two-colored gowns, pink satin and red velvet, royal blue crepe embroidered with motifs of green beads.

Marcel Rochas: Extremely tight fitting frocks with trains, open in front or on the side showing the legs, high necklines in front, very low-necked back, long tight sleeves; long streamers from shoulder to ground lengthen the silhouette; gold lame bodices on velvet skirts.

Jean Patou: By judicious cutting the skirts fit tightly from the top of the leg and most of the fullness comes from the back; the bodices, draped in front up to the neck, leave the back and shoulders bare; much fullness coming from the hem.

Dormoy: Straight, tight to mid-leg evening gowns; bodices composed of two colors, fur used as shoulder straps.

Worth: Sumptuous evening gowns very tight fitting; noble skirt open at the side or with fullness very low down; wide sashes tied in bows at the waist; yoke and long sleeves in fine lace on velvet frocks.

Schiaparelli: Straight evening gowns very tight fitting; noble skirt open at the side or with fullness very low down; wide sashes tied in bows at the waist; yoke and long sleeves in fine lace on velvet frocks.



From left to right: A sheathlike gown made entirely of gold lame. One shoulder is held by a huge diamond clip. The fullness starts at the knee. Dress of ice blue satin moulded tightly to the figure. A self-color sash swathes round the waist, and the ends form a train at the back. The back and front decollete is unusual. Frock in the new blackberry shade of satin.

The overdress gives a tunic effect, while the skirt underneath is pleated. Two jewelled rings are the only ornament. Two huge ostrich-feather boas give the new "chesty" silhouette; they cross in front and tie at the back. The dress, which has a slight train, is of brown ring velvet, and the feathers turquoise blue. Dress showing the new long sleeves for evening.

The brocade in pink, blue, and silver forms the front bodice, sleeves, and yoke at back; a flared upstanding frill comes round the back of the skirt—above it is bare back. The skirt is pink crepe. Dress of stiff black taffeta showing the new silhouette tight to the knees. Yards and yards of accordion-pleated black and pink taffeta trim the swirling skirt.

New SLIMMING Treatment REJUVENATES AS IT REDUCES!

Fat is dangerous as well as ugly. It is also mostly unnecessary. Kathleen Court, now offers overweight people the most effective reducing treatment ever devised. No one, knowing the composition of the Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment, no one seeing the grateful letters I have had from users could doubt it. One lady, writing to the manager of a leading Auckland (N.Z.) Department Store, says: "Dear Sir, I wish to inform you how very beneficial I have found Kathleen Court's Reducing Tablets. Since having taken your Tablets I have reduced without exercise or diet, and have never felt in better health. You may use this letter for advertising purposes, as I would like others to have the benefit. Yours faithfully, M.A."

FAST OR GRADUAL REDUCTION—AS YOU DESIRE!

The Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment is adaptable to individual requirements. Attention is given to the needs of some to reduce certain parts, such as the neck, which is thick, while not slimming parts may be normal. Not only is excess fat removed, but the fat and body are actually rejuvenated in a remarkable manner. The features become more attractively defined; there is less liability to fatigue, while other benefits such as improved intestinal action, better memory, result. The cost is moderate. Tablets and Bath Powder for a full month's treatment. Tablets and Bath Powder for a fortnight's supply of the Reducing Tablets may be obtained for £6. In view of the costliness of certain of the ingredients these prices are remarkably small. Order from your chemist or store, or direct, sending 6d for postage. Employ the Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment NOW—in a week you will see a great difference—in a month you will be much happier.



PHOTO: KATHLEEN COURTS
BY: BASIL LONDON

CONSTIPATION:

So Common—
95 persons
out of 100
suffer to
some extent

ACTING on both the large and small bowel, Bile Beans ensure absolute cleanliness and correct this common evil at its source. When the daily accumulation of food waste remains in the system, poisons are forced into the blood and quickly start trouble. Neglect of this condition makes the way easy for colic, enteritis, colitis, appendicitis, piles, anaemia, and general debility.



Get rid of the depression, headaches, dizziness, bad complexion and general ill-health that are caused by constipation. A regular course of Bile Beans for a week will prove their worth: better appetite, renewed energy and brighter spirits.

"Constipation Poisoning" is most easily remedied by regular doses of Bile Beans. The use of certain vegetable extracts of great potency, scientifically combined in Bile Beans, solves the problem of perfect bowel action. They induce natural internal cleanliness without griping or habit-forming disadvantages. Digestion, absorption and elimination proceed in natural order, promoting robust health. Definite evidence from many thousands of one-time sufferers proves how serious is the result of neglect, but how certain is the relief gained by this splendid, simple specific.

Bile Beans are sold under guarantee. No benefit—your money refunded in full.

1/3 40
Pills
3/- 120
Pills

All Chemists
and Stores

BILE BEANS "RESTORE PERFECT BOWEL ACTION"

The World's Greatest Toy

Make this Xmas a memorable one by taking up the world's greatest hobby in the world. Get a Meccano outfit and build your own Bridges, Cranes, Trucks, Towers and hundreds of other splendid models.

Meccano Models are real engineering structures in miniature. They are built with real engineering parts. Get a Meccano outfit today.

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SYDNEY'S Festival FORTNIGHT

Melbourne is not to be alone in its centenary celebrations next year.

THE Citizens of Sydney Organizing Committee, realising that the Centenary is an occasion of national importance, has arranged to co-operate in the festivities by holding a Sydney Festival Fortnight. This is fixed for the last week in November and the first week in December of 1934.

Arrangements have already begun, and the fortnight promises to be even brighter and more spectacular than the Sydney bridge-opening festivities, or the Venetian Carnival or gala day for which this committee was previously responsible.

The whole of one day is to be devoted to a floral pageant. Flowers are to predominate in all social functions, balls, and entertainments that evening.

The streets are to be gay with be-decked floats illustrative of the characteristics of each municipal district. Primary industries are to be pictured depicted on floats, as well as music and historical events. Leaders of women's sports are already promising their co-operation.

SUCH an event, naturally, would not be completed without the background of Sydney Harbor. It is rumored that the Sydney Harbor Trust is willing to



MRS. R. T. BALL

Auxiliary President Retires

MRS. R. T. BALL, who has been associated with the Sydney Hospital Auxiliary for the past seven years, has resigned active membership, and at Winn's Restaurant on Monday her fellow-workers accorded her a farewell party.

Mrs. Ball has held the three most important offices of the auxiliary—hon. treasurer, hon. secretary, and president for the last two years. She has been an indefatigable worker, and the auxiliary has achieved great success under her able direction.

At Monday's party, which was arranged by members of the auxiliary, the Northbridge centre, and the Coogee Younger Set, Mrs. G. R. Winn presented Mrs. Ball with a cut glass dressing-table set, and Mrs. E. D. Findlay made a gift of flowers.



MISS MOLLY SHAKESPEARE, a charming Wellington (N.S.W.) girl, who has been enjoying a holiday with friends at Vaucluse. She is a niece of Mr. T. M. Shakespeare, M.L.C.

Howard Harris

illuminate the permanent features of the harbor, and that fireworks may be used.

A romantic atmosphere is to be given to the whole by a Venetian Carnival and ball, to which guests are to be conveyed by means of picturesque barges and vessels.

Practically every form of organisation in Sydney and leading cities in the State are offering their support. Naval units from the warships in port are to parade, pipe, wind, and brass bands are to play, surf life-saving clubs may hold a "Beach Day," 56 Mayors have been asked for their support, the Rosehill race meeting is to be held in the last week, aero clubs of Australia are to demonstrate their dexterity, and a world's sculling championship is being arranged.

To enlist the co-operation of all prominent forces and associations the organising committee has arranged for a public meeting at the Sydney Town Hall for December 14.

Exhibition of Pictures

Unusual interest has been aroused in the display of pictures at the new Academy Salon, in Gowings' Buildings, Market and George Sts., Sydney, and some of the outstanding exhibits have been quickly snapped up by art connoisseurs.

Works that have been purchased include "The Bathers" (J. S. Watkins), "Golden Days" (late A. Henry Fullwood), "Pastel" (G. Lyall Trindall), "Glowing Day" (Tom Garrett), and some works by the late G. W. Lambert.

Cookery Book

A new cookery book with many excellent tested recipes has just been issued by the N.S.W. Congregational Women's Association.

It was first published by the South Australian Association, but has since had several recipes added to it by N.S.W. members.

It is being sold to raise money for the Congregational Home Mission work.

Good for them



THE two people you love most in the world . . . but they require a lot of care! A lot of worry to make separate meals for them . . . separate sweets. But that is not necessary if you make Hansen's Junket. Light, easily digested, delicious—Hansen's Junket is good for them both! Demand Hansen's—don't accept inferior substitutes.

Junket, Plain or with Sauce.

Prepare plain junket as directed on Hansen's Junket Tube. Chill. When ready to serve, give it to Baby as it is. Give it to Him with chocolate sauce. Chocolate Sauce: Mix 2½ tablespoons cocoas and ½ cup sugar with ½ cup milk. Cook slowly for 10 minutes and cool.

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FANCY COSTUMES

PRIZE WINNERS for the Children, Stylish Dress, Dinner Suits Hired. New Coronation Robes. Lists Posted. 91 Phillip St. Phone: B1107. SHAW.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

FRENSHAM has just had a crazy pavement built and believe me the cost of these things is terrific.

Mrs. J. Prentice, president of the New Zealand Women's Association, being a member of the Black family, was a bell-ringer in her youth?

Marie Holmes can, and does, read hands?

Audrey Connell lies in bed daily until noon?

Shiela Anderson flashes through town in a red car?

Adore Dancing

HAVING built their Bellevue Hill home round the ballroom, which is perfectly floored and has a harbor view, the C. T. Stephens find any excuse good enough for a party, and Christmas a specially good one.

Dancers there on Saturday included three recent brides and their grooms, the Sabine Paisleys, the Frank Harts, and the Charles Pages. Mrs. Doyle and husband Cyril (who has just won £100 in a competition), Frank Harris, Marjorie Simpson, Phil Kesterven, Faith Raymond, Denys Radford, Ronald Henderson, and Mary Stone-Wigg were others present.

Hard to Decide

MR. W. G. LAYTON was so carried away by the sight of his in-laws painting the gate at "Ecclesbourne" last week, that he thought he would paint his own gate at "Mundarra," a little lower down the street. He also thought that he wouldn't mind selling "Mundarra," though he would hate to leave the garden, a beauty spot made by himself.

If he decides to sell to an appreciative buyer, he and Mrs. Layton will live in a flat, and for garden they will have the consolation of the "shack" at Blaxland, with its 1000 rose bushes and tens of thousands of daffodils.

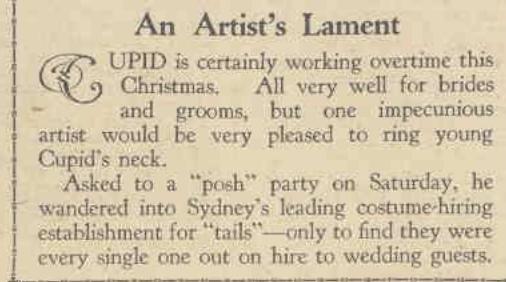
"Country Minded"

MOST of us would think a home at Lindfield, with garden containing a great variety of New South Wales wild flowers, sufficiently countrified, but Mr. E. C. Somerlad, a Country Party M.L.C., is so "country minded," that he has just bought a beautiful new home at Leura in addition.

Mr. Somerlad revisited his birthplace, Tenterfield, last week, which he left twenty-six years ago.

Missed Her Party

MARGARET HODSON was unfortunately not too well last week, and had to be kept in bed for a few days, even missing the "Doone" party, at which she was to have been guest of honor. Her mother will probably either accompany her back to England, or visit her there next year.



An Artist's Lament

CUPID is certainly working overtime this Christmas. All very well for brides and grooms, but one impecunious artist would be very pleased to ring young Cupid's neck.

Asked to a "posh" party on Saturday, he wandered into Sydney's leading costume-hiring establishment for "tails"—only to find they were every single one out on hire to wedding guests.

"Warmed" New Ballroom

BEFORE leaving for Newport, where they will spend Christmas on board their launch, the W. C. Mansfields gave a party in their new ballroom (designed by cousin John, all windows and marvellously airy and with exquisite views of garden and harbor) at their Point Piper home on Saturday.

Supper was laid in the courtyard, among masses of hydrangeas, lighting coming from bulbs on the tennis court. The 80 dancers included Mary and Ralph Mansfield, Lesley Eales, Mollie Brearley, Naomi Williams, Betty Higgins, Lois Basil-Jones, Marjorie Bunce, Keith Storey, Reg. Robson, Ruthven Blackburn, John Stacey, and Bob Booth.

Inherits Musical Talents

MRI. AND MRS. BECK DALEY have returned to Australia for Christmas with their two small daughters, Patricia and Honour. Patricia inherits her mother's love and gift of music. Mrs. Daley's songs have been sung by Peter Dawson and John Brownlee during recent concerts.

Under the pen-name of Edith Harry, she writes mainly about Australian birds and animals.

LOOKING AT LIFE.

COMBINED Farewell AS a farewell to Professor and Mrs. Mac-

Donald Holmes, who leave for a holiday abroad in a few days, also to farewell Professor and Mrs. Dawson, who will leave for Europe in the new year, Dr. and Mrs. Silverton gave a dance at their Vaucluse home on Saturday evening.

Those present included Prof. and Mrs. Fawcett and Beatrice, Dr. and Mrs. Jeremy, Prof. and Mrs. Dakin, Mrs. Mollie Grey, Major and Mrs. Edgar Booth, Drs. S. J. Bridges, C. M. Taylor, Rex Money, Kempson Maddox, A. Cunningham, and Stebbing, Laura Chaffey, Professor Lambie, and the Professor's sister, who, with her father and mother, is in Sydney on a rush six-weeks' visit from Scotland.

Cheery in Spite of Weather

AT Gloria Terry's party at the Pioneer Club last week her mother, Mrs. Claude Terry arranged the flowers, sent by Lady Fuller from Bowral, in her usual inimitable manner. Gloria looked very handsome in a large brown hat with a guipure crown, which she said she had intended wearing, no matter what the weather.

Mr. E. W. Fenner, too, was clad in a suit such as one wears in Fiji, although he did have an umbrella. Sure enough, before the afternoon was over, down came the rain! Mr. Fenner did the Sir Walter Raleigh act, and escorted the guests, one by one, under his brolly, to their cars.

Proud of Her Husband

WHILE Mr. A. Joseph was telling on Saturday of how his fourteen-year-old son had lowered a tennis record, and Mr. C. Hollander of his cricketer son, Mrs. David Gregory said that although it is usual for parents to think their sons wonderful, she herself was that day even more proud of her husband than on the day she married him.

The occasion was a parents versus schoolboys cricket match, and Mr. Gregory, who is a brother of the famous Jack, made top score with sixty.

Gold Fever

YOU know what men are—if they hear the slightest whisper of gold anywhere, they have to be trying to get it," says Mrs. Ralph Hornidge, one of last year's brides, whose husband has departed for the Mudgee district, leaving her a grass widow.

Guaranteed by Governor

MRS. ALAN CLUNIES ROSS, who is a daughter of Prof. "Jummy" Wilson, was appointed lecturer in Psychology to the first year students at the University last year, to the second years this year, and next year is to lecture to the third years. She finds her former anthropological studies a great help.

Camilla Wedgwood, who has just been appointed lecturer in Anthropology for two terms, has been doing research work in New Guinea wilds for some months past. She would probably not have done this work but for Sir Philip Game's assurances. Her father became anxious as to its possible dangers, and sent word from London to ask was it safe.

The Governor visited the National Research Council in person, and was able to assure his friend Colonel Wedgwood that his daughter would be well looked after.

Loved Japan

MR. LESLIE DAVIS, just returned from Europe and the East, is in a flat at the "Astor" until the tenants leave her home in Fullerton Rd., Woollahra. She especially loved her stay in Japan, where she was just in time to see the chrysanthemum shows, where single plants will be cut to form Geisha girls, warriors, and other complicated objects.

She was also much impressed by the fact that whereas in China men and women are constantly together, even holding hands in the pictures, like any Europeans, in Japan she was the only woman present when her husband's business friends entertained, the women being strictly kept in the background.

In London, Mrs. Davis met Mrs. Brasch, sister of Mrs. S. S. Cohen, who was then leaving for the Riviera, after which she was to visit Sydney.

Met Many Old Friends

PEGGY BULLMORE, perhaps partly because she did a course to train as a mannequin when abroad, has arrived home looking very fit. She met many Australians abroad, particularly in Jersey, where she was the guest of Mr. Hewson, also well known in Sydney.

At Jersey, to go to a party was "just like walking into a Sydney drawing-room," for guests included Sir Alexander and Lady McCormick and Morna (just recovered from an illness), Mrs. John Collins (Margaret Hagon), Mrs. Sep Allison, Mrs. Sam McCaughey (Riverina), and Herbert Maitland, who was just off to a very good job with an oil company in Bagdad.

Must Suffer To Excel

JOYCE BEAZLEY writes that she has just had her voice "tried out" by one of London's foremost teachers, who is exceedingly taken with it. She says that not even many of her professional pupils have such a splendid gift.

While Joyce is naturally delighted with this praise, she is not so pleased at being told she must entirely give up late nights and to take a long tramp every morning before breakfast if she wants to have a career.

In Time for Christmas

ON Monday everyone at Government House was very excited, the reason being the arrival from abroad of a very good-looking, nice, and extremely eligible young man in the person of Lady Murray's son, Captain Vernon, late of the Indian army.

Making HUBBY Pay the DRESS BILLS

Law For Women
By a Lawyer

Husbands who like paying dress bills for their wives are rare. Most of them pay up and grumble.

Some attempt to avoid payment by inserting in the columns of the Press a notice to the effect that they will not be responsible for any debts contracted in their names without their written authority.

THEY carefully conceal the fact from their wives in order to teach them a lesson when the time comes. That won't let them out, though many seem to think that it ends the matter. If a lesson does come out of it, it won't be for the wife.

A husband is bound to supply his wife with the necessities of life suitable to her station. What comes strictly under the heading of necessities will vary with the circumstances of each case. Determination of the point presents one of the instances which some deem rare in the law, where common sense may be used.

For instance, an ermine stole, valued at £100, would not be considered a necessity for Mrs. John Smith, wife of a humble clerk, who regularly draws his £9/18/4 per fortnight, her round of social activities being limited to bridge

at one penny per hundred, and the meetings of the Mothers' Guild, held on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Smith, however, would be bound to provide her with something like a good serviceable valour, marked at £2/19/11, to protect her from the rigor of winter and to preserve her well-being.

Should a tradesman provide her with one of these, or any ordinary article of clothing, or with food and send the bill on to Smith, he would have to pay up.

The law says that, for the purpose of supplying herself with necessities, a wife who is living with her husband, is the agent of her husband, and he is as much liable for the price of goods supplied to her as if he ordered them himself.

If, however, a husband can show that

he has already provided his wife with necessities, or the money to pay for them, he cannot be made to pay again. He has already discharged the obligation that the law imposes upon him.

He may expressly forbid his wife to pledge his credit, and she is then no longer his agent. If she obtains goods on credit after this, she is misleading the person who supplies them, and the price cannot be recovered from the husband.

Also, if a husband has told Mr. A—not to supply goods to his wife on credit, and Mr. A—does so, he cannot recover from the husband, because he knew at the time that the wife ordered them that she was not the agent of her husband.

If the husband and wife are living apart, she has no power to bind him. The husband could only be made responsible to a party supplying goods to the wife on credit, if by his own conduct or words he had led them to reasonably believe that the wife had power to bind him.

There are many ways in which a husband may make it difficult for his wife to manage, but it requires more than the mere notice in the paper upon which so many rely.

IT is an amazing thing to note how many otherwise charming people become boorish and ill-tempered over a game of cards. Note that I say A GAME of cards—unfortunately the modern tendency is to treat bridge as a religion.

I have never in my whole experience met any first-class players who took bridge seriously. That is to say, they never desired to sit down with long gloomy faces and play the session in grim silence. Good players laugh and joke. They know that "Bridge is a game," and they are out to enjoy themselves.

Of course there are limits, but if you are not going to have a lot of fun every time you sit down to the table, then don't play bridge. In fact, I will go further and say that you are not fit to play bridge.

I wonder how long it will take people to learn that it is a serious breach of etiquette to betray by word, expression or gesture that some play of your partner's is unsuitable to you? I think 90 per cent. of card players are guilty of this fault.

Again we find the player who bids after lengthy deliberation when his

holding is satisfactory or passes after lengthy deliberation when it is a border-line hand, but who will say "no bid" without sorting his cards when his hand is very weak.

Some time ago I was shown a humorous list of "revised" rules for bridge. I am afraid some people must have read these rules and taken them seriously. You watch the next time you go to a club.

Revised Rules of Bridge

(1) Pick up your cards as dealt—one by one. You will then be in readiness to bid ahead of the others.

(2) When you have a poor hand signal immediately by saying, "Who dealt this mess?"

(3) Lead from your own hand or dummy as convenient.

(4) Never hurry. Try several cards to a trick until you are sure which one you prefer. This secures the admiration of your friends. You'll make a mistake if you hurry and you don't want their sympathy.

(5) Occasionally ask what are trumps and say, "How many did I go?" It will show that you are interested in the game.

(6) Walk round the table when you are dummy and look at the other hands. Tell them what cards are good and how many tricks they can make if they play correctly.

(7) Always ask your partner why he did not return your lead. This will remind him to do so when he gets in again.

(8) When defending, if your partner has called a spade, lead the lowest card of another suit. A lot of fun is created by being strikingly unconventional.

(9) Forget your partner's lead. He



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Mitcham Lavender Perfume—an intriguing creation, 3/- to 12/-
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Even in these athletic days a girl's swimming is not always her long suit.

probably led at random. Be guided solely by the cards in your own hand.

(10) Leisurely fingering your cards, count in an undertone two or three times the possible number of tricks in each suit, before bidding. It is your duty to give your partner as much information as possible.

(11) Play from your own hand and dummy simultaneously, covering one card with the other and both with your hand. This adds to the fun of the game. Bridge players as a class are too sedate.

(12) Don't ask your partner, "Having no more?" it calls attention to his revoke.

(13) The penalty for a revoke is not severe. Your last trump card should be retained as a card-of-entry to establish another suit. It is possible to make 4 or 5 extra tricks by this method.

(14) After the third round lay your hand on the table and say, "The rest are mine." This may not be a fact, but it's much easier to play with all the cards on the table.

(15) In the event of serious failure smartly gather all the tricks and say "one down" or "just there." Your opponents may be asleep.

(16) Never leave the spare pack lying about the table. Pick it up, shuffle it and put it aside. Anywhere will do.

FESTIVE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

NE thing about Christmas, it does give one an excuse to say one is too busy when anyone asks one to do anything.

How do they know that one is having the time of one's life with all these Christmas parties, but wouldn't be seen dead killing oneself shopping for anybody before Christmas Eve, having learned by experience that everyone always forgets something and has to shop then, anyway.

EVERYTHING that opens and shuts occurred at Scots College Fete on Saturday, the playing fields being filled with bagpipes, firemen with their singlets all showing, fencing and sabre experts, a sheep (to have its weight guessed), Lionel Bibby, arms expert, whom we hope will never put us on the spot; a sideshow consisting of great clumps of balloons; a model of the proposed school hall, made by schoolboy Jack Edwards; some stalls, and hundreds of Scots' supporters.

The air at about 4.30 p.m. became filled with three old boys in Aero Club planes saluting their friends. Mr. J. C. Vines, hon. organiser, said that only because all the water had been apparently drained off Rose Bay that afternoon was he prevented from chartering several battleships as well to amuse everyone.

PERHAPS the most interesting sideshow was the liquid air display, where we learnt that it always rains somewhere, and that a tank 400 miles square



THIS IS Lydia Jean Masters, known to her friends as "Billie," whose marriage to Captain O. F. Carter will be celebrated by the Dean of Sydney at St. Andrew's Cathedral on December 23.

—Stanley Riley photo.

by 10ft. deep would be needed to hold the water that falls daily on the earth's surface, also that leather is the only substance not affected by liquid air, and nobody knows why.

Those present whose help will go towards building a new assembly hall on Scotties' carnal lines, but with shower baths and gym, too, included Mr. J. B. and Winnie and Misses Mr. Alan Chinnies-Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Royle, Miss Ben Edye, Mrs. A. H. Hundt, Mrs. G. Saywell, the French master's daughter, Joyce Staehni, who had an eleventh birthday party in the refreshment room; Muriel Bourne, B.A., one of the most capable waitresses in the same room; Mrs. Felix Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay Slim, Mrs. Bruce Ryrie, and Dr. F. S. Booth, an old Scots boy, with two boys at his old school at present.

LET'S ask Lady Kelso King to lend us "Quambi." I'm sure she would—she's on the committee," said Mrs. George Earp at the meeting at her home to start a Woolahra Branch to aid the Crown Street Women's Hospital, last week. "What's the matter with this place?" said Mr. Layton, playfully kicking up a corner of the carpet. "I've been to some jolly dances here!" Finally, nothing was settled about the dance, although it was decided to hold a bridge party at "Highgate" next year, after everyone had returned from their holidays.

Mrs. Earp was elected president, Mrs. Sly vice-president, and Mrs. Maurice Galston secretary. Dr. E. Ludowici spoke about the hospital, although it was Mr. Layton who told of the woman who was so fond of it that she visited it 18 times, and every time she had a baby there.

MRS. J. C. BRADFIELD, who opened the Exhibition of Stumpery at "Liberty's" on Monday, says that she is lucky not to be conceited, for she would have many a nasty fall if she were. When she said to a friend that she had nothing she could enter in the exhibition, her friend said: "Oh, why don't you enter that piece of antique stumpery you have—know, the one you did when you were a child?"

On another occasion she was showing a friend a snap of the first car to cross the Bridge. "Who is that good-looking boy in the back seat?" asked the friend. "My son," was the reply. The friend looked thoughtful, then said: "He isn't at all like you, is he?"

MARJORIE CUNLIFFE-JONES, of the Dramatic circle, was the hit of the Girls' Secondary Schools' Club's Christmas party last week, and Mrs. J. H. Jackson (vice-president) was the hit of the Christmas dinner this Wednesday, for, to offset turkey and plum pudding in a heatwave climate, she denoted a fan to every member present.

The clubrooms were decorated in hydrangeas and Christmas bush, and those present, who played bridge afterwards, included Mrs. G. S. Warburton, Mrs. J. H. Hammond, Mrs. F. H. Jackson, Mrs. A. Longworth, Misses M. Littlejohn, Rosalie Locke, M. Rees, I. Litchfield, B. Mitchell, and A. Aspinall.

By Jane Anne Seymour

eight months rehearsing how to walk across a stage and say two lines.

And how about the very kind offer of free medical advice which we hear the doctor has made to every member of the east?

BRYANT'S PLAYHOUSE was "House full" last week when fond parents gathered to see their "Doons" schoolchildren burst forth as actresses—and artists, too, for the programmes were designed and painted really very cleverly by them.

The young actresses, who proved themselves exceptionally talented (Mr. Eales, a French woolbuyer in the audience, said he had never heard such perfect French from schoolgirls), included Rosemary Game, who as "Treen, a wicked servant," wore a black wig and poured herself forth in a tirade against the upper

daughter, is to marry Howard Hutchinson in London on December 23.

Dorothea, who is a B.A. of Sydney University, left on a holiday trip to Europe a couple of years ago, meeting her fiance, who is a B.Arch of Queensland University, on the boat. The bride and groom will probably take a flat in London for about a year, when they hope to return to Australia.

Mr. Arthur James (known to his family as Jack, and his friends as Jim-

NN O'CONNOR, who was a pupil of Miss Lottie Edwards for the piano at the same time as Sir Walter Davidson's Diana and Daphne, was invited last week to assist with her old school's orchestra (Loretto, Normanhurst).

She went straight on from a cocktail party, which was quite a change, as she was told that she must wear only white garments, and must remove all traces of lip-stick or other aids to beauty before entering the school precincts.

As the Sydney Literary and Dramatic Society played to a "house full" audience when it presented "Modern Youth" at the Emerson Hall in October, the performance is to be repeated on December 18. The Society's Christmas revel is to be held at the Torel Cafe on the Wednesday following, at which Gordon McColl, John Eaton, Elaine Wickens, Norman Wright, John Read, and Hilton Read hope to be present.

LADY STOREY, the president, invited members of the Forum Club committee to tea on Monday, cleverly arranging the musical programme so that it was all over before tea, and nobody had to rush away in the middle of it—unusual in Philistine Sydney.

Many farewells were spoken at the party, including those to Mrs. Geo.mie, an Oxford Undergrad., has been Threlfall, who, however, is only going to change from Turramurra to Manly for the next few months, and to Eleanor Ieston Smith, whose mother is busy accompanying her round the shops to buy the necessary garments for one about to holiday with Chief Justice Sir Herbert and Lady Nichols in Tasmania.

MRS. HALSE ROGERS' daughter, Lorraine, to her great delight, has inherited her mother's gift for music. She has just won one of the prizes in the examinations held by the Associated Board. Joyce Noble, a fellow pupil of Miss Lottie Edwards, has won the Hugh McMenamin Scholarship, and Pat Ross has taken the highest marks in N.S.W.



MRS GEOFFREY SLADE, with her children Lorraine and David. Returning from a cruise of Noumea recently, Mrs. Slade decided to leave Sydney again in four days in order to meet her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mitchell, at Colombo. During Mrs. Mitchell's visit to Europe she named a new Burns Philp liner.

—The Australian Women's Weekly photo.

ALTHOUGH she is thoroughly domesticated as well as being an artist, Mrs. A. J. Brown, who, with her husband, is exhibiting at the "309" library in George Street, wasn't too pleased when her maid "walked out" the day before her show opened.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the show are the maps Mr. and Mrs. Brown do, either of tours they themselves have done, or, under commission, tours of other people, since they are seldom seen in such exhibitions.

There are some very attractive pastels, a medium neglected since Ashton's heyday, and some pencil drawings which Mr. Albert Collins said that someone (rumor says it is Mr. James McDonald) who "knows" considers the best efforts of their kind in Australia. Mrs. Brown's work includes some obviously life-like miniatures, embroidered dress-lengths and Old English quilting, and Mr. Brown's couple of strong and rather merciless looking studies of the Bridge.

MOLLIE HARRIS, who has just announced her engagement to Raymond Johns, of "Avondale," Baan Baan, is off to visit her fiance's people for Christmas. Having spent many years in Maitland, where her father was district surveyor, and being keen on riding, and an active member of the younger set of the Country Women's Association, the thought of married life on a station has no terrors for Mollie.

ALTHOUGH he has not himself "cut" one rehearsal, most of his cast of nearly seventy cannot say the same, and after months and months of "Cyrano de Bergerac" Dr. Cardamata is now busy preparing to breathe a sigh of relief at his presentation to the public on Saturday. That it has caused turmoil in his family life, taken years off his own life, and turned his hair grey, are, we gather, but few of the minor havocs it has wreaked.

This is what the doctor says, but we don't believe it for a minute, being quite sure he revels in it just as much as those enthusiasts who have been spending Dick to say that Dorothea, their eldest

classes; Rosemary Budge, a king with a passion for crossword puzzles, and a crown tied on with a pink ribbon; and Robin Eakin, an Grim Jim, a pirate. Patricia Walker and Florence O'Brien were splendid as a King and Queen in a little play perfectly produced by Beatrice MacDonald.

Joy Barratt and Joan Sterling Lewis played the piano with particular talent, but at the end the only one who could be found to play "God Save the King" was Rosemary Game.

TO add to the gorgeous blooms gathered from the gardens of "Hopewell House," further masses arrived from the E. W. Buckleys', of Tamworth, for the birthday party on Saturday of Jean Mackay. The party also acted as a farewell to Dora Elliott, who was going home to Dunbeg, and Pat Capeland, who is leaving for America shortly. Jean's father, who motored down from "Brenda Dooda," near the Queensland border, has since motored his daughter back for Christmas.

SIR DONALD and Lady Cameron have taken a house at Leura for the summer months.

MRS. ALAN CHAUVEL, who comes from Queensland, and is staying at "Sherborne," Woolahra, was present at Mrs. Sidney Herring's party for members of the Country Women's Association last week. Another visitor was Mrs. A. G. Makinson, who wore cool-looking green striped linen, with gloves to match of the same material. As a rule, such gloves, either of silk or skin, look clumsy, but these didn't.

Gwen Selva, who had a slight cold and therefore couldn't sing, addressed the meeting instead on the importance of sending competent musicians and singers to outlying centres under the auspices of the C.W.A.

COL. AND MRS. R. C. SIMPSON have sent out notices (designed by son Dick) to say that Dorothea, their eldest

A WINDOW at "Brookby," Double Bay, forms the setting for Wilma Bagley in this attractive picture. "Brookby" was formerly the home of Mrs. Roy Chisholm (Molly Little) and it was here that the Prince of Wales went frequently to partake of afternoon tea and his favorite strawberry jam.

—Women's Weekly photo.

and the Australian Women's Weekly photo.

SAW JUDY BURLEIGH on Monday night having a cooling milkshake after an evening in the "gods" at "Tout Paris."

THE "Strathaird" brought back to Australia Mrs. Allan Innes of Salomon, after being abroad on one of those holidays that many of us long for and dream about. England, Scotland, and the Continent, names of places, people and events familiar to most of us have been included in all her letters from overseas, and no doubt she will have lots of interesting details to fill in when she returns to her island home.



Time flies...
order your new
holiday frock TODAY!

To be sure of getting your new frock for the Christmas holidays you should not fail to order it right away. Don't run the risk of having to go away without the new dresses you are wanting. Remember, the closer we get to Christmas the busier we are. Send now for free patterns and self-measurement forms.

Unique individual service
offered by L. L. Coles Fashions

By taking advantage of the specialised service offered by L. L. Coles you can have frocks made to your own measure at surprisingly low cost. Thousands throughout Australia are using this service... you, too, can benefit. Should you be dissatisfied with your garment, return it, and we guarantee to refund your money.

Smart fashionable frocks
to your own
measure..... 21/-
E.O.S. 3/- Extra.

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All frocks post free to any address
in Australia.

MAIL THIS
COUPON

L. L. COLES
Manchester Unity Building,
Cr. Collins & Swanston Sts.,
MELBOURNE, C.I.
Please send me free patterns and self-measurement forms.
Name _____
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L. L. Coles
FASHIONS

Manchester Unity Building,
Cr. COLLINS & SWANSTON STS.,
MELBOURNE, C.I.
Phone: F3272. Established 1865.

All incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals.

Not Self-Conscious

COMPLETE lack of self-consciousness is generally conceded to be one of the most charming attributes, and to the gentleman who not only purchases his wife's millinery, but tries on the various models, I would unhesitatingly award the palm.

Yet I saw a man of striking personality enter a hat department and request to see some of the latest styles. When the salesgirl obligingly offered to try some on for his inspection, he replied, "Oh, it's quite all right, if it suits me it will suit the wife."

Pulling the hat to the approved angle over one eye, he sauntered up to the mirror to survey the effect.—A.W.

+ + +

Took a Piebald Pair

WISHING to rest her pedal extremities after a prolonged shopping tour, a friend of mine sought haven in a talkie show. She kicked off her shoes and gratefully relaxed until the end of the session. At that juncture she recovered her footwear and left the theatre to find that her feet occasioned

an unpleasant amount of attention from fellow pedestrians.

She was wearing one white shoe and one brown.

She hastily retraced her steps to the theatre again to find a tearful young woman in possession likewise of a piebald pair of shoes.—"Me.G."

o o o

An Outside Opinion

WREN during a visit to town a country girl foregathered with a man seemingly endowed with every virtue, she wrote to her girl friend at home expressing her whole-hearted enthusiasm. Her friend read the epistle in disinterested vein and eventually the affair was forgotten by both girls.

The recipient of the letter moved to a distant corner of the State and met and married a man through an entirely different set of acquaintances.

It was not until some ten years later she discovered, in the course of conversation, that her husband was the man whose praises had been sung years before in that letter.—E.S.

DALLYING pleasantly with an ice-cream soda in our local cafe, I overheard what is generally considered the most serious question in a maiden's life, couched in terms that certainly had the virtue of originality. At the next table a lad, obviously a sunburned son of the soil, produced a cheque for the perusal of the lass with him.

"How would you like to see your name on the cream cheques?" he said.

Succinctly she made reply, "Do me!" They departed, arm in arm, while I ordered a further modest cream soda in which to drink their health.—"Ran-

manee."

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A Fair Exchange

SENT my bright lad to a local store to exchange a cup that had been so damaged during delivery as to be quite useless.

He returned with a perfectly new article which I was gratified to find was of definitely better quality than the one I had returned.

There have been numerous breakages since then, but that one still rings true—and I have changed my china dealer. You see, the original cup was exchanged at the wrong store!—"Scotty."

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Lighter meals in Summer must include 'Ovaltine'

LIGHT summer meals do not provide sufficient energy, giving nourishment. That is why you often feel tired and depressed during the summer months.

To make certain of obtaining all the energy-creating nourishment you require, drink delicious "Ovaltine" with your meals and before you go to bed at night. This perfect food beverage is 100 per cent. health and energy-giving nourishment, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs from our own farms. "Ovaltine" is rich in vitamins and other essential food properties. It makes the lightest meal complete in nutritive value.

But be sure it is "Ovaltine." Remember that—unlike imitations—"Ovaltine" does not contain any household sugar to give it bulk and to lower the cost, nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes—there is nothing to equal "Ovaltine" and nothing "just as good."

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing. See address below.

NEW REDUCED PRICES: 2/-, 3/3, 5/9

At all Chemists and Stores

OVALTINE COLD

A. WANDER LIMITED, 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY
OCS 18.32

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference."

Make Refreshing Summer FRUIT DRINKS whenever you need them with—

P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—

Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.



SKILFUL EYESIGHT SERVICE



CIBB & BEEMAN'S 1934 DESIGN

Our advice is reliable—quality of goods always the best, and our charges are moderate.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD., Optometrists and Opticians

J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist,
278 Pitt Street,
Opposite A. Hordern's.
And at 74 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

We are able to give you the most exacting eyesight service, making glasses to your individual requirements. Our service has been enjoyed by a great number of people, and is widely recommended by highly satisfied wearers of Gibb & Beeman Glasses.

KIKI KUCHI in Japanese, Mikkel Mus in Danish, Topolino in Italian, and Mickey Mouse in plain Australian, whom Mr. Walt Disney created, gets a "fan-mail" which runs into hundreds of thousands of letters a year.

"I first got the idea of Mickey Mouse, I suppose," said Mr. Disney, "when I was working in an office in Kansas City. The girls used to put their lunches in wire waste-paper baskets, and every day mice would scamper around in them after crumbs. I got interested and began collecting a family in an old box. They were so friendly, they just sat there on the floor looking at me. I had to shoe them away."

Mr. Disney, now thirty-two years old, went to Los Angeles with 40 dollars in his pocket, and is now the owner of a 150,000-dollar studio, housing one hundred employees, who turn out one Mickey and one Silly Symphony a month.

Changing FASHIONS In Christmas Cards

"MIZPAH," "Hands across the Sea," forget-me-nots and golden bells have been relegated to things long past, and this year Christmas cards have assumed two distinct and entirely contradictory guises.

If specially printed Christmas cards stamp one as being among the best people, then the ranks of society swell every year. Each Christmas more and more people are having their own cards printed and paying more attention to sending greetings.

In striking contrast are the personal and, in some cases, bizarre greetings to which a great number of well-wishers have given concentrated thought to achieve originality.

One idea of this nature is truly American. A vivid green card tied with red ribbon is sent in a green envelope and addressed in red ink; a shining silver card goes in a pale grey envelope with lettering of silver; and a card shaped like a slice of water-melon with a little negro's head above it, "Jes' wishin' yo' my ole favorite," is posted in a blotting paper pink envelope and addressed in black or water-melon pink ink.

Two modern crazes—bridge and wireless—provide two more substitutes for Christmas cards. For radio fans there are compact radio tuning charts with specially ruled pads for name of station



THIS WINDING bush road was chosen by a city business man.

and dial recording decked out with ribbons and greetings, and bridge scorers of all sizes and at all prices.

This year instead of purchasing cards that have come to us from England, signing them and returning them whence they came, we have artistic productions featuring Australian scenes. In many cases an even more personal note has been achieved by using photographs of the senders' home or children or pets. Monte Luke has made thousands of these personal greeting cards.

Modern art is given a place occasionally among Christmas cards. Some very fine reproductions of Paul Gauguin's Tahiti pictures are on view.

The Premier and other Cabinet Ministers have discontinued the practice of sending specially printed Christmas cards for reasons of economy.

Lady Bavin is taxing the Postal Department to the extent of some hundreds of cards printed after the manner of the traditional article.

Lady Kingsford Smith says: "Each year I have had my Christmas cards printed, but this time I decided that my friends would appreciate a short personal note more than a comparatively impersonal card.

Miss Portia Geach agrees with this idea, too, and has been on the verge of writer's cramp after conveying her greetings to her many clubwomen friends in America.

Miss Preston Stanley is another advocate for the personal touch. She

MICKEY MOUSE Mail...
From Our Hollywood Correspondent

feels there are people "whose distressing circumstances justify more than a mere card at Christmas."

Mrs. Florence Taylor has given full rein to sentiment in her form of greeting for she is sending out a song, "Music Divine," and the words, which she says, "I am calling 'Devotion,' composed by Maestro Wando Aldrovandi, as he said, in gratitude and devotion to me."

Mrs. Linda Littlejohn has chosen and despatched plain cards of a soft shade of powder blue. Simply inscribed "sincere greetings from Linda Littlejohn" they will convey to her many friends just how sincere her greeting is, she feels, without calling for any further embellishment.

Mr. Archdale Parkhill, M.H.R., Postmaster-General, is too much weighed down with the cares of his office to deflect his thoughts to such trivialities of a personal nature. He "hasn't given Christmas cards a thought yet."



CHRISTMAS FEASTS: If by chance a child eats or drinks anything hot enough to burn the mouth, the best plan is to give a teaspoonful of pure olive oil, telling the child to hold it in his mouth as long as possible before swallowing.

SCHOOL GIRLS ON TOUR

FOR the third year in succession a party of senior schools from Western Australia, accompanied by their teachers, will visit Sydney next month. There will be 85 in the party, which, like former ones, is under the auspices of the Federation of Parents and Citizens' Associations.

PALMERS TWO STORES XMAS GIFTS

That will Please him

MEN'S ALBERT SLIPPERS.

Men's good Black or Tan Calf Albert Slippers, with leather pump sewn soles. Palmers' Xmas Price 5/11



MEN'S GRECIAN SLIPPERS.

Men's Grecian Patent Leather Slippers, Grey Crocodile over Calf Leather, pump soles. In all sizes. 7/11

Add 1/- carriage.



SERVICEABLE HOLIDAY SUIT CASES.

Genuine Fibre Suit Cases, with lock and two pin-bolts, extra deep, cap corners.

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| 22 inch | 6/11 |
| 24 inch | 7/11 |
| 26 inch | 8/11 |
| 28 inch | 9/11 |



MERCERY NEVER FAILS TO PLEASE!

Men's Lustre Art Silk Undershirts, in Blue or White. Just the thing for cool summer wear. 3/11

Knee Drawers to match, 5/11



Men's Fancy Wool and Wool and Silk Socks, in newest smart shades. Palmers' Xmas Price 1/9

Men's Elastic Knit Swim Suits, in three styles, including the popular Y-back. A big variety of plain colours and two-tone effects. Xmas Special 10/6

PALMERS' XMAS BON-BONS.

A box of Five Bon-Bons, each containing Five Virginian Cigarettes, Jazz Cap and Motto. Box of Five Bon-Bons. An Xmas Novelty 3/6

BAKELITE BRIDGE COMPACTS.

Bakelite Bridge Compact Cigarette Container, 25 cigarettes, lid forms an ash tray. Six colours. A Novel Gift! Palmers' Special 3/6

PALMERS' XMAS PANTO, Concert Hall, Top Floor, Park Street Store. Two Sessions Daily, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Saturday, 10.30 a.m.

F.J. PALMER and SON LTD.
Two Reliable Stores for Father & Son
PITT PARK STREETS ALSO 390 GEORGE ST.



A Clean System *means* Charm and Beauty

INTERNAL CLEANLINESS

Nearly everyone knows that CONSTIPATION will make you feel dull and listless, mentally as well as physically . . . and as a result of this dread complaint a major operation may have to be performed. Nowadays every woman must be vivacious and charming . . . and therefore it is necessary to be healthy.

P.B.S. Causes CONSTIPATION

P.B.S. (Poisoned Blood Stream) causes CONSTIPATION. It is a condition brought about by the incomplete functioning of liver, kidneys and bowels with the result that poisons which should be eliminated from the system enter the blood stream. The blood stream carries these poisons right through the system, setting up such complaints as CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS DISORDERS, BACKACHE, HEADACHES, etc.

HERE IS THE REMEDY . . .

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts, which are made from the active ingredients of the Mineral Springs or Spa waters of Europe, are Nature's eliminant for poisons in the Blood Stream. Just take a small dose in a long glass of warm water each morning . . . and you will immediately notice the difference. You will have a new joy in life and an abundance of youthful vigour.

Take SCHUMANN'S Regularly

Even if you think you are well . . . it is systematically necessary to internally cleanse your system regularly. Do this by the safe, efficient method of a regular morning dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long tumbler of warm water.

Take a Dose To-day and Feel Better To-morrow!

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



SCHUMANN'S
MINERAL SPRING SALTS

PRICE
per 1/6 Jar.
Family Size
2/9



Baby's soft sensitive skin needs very little irritation to make it painfully chafed and sore. To take the soreness away immediately and restore baby's skin to healthy firmness, smooth Rexona Ointment on the chafed skin and use Rexona Medicated Soap for his bath.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .

Poisonous wounds, piles, ringworm, cracked lips, sunburn, Sore foot, boils, pimples and all skin complaints.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



WE GUARANTEE
TO REDUCE
WAIST & HIPS/
IN 10 DAYS
or it won't cost you a penny

Personal Consultation 5/- Letter 26
Treatment from 5/-
Write or Call
CANTRELL & CO. LTD. Pitt St. Sydney K.W.



If you have bad luck at games, love, business, you should carry a small piece of dried Iodine Lodestanes. These lodestanes are carried by some Oriental persons as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil and misfortune, and the other to bring good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity.

Posted by return mail, price 1/- per pair.

Your money refunded within 7 days of purchase, if not fully satisfied.

V. A. BASSETT, 7 Sydney Ave., Sydney.



The dreaded tetanus germ is always a danger in highly cultivated ground. The slightest scratch received during gardening should be given immediate attention and a quick application of the finest of all antiseptic Ointments—Iodex, which is recommended by Doctors the world over.

FREE!
Our new 36 page First Aid Book tells what to do in all emergencies. Should be in every home. Write for your copy now. The Index Co., 131-133 Palmer Street, Sydney.

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE
Price 2/- From all Chemists

CHRISTMAS in the Air . . .

Let's Talk of Decorations —Says the OLD GARDENER

It is said that in Japan one spends hours arranging a single flower, placing and replacing the stem until it assumes a position that satisfies a sense of appropriateness and beauty.

The everyday life of the average home does not permit of such extreme attention to detail. With a little thought, however, flowers can be arranged simply, quickly, and with artistry. Listen to what the Old Gardener has to say:

When satisfying the cravings of hunger, let us not forget to feast the eyes.

WHAT'S wrong with me, Miss, you say? Oh! I'm all right, I'm just feeling a bit happy 'cause it's near Christmas.

When I called just now, I was talking about "feasting the eyes." Well, I was referring to floral decoration in general, and to Christmas decoration in particular, Miss.

The table-decorating branch of floral art, Miss, is one of the greatest importance. When indulging in contrasts, always endeavor to make them as forceful as possible.

You know, Miss, weak combinations get weaker still under artificial light, and always convey a want of artistic determination.

It is advisable when decorating either a small or large table, to use one kind of flower, or at the most, two. Once you depart from the two-flower idea, Miss, it really does not matter how many kinds are used, as your work, then, will be purely a color scheme—which if carried out correctly, presents a fine appearance.

Make a point, Miss, of placing the flowers on the table first. This is absolutely necessary. Then, if the table looks sufficiently furnished there is no need for fruit or silver to be added. A table overloaded with fruit and flowers, and the family plate, looks—well, vulgar!

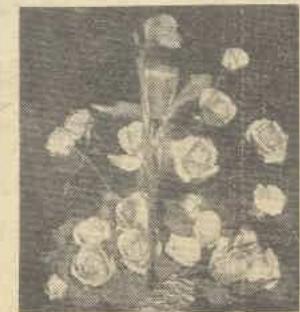
The centre of the table should be given to flowers. Having arranged a number of bowls or vases of various heights, place them in a zigzag fashion. This requires a certain amount of artistry. Each piece can then be seen from every point. So, Miss, if you have a tall centre you should have a fairly tall end-piece, with low ones between them. And if sprays of trailing greenery of any sort are used, never allow them to lie about on the cloth in an unnatural way, but trail them in a natural way—each piece finishing up

by curling round a vase, or losing itself in another floral piece.

A very pretty table can be made of mistletoe and lily of the valley, with any other suitable flower intermingled. A light design comprising small pieces of mistletoe arranged on the cloth will look festive. It can be varied with any other Christmas flower as with pieces of holly, removing many of the leaves, so that the full red effect of the berries may be seen.

Care in Color Selection

WHEN decorating, Miss, take care that the weaker colors are in the majority when employing contrasts.



BASKETS. with their rustic charm, are particularly good as settings for flowers, and lovely arrangements may be made in them with the help of wet sand or of a low bowl of water placed in the bottom of the basket to keep the flowers fresh.

Blue, mauve, or violet colored flowers should never be used alone for dinner decoration. They may look well during daylight, but lose their effect entirely under artificial light.

Never place two vases opposite one another. There is an art in placing ob-

jects irregularly, Miss, in order to keep the artistic balance.

You know, Miss, I dislike wiring flowers, but in many cases it is absolutely necessary when decorating. Many varieties of carnations and roses are beautiful, but the stems are too weak to support them. Then you have to resort to wiring. So, Miss, you should always have on hand four sizes of wire, Nos. 20, 22, 24, and 26, which can be bought at any florist.

Avoid Hairy-Scented Flowers

NEVER cram a vase full of flowers. A few, well arranged, always appeal to the eye much more.

Never decorate tables or rooms with heavily-scented flowers if you are expecting the room to be crowded. Miss, with people—especially in summer time—as the closer the room, the greater the volume of scent. This is very important to remember.

You know, Miss, lots of people gives you plenty of tips on how to keep flowers fresh a long time, but there is nothing better than clean water, and rain water for preference; so, change the water regularly every day, and during summer months, twice daily—morning and evening. An aspirin dropped in the vase does assist the life of flowers a little, but other ideas we bear so much about, are all a myth.

A large bowl or vase of Christmas bush in one corner, Miss, with smaller vases here and there.

Ornamental grasses are a great asset for room decoration at Christmas. And, of course, mistletoe hanging from the ceiling.

Plants bearing berries for Christmas decorations are cotoneaster, crataegus, symphoricarpos, cerasus, sempervirens—or All Saint's cherry, as this shrub is usually called.

Oh, I see you have your Christmas pudding made. What a beauty, Miss. Will I come round and have some? You bet I will! I hope I get the slice with a threepence in it, and that cake! my word it's a good one all right. Yes, I'll be along to wish you the compliments of the season next week.

If Your Skin is Delicate

Use upon it only a pure, non-gritty, harmless face powder—use Australian Rice, that though exquisitely PURE and FINE, clings to your skin so as to leave, a soft, thrilling, part of it. Not just a coating, no, a plaster, but a soft, caressing bloom that gives you greater loveliness, hiding the faintest marks and sooths the skin so that the results naturally appear. And the shades available in Australian Rice Powder are just right for the English. For 1/3d, you get a smart box, and from twice to four times as much powder as in the average 1/6d box. . . . For Beauty and Value, use

Australian Rice Powder

EXCESS FAT RUINING HER HEALTH

Better After Losing 14 lbs.

A woman writes:—"I used to have a great deal of fat that seemed to nearly stop me breathing, especially when I knelt down to do any housework, or was walking up a hill. I would simply have to fight for my breath for about 20 minutes. But now that has all gone, thanks to Kruschen. I have lost 14 lbs. in weight, and am able to get about in comfort. I can work all day and not feel tired. I feel so much better, and am so pleased to have lost some of the fat that was steadily gaining ground with me, and ruining my general health."—(Miss) A. K.

There are six vital mineral salts in Kruschen. These salts combat the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day these waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue. Unlike ordinary apertients, Kruschen does not confine its action to a single part of the system. Its tonic effects extend to every organ, gland, nerve and vein.

WITH A BEAUTIFUL BUST—LURING CHARM IS YOURS!



Have you that firm youthful bust that commands admiration? If you want to have that attractive NYMPH will give you, naturally, harmlessly, the beautiful curves like the figure in the photograph.

NYMPH is inexpensive and your money will be well spent if you are not satisfied. Send for FREE particulars NOW. Tear out this ad., write your name and address, and post it.

YVONNE DURRY
Box 1774 K. G.P.O., Sydney.

I cured drink-crazed Husband

In 3 days he lost craving for liquor, in fact was CURED, writes grateful wife of husband suffering for 15 years. Remarkable remedy can be given or taken secretly. Act quickly, restoring normal health and happiness. For special offer and full particulars, send today to sole Australian agents:

Dept. WL The Home Benefit Co., Box 3160P, G.P.O., Sydney.

LIFE-SIZE DOLL UNBREAKABLE. Only 2/6 About 27 inches High.

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For YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

Baby's Second Month

This expert and most enlightening article deals with many vital aspects concerning baby's early care and development, and matters of significant importance to the mother herself.

FWE have seen in previous articles, natural feeding is Nature's way of bringing your figure back to normal after child-birth. For your sake, therefore, as well as baby's it is important for you to keep up your milk supply. Thorough emptying of the breasts at feeding times ensures this. Moreover, if you do not empty the breasts completely at each nursing, your supply may decrease.

Baby should suck at the first breast until it is quite empty, and then take all he requires from the other. Should he leave a drop or two the mother should express this by hand when baby has been put back to bed. The breast is supported on the left hand while the right hand gently strokes it towards the nipple and then squeezes the areola (dark circle around the nipple) between thumb and fingers, thus coaxing out the milk. Hand-expression should not be kept up for more than ten minutes after each nursing. Any mothercraft centre will demonstrate to you how to do this.

If baby is not getting sufficient food, keep the expressed milk, and give it to baby by bottle after his next feed. Your milk must meantime have been kept covered and cool, in just the same way as one keeps a baby's humanised milk cool between feedings.

Baby must not be fed between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. If he wakes and cries in the night a little boiled warm water may be given. Make him comfortable, tuck him in cosy, see that there is plenty of air in the room, and then leave him. He will go to sleep quite easily if you do not start the bad habit of walking him up and down the room in the middle of the night.

If you find, after carrying out your nurse's instructions for increasing the



THIS bonny little Australian, brought up on the Truby King system is, as you can see, beautifully proportioned. Helen is a real child of nature—full of fun and mischief—happy always.

order to find out exactly how much artificial food should be given after each sucking.

Every drop of human milk is precious to baby, so do not fall into the lazy habit of saying "The little I supply cannot do him much good; I think I will wean him

entirely." Breast milk aids in the digestion of the complementary milk-mixture. WHEN baby is six weeks old a little orange juice should be given to him daily. It used to be supposed that breast-fed babies got sufficient vitamin C from human milk; but in these times of depression many women do not get a diet which is fully supplied with vitamins, and so one cannot count on a sufficiency of vitamin C in all human milk. In any case, a little additional vitamin C can do no harm, especially if baby is being only partially breast-fed.

Vitamin C helps to prevent baby getting a disease called scurvy. All artificially-fed babies MUST have orange, tomato, or vegetable juice daily. Begin with five drops of orange juice in ten drops of boiled water, given about 4 p.m. when baby is awake. If giving carrot juice use ten drops of juice to ten drops of boiled warm water.

By the time baby is three months old the dose can be gradually increased to one teaspoonful of orange juice in two teaspoons of boiled water, or two teaspoons of carrot juice in two teaspoons of water. If using tomato juice use twice the amount that you would of orange juice. The tomatoes, of course, must be ripe and perfectly sound. When fresh tomatoes are not available, use tinned tomato juice. The vitamin C content is not destroyed by tinning.

BABY'S cord will be quite healed by now, and the binders should be discarded. Occasionally babies have navel hernia. If this is the case, it can usually be cured quite simply by pushing in the hernia with your finger and applying two strips of adhesive plaster, one inch wide, crosswise over the spot. These should be left on till they peel off, when new strips should be applied.

If baby develops sour or cradle-cap, apply liquid paraffin to the affected areas at night, and wash the head well the next morning. It is unwise to try to scrape the sour off with a fine comb. The liquid paraffin will cause it to disappear quickly without any combing.

Remember to have baby weighed every week. He should be gaininig between 6 and 8 ounces a week in his second month. If he is not, consult your nearest mothercraft nurse.



Jewish HEROINES of Feast of Lights'

Those who happen to visit Jewish friends this week are likely to be entertained with cheese cakes, and quite a number of confections in which cheese figures.

IN the poetically named "Feast of Lights," or Chanucah, a festival in which woman is specially honored—Jewish women are privileged to regard the whole period of Chanucah as a holiday—the cheese cakes are an important traditional feature.

Chanucah is the celebration of the zenith of the triumphs of Judas Maccabeus—the re-consecration of the Temple in Jerusalem after his victories over numerically stronger foes. The story of Judah and Holofernes is traditionally entwined with the celebration. The beautiful and patriotic widow, resolved to save her people, took cheese-cakes to Holofernes in order to make him thirsty, so that he would drink heavily. The story is regarded as apocryphal, an allegorical picture of the strategy employed by Judah in the overthrow of the Syrian army of nine thousand men by the mere handful of followers of Judas Maccabeus; but the tradition stands.

Other Women

THE period has other Jewish heroines. Failure having attended efforts to break the spirit of the Jews, Antiochus Epiphanes decided to strike at the root of their national cohesion by the destruction of their religion. The Temple was defiled by heathen sacrifices; Jews were forced to make public acknowledgment of the foreign gods. The period produced a remarkable crop of martyrs. One stalwart slew his sons for fear they should weaken under the threat of death; a widow saw her sons executed, one after another, before her eyes, exhorting them to remain steadfast. When the turn came of the youngest, a mere boy, the captain of the soldiers, with tears streaming down his face, implored the mother to tell the boy to obey the edict. She refused, and the boy died.

A feast of pure rejoicing, Chanucah is a sort of extra Christmas to Jewish children, whose parents, although Christmas has no religious significance to them, usually see that they do not go short of the feasting enjoyed by their Christian friends.

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Coming Productions

Productions for December 16: "Cyrano de Bergerac," at the Theatre Royal, produced by the Impressionist Theatre, under Dr. Cardinale.

"A Night Off," produced at Bryant's Playhouse by members of Beryl Bryant's group. "Peter Pan," presented at the Savoy by the Independent Theatre. (This will be repeated on December 20 and for a Boxing Day matinee as "extras.") "Caprice," at the Repertory Theatre.

On December 18 and 20 the Players' Club will present the Nativity play, "Everyman of Every Street," by Mary D. Stocks. Christmas music is to be interpolated throughout the action of the performance, and a false prosenium with wings containing stained-glass windows is to be built at St. James Hall to assist in establishing "atmosphere."



10 Varieties of CHOICE SELECTED FRUITS AND OTHER DELIGHTFUL INGREDIENTS

mixed in the right proportion to the batter!

Sultanas,
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Instead of buying the ingredients individually at a cost of four or five shillings, you buy the whole mixture all ready for cake making, properly balanced, for less than one shilling.

This is the correct formula, according to cooking experts. Notice in other brands the fruit falls to the bottom of your cake, whereas in Basket Brand it remains evenly distributed through the cake.

These fruits are specially sterilized and are ideal for youngsters' school lunches.

Kitchen-tested Recipe for Ruth Boyle's FAMOUS CHRISTMAS CAKE

1 lb. butter 5 tablespoons brandy, or sherry.
1 lb. sugar 1 teaspoon spice.
8 eggs 1 dessertspoon PARISIAN ESSENCE
12 ozs. plain flour mixed with 9 ozs. FOUNTAIN SELF-RISING FLOUR (or 21 ozs. plain flour and a scant teaspoon of FOUNTAIN BAKING POWDER).
5 pks. BASKET MIXED DRIED FRUITS, each containing 12 ozs.

Cream the butter and sugar; add the eggs one at a time, then the brandy or sherry gradually; add the sifted flours and spice with the fruits alternately, then the Parisian Essence, having it well mixed in. Pour the mixture into an 11 in. round or 10 in. square cake tin that has been lined with white paper. Place in well-heated oven, turn the gas very low and cook slowly from 4 to 4½ hours. Test with a skewer and allow the cake to remain in the tin until the day of use, or icing. If you desire to make a smaller cake use half ingredients and cook in 8 in. round or 7 in. square tin, and bake for 2 to 2½ hours. (Note that a square cake takes less time to cook than a round one).



HOW TO OBTAIN A FREE BATH TOWEL

Don't miss these towels—better quality than any that have been offered free before! And they're right up-to-the-minute in new colour schemes and intriguing designs. To obtain your Bath Towel save 40 crosses (10 bars) from Siren Soap wrappers and take them to: Gift Showrooms, 365 Kent Street (near King Street), Sydney.

Or Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney. If unable to call, post your crosses with your name and address (in BLOCK LETTERS) to TOWEL DEPARTMENT, J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Box 1590B, G.P.O., Sydney.



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MENTAL Defectives

Replies to Letters

In reply to letters appearing in the "So They Say" column regarding mental defectives and their treatment, the following two letters, by experts, are published.

MISS RUBY SCOTT, in her article in your issue of November 25, states that "Mental Deficiency" can be overcome by the "rearranging of the mind" etc. Apparently she refers to psycho-analytic methods, writes Lorna M. Hodgkinson, Sunshine Training Institute for Subnormal Children.

Apparently the writer knows nothing of her subject, for the above statement is a gross error, and likely to mislead many parents of mentally deficient children. It is better for parents of such cases to know the truth, namely, that mental deficiency can never be overcome by any method whatsoever.

True mental deficiency is a congenital condition which occurs either before birth or very near to birth. Such a child is born lacking its normal mental equipment, and no form of treatment can ever give to that child what it lacked at birth.

Psycho-analysis is quite useless, because there is little or nothing to analyse. It is useless to try to "rearrange the mind" of the imbecile as Miss Scott suggests, simply because there is little or nothing there to so "rearrange" and her efforts would therefore meet with failure.

Another writer (Miss Temple) states that mental defectives are harmless in the community if properly trained. This is only true of a certain small proportion of mental defectives.

Scientific training and later placement in the community apply only to those well-behaved types of children that are of a non-hereditary class.

Popular Psychology

IN answer to R. Scott's letter, I should like to make the following comments, writes Marva Temple, Moresland Special School, North Springwood N.S.W.

I have not read Harold Deardon's book, "The Science of Happiness." From the title and text quoted I should imagine it is one of the many handbooks of popular psychology, and is written to teach the average man to use his mind and its faculties to the best advantage.

Ruby Scott appears to be considering mental abnormality, which can be compared with some types of genius—mental deficiency or sub-normality has nothing in common with either, except to use a popular and overworked word, all are usually "pre-natal"—born, not made. Has Ruby Scott ever examined, for example, a defective of the Mongol type? While it is extremely probable that this type of deficiency is due to some prenatal cause, evidence seems to point to the fact that it is a physical one, and it is hard to believe that mental adjustment is all that is needed to make these cases whole.

AFTER-CARE for Mental Patients

Since its foundation in 1907, the After-Care Association of New South Wales has done valuable work in the community helping innumerable persons who have suffered from mental illnesses.

EIGHT years ago the Women's Hostel at Five Dock was established. It receives and tends patients recently released from hospital, and desirous of finding employment.

During 1933, 40 women have passed through the hostel where Miss Stark is the supervisor, and Miss T. Moore secretary. Many of these had to be cared for for two or three months before suitable positions were found for them.

The association realises that unhygienic environment is often partly responsible for mental illnesses, and sees that a patient is placed where there is no danger of mental irritation.

MEN patients have also been assisted with temporary homes, and the provision of food, clothing, and tools.

The canteens established by the permission of Dr. C. A. Hogg at Gladesville and Callan Park, have materially assisted the finances of the association, £340 having resulted from sales.

The canteens have, in addition, given patients the opportunity of making their own purchases within the hospital grounds, and of entertaining friends at afternoon tea.

The annual meeting of the association was fixed for December 14.

SAFETY from BITES of DEADLY SPIDERS



as an antidote
for redback or
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KEEP EICHORN'S ANTISEPTIC
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Here is an antiseptic so powerful that, used as directed, it is an antidote to the bites of poisonous spiders, venomous snakes, even death-adders.

In addition, it clears up cuts, wounds, all septic conditions quickly and completely.

In a single bottle of Eichorn's Antiseptic you have complete protection for your children, even perhaps from death.

Do not delay getting Eichorn's from your chemist—then you'll have no cause to reproach yourself if you or a member of your family has the misfortune to suffer the terrifying pain and deadly danger of poisonous insect, spider or snake bites.

The danger is very real to-day because redback and trapdoor spiders are very prevalent in every locality.

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At present a reproduction of the London exhibition is on display at Grace Bros., Broadway.

A voting competition is being conducted in aid of the T.B. Sailors and Soldiers' Fund. Competitors are asked to choose six tables, which they consider the most artistic in order of merit.



Replica of Duchess of York's Table



REPLICA of the Queen's Table

To Amuse You At Christmas

TEN groups of things are decided upon, say, clothing, fruit, books, and such like, and the players write them down. Then a letter is chosen at random and you are given a few minutes to write opposite each group the name of a member of it beginning with the chosen letter.

As an example, say one group was "furniture" and the letter chosen "W." "Wicker-chair" would be considered a correct answer.

Then the party forms itself into a jury to weigh up the lists. You get a mark for each word approved by the jury, and three marks if no one else has thought of that particular one. That is when the fun begins.

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If, after taking three jars of Double Strength Lubri-Lax, constipation still persists, The Natural Remedy Co. will pay the consultation fee for your examination by a duly qualified Medical Specialist (usually 2/-). This is a genuine offer—without restrictions or obligations other than that you write to The Natural Remedy Co., Box 1436JJ, G.P.O., Sydney, stating the name of your chemist or store, together with the dates on which you made your three purchases. We will then give you a letter to the specialist we think most suitable to deal with your case. To be on the safe side keep the cartons. It is unlikely that you will need them, as LUBRI-LAX will not fail you or the proprietors—The Natural Remedy Co., Erskineville, Sydney.

PHYSICAL SUFFERINGS CAN BE CURED . . .
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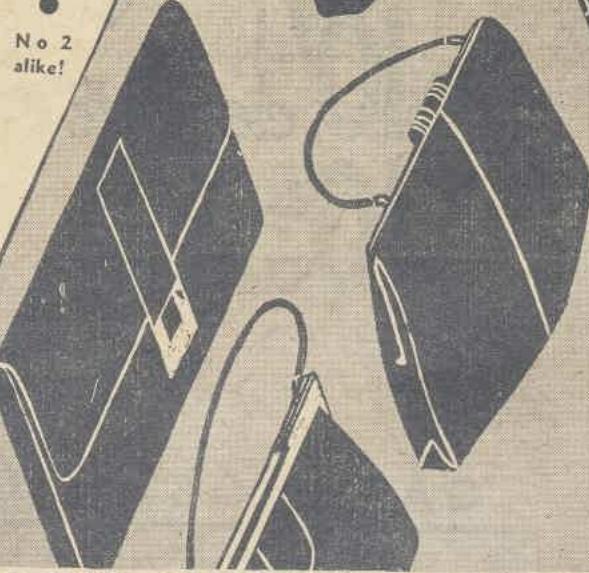
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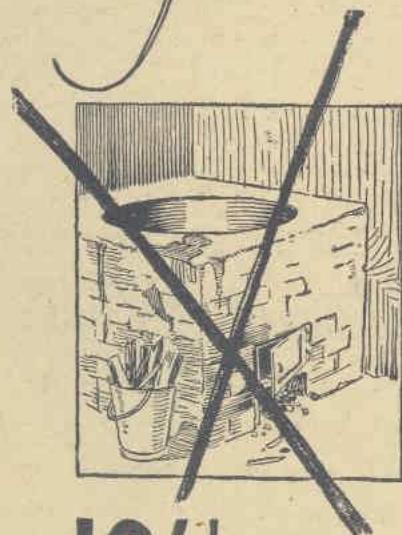
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We will demolish your old fuel copper for 15/- and instal an up-to-date gas copper—ready for use—for a special fixing charge of £1—provided the existing house pipes are suitable. A gas copper fitted with a handy draw-off tap costs £3-10-9, so that the complete change can be made for £5-5-9. Under our easy payment plan all you need pay is 10/- deposit and 10/- a month.

Summer time means Heavy Washing

Summer is just ahead! Why put up with a hot stuffy laundry when you can make it cool, comfortable and convenient for 10/- a month? Choose your gas copper today! You will never want to go back to the old with its smoke and dust, and the storing up of dirty fuel! Gas is the clean way!

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GAS COSTS LESS THAN $\frac{1}{2}$ d. A UNIT

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WX246—Frock with yoke extending over the shoulders, suitable for both large and medium figures. This smart frock is suitable for making from either marocain, sand crepe, crepe-de-chine, or krinkle crepe. Material required, to fit size 36-inch bust, four and one-eighth yards 36-inch. Width at hem, two and three-quarter yards. Size 44-inch bust requires four and five-eighths yards 36-inch. Width at hem, two and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 36, 40, 42, 46 and 48-inch bust PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.

WX248

WX249



WX250

WX251

WX247—Frock with fancy magyar sleeves and flared skirt. This style is suitable for both large and medium figures. Material required, to fit size 36-inch bust, five and three-eighths yards 36-inch. Width at hem, two and a half yards. Size 44-inch bust requires six yards 36-inch. Width at hem, two and five-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.

AN unusual trimming at the neck and diagonal seam-ing at the hips are the outstanding features of our free pattern this week. It is a design that can be exploited in a number of ways, either for formal occasions or for sport, by simply using different materials.

Two charming evening frocks and a striking swagger coat are other patterns that you will find infinitely pleasing in effect and equally simple to make up.

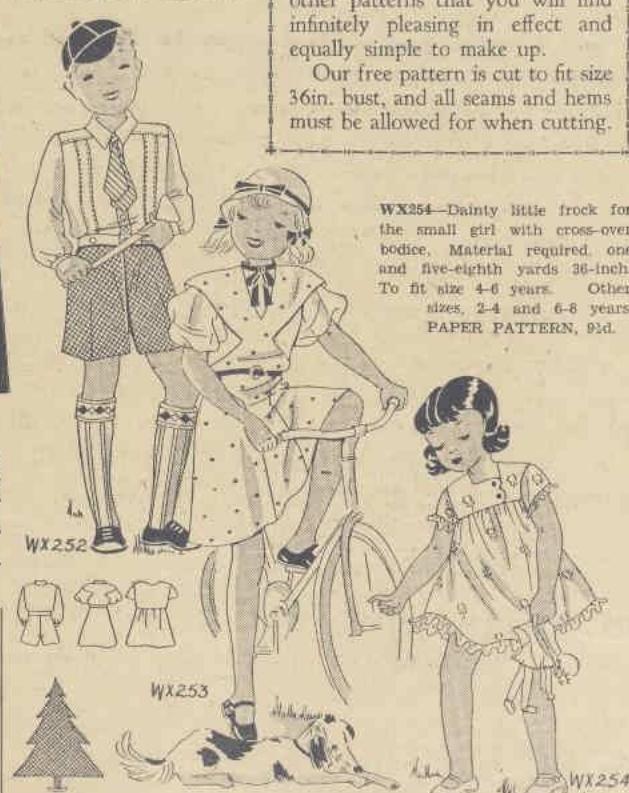
Our free pattern is cut to fit size 36in. bust, and all seams and hems must be allowed for when cutting.

WX248—Simple satin evening gown with fully flared sleeves and skirt. Material required, six and a quarter yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, three and a half yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.

WX249—Made from some soft silk this evening gown with yoke and flared sleeve would fall in a soft full flare from the knees. Material required, six and seven-eighths yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, four yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.

WX250—Smart frock with front and back over-bodice, also sleeve with unusual cuff treatment and flared skirt with one-sided effect. Material required to fit size 36-inch bust, six and a quarter yards 36-inch and three-quarters yard 36-inch lining. Width at hem, two and seven-eighths yards. Size 44-inch bust requires seven and one-eighth yards 36-inch and three-quarters yard 36-inch lining. Width at hem three and one-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. Also sizes 42, 46, and 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.

WX251—Swagger coat fastening up to the neck, with yoke, collar and large pockets. Material required, four yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and a half yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.



FREE PATTERN

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated at—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers,

239 Collins St.

BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from date of issue.

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

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MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 229 Collins Street.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to—

Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above address.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

Pattern Coupon, 16/12/33.

WX252—Small boy's blouse and trousers. Material required, one and three-eighths yards 36-inch for shirt, and half a yard 40-inch for trousers. To fit size 2-4 years. Other sizes, 4-6 and 6-8 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

WX253—Maid's pinafore frock of unusual design with high-necked blouse. Material required, two and seven-eighths yards 36-inch for pinafore and one and five-eighths yards 36-inch for blouse. To fit size 14-16 years. Other sizes, 12-14 years. PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.

so I said "My dear, don't tell me you aren't using Vegemite. Why it's wonderful for sandwiches and as for cooking, a four ounce pot of Vegemite just works positive marvels in giving



Kisses Cause Adenoids

Mother's Kisses Infect Their Own Babies

Thousands of mothers suffering from catarrh in mild or chronic form infect with their kisses their own babies with this chronic disease.

Every child at birth has FOUR tonsils, two in the throat which are easily seen and two behind the nose.

These four tonsils guard the breathing passage during the first years of life, filtering out germs and bacteria which strive to enter the body.

Having served this useful purpose, the nasal tonsils begin to shrivel up and disappear, but if they are unhealthy through neglect, or because of infection by the Mother or some friend suffering from catarrh, another disease of the tonsils occurs and the tonsils become enlarged and swell greatly, blocking up the air passages through the nostrils.

This swollen mass of infected tissue is called ADENOID.

SYMPOTMS OF ADENOIDS ARE: mouth breathing, frequent colds, weak chest, sore throat, and loss of energy. Adenoidal children are often backward at school, and first to catch epidemic diseases such as Scarlet fever, whooping cough, and croupy throat and ears.

DISSOLVE ADENOIDS WITH KANATOX.

If your little ones suffer from adenoids, if you or your family are victims of disgusting catarrh, dissolve the adenoids and avoid the need for a painful operation. Kill the bacteria and catarra with KANATOX, the wonderful antiseptic containing some of the oldest

Anatomical chart showing important air passage which filters all air entering the lungs.

most valuable herbal oils known in medicine. DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX surrounds the entire circumference of the nose which infests the air passages for its wonderful curative oils are many times more powerful than carbolic acid yet absolutely harmless to the most delicate membranes and easy and pleasant to use.

A few drops of DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX will be dropped into each nostril night and morning with another and kill the bacteria and soothe the inflamed and tender membrane of nose and throat.

You can get DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX in large blocks containing enough for more than a month's treatment for 10/-, or a sample pack for 3/-.

Ask your chemist for KANATOX to-day, or pin a postal note with your name and address to this page and send to your nearest State distributor, and KANATOX will rush you a return mail, post free, with full directions for use.

STATE DISTRIBUTORS

N.S.W.—W. JAMES ROGERS LTD., Chemists, Dept. A, 355a George Street, Sydney. Victoria—C. F. LLOYD AND CO., Dept. J, McEwan House, 333 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne, Cl. Queensland—D. MACLEAN AND CO., Dept. J, Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Western Australia—H. D. BENJAMIN, Dept. 4, 2716 Murray Street, Perth. South Australia—DUNCAN AGENCIES, Dept. 3, Theatre Royal Buildings, Hindley St., Adelaide.



That JOLLY Christmas Party

Happy suggestions for easily-made decorations and table favors that cost next to nothing... yet will amuse and delight everybody!

"A Merry Christmas to you!"

"The same to you and many of them!"

These magic words, spelling joy and mirth and cheer, echo and re-echo in my mind as I write....

MAKE this the most joyful Christmas

you have known. Bring out your sparkle floss and candies, holly, and mistletoe, and plan happily for a real party, with the family and all available friends around. A party with a gorgeously spangled and bedecked Christmas tree—candies and all—and gaily covered Christmas gifts hanging so temptingly from the branches, or nestling at its base.... A party with the spirit of goodwill abounding....

Do allow the children to help in the

The Christmas Bon-Bon

ALL you require to make the bon-bon is a piece of pliable cardboard about 22 inches long and 30 inches wide, a roll each of red and green crepe paper, and a few sprigs of holly.

Join the cardboard into a cylinder, cut a hole in the middle large enough to fit the hand. Cut two lengths 22 inches long from the red paper and put around the cardboard so that the paper overlaps about 8 inches each end. Join paper on the opposite side to the hole. This will be the base of the bon-bon. Cut paper away from the hole in the top. Put the gifts through one end, gather



VIKING ship, and brave, fighting rooster.

the paper each end and tie with string. Cut a 32-inch length from the green paper, and at one side make a fluted edge by stretching the paper with the fingers all the way along. At the other side cut the paper in strips about half an inch wide and 10 inches long. Curl the strips by running a knife along the edge, and tie together with string.

Join edges of uncut end, and fit the cup over one end of the bon-bon. Make the other end the same. With the remaining paper cut into strips, divide the colors, and tie around each end in a bow. Arrange the holly over the "hold."

If you can't have a Christmas tree, substitute with a huge bon-bon with a capacious "hold" for gifts. (Note directions for making given hereunder.) This can be placed on the table at the conclusion of the feast itself, and the gaily dressed presents handed round by a real live Santa Claus if you so desire.

Decorative Paper Balls

COLORFUL, airy, light paper balls can be quickly and easily made for room decoration and for an added festive note to the Christmas tree. Three sheets of colored tissue are required for a medium-sized ball, and here are the directions for making:

(1) Cut circles 4 inches in diameter for small balls, or 6 to 8 inches for large ones, from colored tissue-paper, marking centre with a pin point. An easy way is to use a saucer or plate, cutting several thicknesses of paper at the same time. (2) Fold each circle into four, mark centre. (3) Take needle and thick thread, attach bead or small button to end. Then thread the folded circles loosely (see diagram), spreading, or rather, unfolding, each one as it is put on. When all circles are threaded, draw thread in tightly and fasten with bead or button.

A Festive Rooster

SIMPLY a large banana with matches for legs, and feet, head, and beak made from portions of walnuts. The feathers are indicated by lightly cutting the surface of the peel with a penknife, rounding and lifting a portion completely to suggest the end of wing. A flourishing paper tail finishes the model.

A Little Fruit Man

THIS is simply made by passing a wooden skewer through the centre of a pear and fixing an orange on the top, leaving a sufficient distance between them for the neck. Pieces of almond are used for the teeth, eyes, and nose. Two sticks form the legs, and half-walnuts the feet. Cherries threaded on hairpins make the shoulders and arms. The cap, coat, and trousers are made of brightly-colored paper.

Fruit Candlesticks

THESE novel candlesticks are made by inserting a candle in an orange and arranging a double frill of colored paper around. Quite attractive effects can be had by using the wondrously pretty cellophane tissues now obtainable.



Swan Bon-Bons

THE swan is useful as well as pretty, as it holds bon-bons or salted almonds and sweets. In its wings, it is made of white paper, that for the body and neck being stiff and shiny, and that for the wings and feathers being of soft tissue. Paint beak, and mark eye.—EVE GYE.

Cosmetics of Distinction

ANNA ZELITA Hungarian BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



are universally recognised as PRODUCTS of HIGHEST QUALITY

The Skin Food

Cleansing Tonic Foundation Cream, &c.

are pre-eminent.

The Prices are remarkably moderate.

ON SALE at all LEADING STORES throughout AUSTRALIA.

Send 6d. for samples of Cleansing Tonic and Skin Food to Anna Zelita, Scot Chambers, Hosking Place, Sydney, N.S.W.

HEALTH FIRST!

Safeguard it



12 for 1/6
24 for 2/6

THE surest safeguard for health and happiness is Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. which is prepared on the scientific formula now in use in the largest hospitals in Australia. Avoid imitations. Stop pain safely.

Headaches, Neuralgia—One should relives in from 1 to 8 minutes. If obtinate, repeat in an hour.

Rheumatism, Lumbo-sacral, Sciatica, and Neuralgia—One every four hours. Continue until symptoms disappear.

Influenza, recent Colds—One at night followed by hot lemon drink, then every four hours if necessary.

Sleeplessness—One, followed by glass of hot milk on retiring.

Headaches, Backache, Depression (Women and Men)—One at once, and repeat every four hours.

Head and Ear Noises—One every six hours if necessary.

**GENUINE
VINCENT'S
A.P.C.**

All Chemists and Stores
or direct from Vincent's
Chemical Co., Sydney

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE—SAY "VINCENT'S"

Amazing Cures of Skin Diseases

Brilliant Chemist's New Formula Succeeds

With Cases Considered Incurable

Succeeding even when specialists have been baffled, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant consulting chemist, of Marriwickville, has become a man throughout and even beyond Australia for his amazing knowledge of dermatology and the complete cure of many cases of skin disease considered hopeless. He states that his remarkable

success is due to his secret formula and unique methods of personal diagnosis. One of the most amazing cases of Eczema successfully treated by Mr. McHugh is that of an Ashfield woman who had suffered for over five years and had spent over £200 in unsatisfactory treatment of all kinds, without relief.

Mr. McHugh's new formula has won him fame throughout Australia and New Zealand, and even in U.S.A., for successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Germ under Nail, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Tropical Ringworm (Tinea), Barber's Rash, Dandruff, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, and other distressing skin complaints. Reports of almost miraculous cures place his success among the remarkable advances now being made in medical science. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post, as well as personally. The Australian Women's Weekly readers are invited to write for full details of treatment and reports from patients to Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C., Consulting Chemist, 447 W. Illawarra Road, Marriwickville, N.S.W.**

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THIS BON-BON will hold all sorts of happy Christmas gifts. Directions are also given for making the pretty tissue ball and decorative candles.

Jollity and fun of preparation. Let them make a garland of greens and holly, or Christmas bush, and put it over your front door, or in your windows, as a symbol of welcome to incoming guests, and to lend the hearts of passers-by a happy glow.... Peace on earth, goodwill to man.

Decorate the room, wherever the feast is to be. Make the table gay with party favors. Quaint toys made of fruit, and odds and ends, for nuts and sweets will delight the little ones—and grown-ups, too.

If you can't have a Christmas tree, substitute with a huge bon-bon with a capacious "hold" for gifts. (Note directions for making given hereunder.) This can be placed on the table at the conclusion of the feast itself, and the gaily dressed presents handed round by a real live Santa Claus if you so desire.

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The paper each end and tie with string.

Cut a 32-inch length from the green paper, and at one side make a fluted edge by stretching the paper with the fingers all the way along. At the other side cut the paper in strips about half an inch wide and 10 inches long. Curl the strips by running a knife along the edge, and tie together with string.

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The Candlesticks

JUST cotton-reels, small red candies, which can be purchased for a half-penny each at any store, a little paint and sealing-wax, and a delightful Christmas novelty can be made in a very short time.

Cut the reel in half and remove the raised end, smooth away any roughness with a piece of sandpaper, and here are two candlesticks ready to decorate. Paint each one green with a little water-color, and when dry decorate with sealing-wax, silver holly leaves, and red berries. Insert a candle in each.

For a Viking Ship

CHOOSE a banana that has plenty of stem so that the boat has a high bow, and see that it is nicely curved. Strip off portion of the peel on the inside to form the deck. Point and inset matches through the sides for oars. Mark the portholes with the blunt end of a wooden skewer. (This is then used for the mast, with a paper sail.) Cut and color pieces of paper for the flags.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

When BEAUTY Faces Sun & Sparkling Sea

WE lovers of the great outdoors—how many thousands of us are wishing and wishing for a real Australian Christmas . . . days on end of undiluted sunshine.

BUT, if we do get our wish, don't let us be like greedy little girls, rush here and there—lie for hours in the sun in our smartest bathing costumes—try to take as much sunshine in our two hands and pack as much enjoyment into a few hours as we can.

It is foolish, for instance, for a girl who spends the greater part of her time in an office, or the housewife, who is confined to the house a good deal by her duties, to expect to be able to sunbake for hours on end.

The change is too sudden, too drastic. All very well for those sun-worshippers who have taken every advantage of sunshine to date and are well on the way to tanned health.

Whether by the river or on the beach, beware of the sun between 11 o'clock and 4 o'clock; do not be directly in the sun. Lie in the shadow of a rock or tree, or, better still, invest in one of the new cellophane sunshades which are quite transparent and allow the ultra-violet rays to pass through in a sufficiently modified form. If you can't buy one, strip an old sunshade and stretch cellophane paper over the ribs, fastening it to each one.

For Bronze Beauty

If you want to tan painlessly and without that horrible skinning process, coat the skin thickly with almond oil, and at first expose the skin to the direct rays of the sun for a few minutes only. Then, as your skin gets acclimated, you can stay longer in the sun.

You can use almond oil on your face as well. It's nourishing and is, moreover, a great protection against hot, drying winds.

Many use almond oil (or even olive oil) on their skins for the first day or two, and then use a generous quantity of talc powder. After a few days, when a sturdy coat of brown is acquired, the skin naturally protects itself against the sun.

The Right Care

USE plenty of almond oil or olive oil or cold cream on face, neck, and arms at night. And if the skin has become scorched do not wash until the burning and irritation have died down.

If you use cleansing cream, smother your face and neck with it, wipe off with tissues or a soft towel, and gently, very gently, massage in a second helping. Wipe this off, and your skin will be clean—not only the surface, but deep into the pores.

If your skin is not burnt, but feels dry, leave a little skin-food on all night. If it is greasy, just dab on an astringent (equal parts of rose water and witch hazel is nice). By the next morning your skin will be lovely.

Consider Your Hair

TOO much sun on the hair will dry out its natural oils, leaving it coarse, lifeless, and just about as decorative as so much straw.

After swimming, remember to dry out your hair thoroughly, too, for nothing gets it in a worse condition than having it wet day after day.

Salt water is bad for the hair, as it makes it brittle and spongy. The best thing to do is to avoid as much as possible getting the hair too wet. If you

are a serious swimmer, or bent on surfing most of the time, don't be misguided enough to go in for a pretty bathing cap. Rather be smart and trim in a helmet which ties under the chin; under this wear a chamois hand-wind or strip of ordinary chamois leather, about two inches in depth, around the head beneath the cap. When the water tries to creep under your cap the chamois leather gets damp and begins to expand, and so prevents the water from going any further.

But, if by any chance your hair should get wet, rub it as dry as possible after rinsing in fresh water.

Some Further Hints

I NEEDN'T stress the importance of deodorants and perspiration correctives, need I? These are so easy and quick to use that there is no excuse for

any one being troubled with perspiration.

Remember that it is dangerous to allow

the glaring sun to shine directly on the back of the neck, where very sensitive nerves lie near the surface—hence the need of a sunshade or a large shady hat in the hottest part of the day.



ADRIENNE AMES, Paramount star, acquires every season a bronze loveliness the envy of many. This is her secret: She uses almond oil for the first day or two, but avoids the blistering heat of the midday sun. After that, she powders lightly until her satin smooth tan is sturdy enough to protect itself.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: I have suffered for years with pains and aches, doctor, in different parts of the body. I am of an exceedingly nervous disposition, and have also many other complaints from which I suffer. I have been to many doctors, but none seem to do me any good; I don't think they realise the seriousness of my case.

I WONDER how many people understand themselves nearly as well as they think they do? I wonder how many realise that a doctor knows far more about the pain they have than they do themselves?

There are a lot of little tricks of the

FOR SUPPLE BEAUTY



PUT your favorite waltz on the gramophone and try this exercise. With your hands above your head, swing from side to side and up and down. It will make you slim as well as graceful.

trade in investigating pain. I have had it described as agony when I have pressed a certain spot. A little later I have again pressed the spot, while the patient was busy talking about something else, and she didn't even know I was doing it!

Some people fly to sickness as a refuge from the rest of the world. Some do not recover their health when the condition from which they were suffering has long since departed.

This is remarkably notable in "compensation" cases. It has been shown, by statistics, that the average time lost for the same injury is just

PATIENT: My baby suffers severely from chapped buttocks, doctor. Can you tell me what to do for this?

FIND out the cause. It is usually one of three things: Not being changed often enough, napkins being washed in strong soaps and not rinsed in water afterwards, or incorrect diet causing scalding motions—a common fault with feeding it too much sugar in the food.

The affected parts should not be washed if they are badly soiled, but cleaned gently with warm olive oil, and a mild ointment applied. Baby should be frequently changed, and only soft napkins used.



The Perfect Skin

THE perfect skin is the clear skin, fine in texture, pure in colour. Many possibly good complexions are hidden beneath a film of face cream, and powder by far too lavishly applied. Change your cosmetic habits—now. Abandon clogging creams. Use Mercolized Wax. It will give infinitely superior results. Mercolized Wax does not conceal blemishes—it removes them. Apply this wonderful Wax every night; it will absorb impurities which if neglected choke the pores. Apply it every morning; it will protect the skin throughout the day, and provide an absolutely perfect base for powder.

Invaluable for Freckles, Sun-burn, Wind-chap, Moth-patches and surface skin imperfections.

OBtainable at all Chemists and Stores

CLEVER IDEAS

WHEN BOILING salt meat, add a teaspoonful of vinegar, and two dessert-spoonfuls of sugar or golden syrup. This makes the beef taste tempting.—G.H.M., Indo-tropically Rd., Toowong, Q.

SAVE ALL small pieces of scented soap, cut into shavings, and to each cup of shavings add two cups boiling water. When soap is dissolved, add enough fine oatmeal to make stiff paste. Turn into moulds. When set, this makes an excellent skin soap.—N.R.B., Walcha, N.S.W.

WHEN SPENDING a day or more in the country, at the beach, or at any other outdoor resort, take a small bottle of ammonia—especially if you have children with you. For ammonia, when rubbed over ant bites, insect bites, and bee stings, soon kills the pain.—"Nero," Yarraville, Vic.

BABY'S CRAWLERS from old golf socks. Cut the feet off the socks; slit each sock up from top to bottom, leaving about one inch. This is for the leg. Join the socks together, making back and front. The fancy tops of the socks make a neat finish at the waist, and, as a rule, fit so well that no elastic is needed.—Mrs. E. L. Best, 5 Allister St., Cremorne.

BEFORE WASHING printed cotton materials, soak in a solution of epsom salts. This sets the colors.—Mrs. A. Hughes, 30 Mounter St., Tighe's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

WHEN PREPARING rhubarb, after washing thoroughly, use a sharp pair of kitchen scissors instead of a knife. This method will be found much quicker, and will save your hands from becoming stained. Young beans can be treated in the same way. They do not need to be strung, and consequently only take half the time to prepare.—D. K. Eason, 25 Osborne Ave., Glen Iris, S.E.3, Vic.

NEVER THROW out thick milk. Put in a muslin cloth and hang up until all the whey is drained from it. Salt it to taste. This makes a beautiful cream cheese.—Miss Esme J. Pimm, Millmerran, Q.

TO PREVENT sink blockage: Every-one's kitchen sink gets a blockage in the pipe occasionally. To prevent this when you have finished the weekly wash, take a handful of the boiling suds and pour down the sink pipe. This cleans away the grease and pieces which collect in the bend of the pipe.—Miss Kathleen Clarke, 15 Gladstone St., Melbourne, S.I. Vic.

Devilled Almonds or Peanuts

TAKE 1lb. almonds, 1 gill sweet oil, 3 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon cayenne (this may be omitted, if just salted nuts are required). Blanche almonds, heat oil (blue flame), in small pan, put in nuts, cook slowly till golden brown; stir frequently to prevent burning. Turn on to blotting paper, then toss on to salt and cayenne which has already been prepared on greaseproof paper. Serve, in small dishes, to complete the meal.—G. Donald, 53 English St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT COCKTAIL. Serve this cocktail as a health prelude to the Christmas breakfast, or as a delicious mid-morning drink with a slice of Christmas cake. Make it by multiplying the quantity adding to the juice—half of the quantity of orange juice, also enough tinned raspberry juice to make it distinctly red. Cut little stars from pineapple and drop one into each glass. Serve as cold as possible.—Mrs. C. Graham, St. Kilda Road, Vic.

COLONIAL GOOSE

Take a leg, or shoulder of mutton, and bone it. Boil some onions till soft; chop them up and mix breadcrumbs and sage; season nicely with pepper and salt. Put this into the place from which the bone was removed, and sew it up; place some rashers of bacon round the outside of the mutton, lay in the mixture, then pack round it the bones and trimmings with an onion and vegetables, and about 1 quart water. Boil it gently for 1 hour, then take it up and put it into the oven for one hour or more, according to the size, reduce gravy, strain it, and pour round before serving.—Mrs. J. Nutley, "Alexandra," Charters Towers, Qld.

RECIPES

With a Real
Christmas
Flavor...
From
Readers

...also a Christmas
Cake and Pudding
from a cookery expert

Soon, so very soon, Christmas—with its kindness and good cheer, its magic Santa, its fun, its jolly secrets, and, last but very far from least, its good things to eat!

RECIPES with a real Christmas flavor have been sent in by many readers. From these a selection has been

made of the following, for which the sum of 2/- each will be paid.

OVEN-STEAMED HAM

Soak a ham in cold water over night. Wash, scrape and dry off thoroughly. Wrap the ham and place in a brown paper hat bag, or make one large enough from brown paper, tie the end firmly. Place in a large meat dish with a pint of water, 1 teaspoon sugar, cover, put ham in bag, in the oven, and then reduce heat to cook slowly for one and a half an hour for every pound of ham. When cooked, peel the ham immediately, dust with brown rasping, and put in a few cloves. The flavor is much improved if kept whole for twelve hours.—Miss N. Marshall, 57 Gregory Terrace, Brisbane, Qld.

HOW TO COOK A SUCKLING PIG

Prepare stuffing first. Cut thin slices of well-buttered bread from square loaf. Sprinkle each slice with finely-cut sage leaves, season with salt and pepper, and half a tea-spoonful of dried mint. Lay slices on top of each other, cut across into four, then put inside pig. Put a layer of sausages meat on top of slices. Fasten with strong needle, and thread brush over with salad-oil; truss and wrap in double fold of brown paper. Stand it up, and bake for 2½ or 3 hours. Kidneys were buried in the earth half an hour before cooking. Remove paper, brush with oil or cream, and put back in oven to crisp to deep golden color. Cut off head, split back, lay two halves on dish with head at top. Herbs with brown and apple sauce and hot currants. May be eaten hot or cold.—A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

YULE-TIDE LOG

A delightful sweet for a Christmas party, and a source of delight to both young and old. It is a sweet made in the form of a rustic log.

Cream four eggs and six ozs. of castor sugar for twenty minutes; sift in 4 ozs. of plain flour and 1 tea-spoonful of baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 tea-spoonful of vanilla. Stir in very lightly. Line large flat tin with buttered paper, and dust with castor sugar, pour in the mixture, about one-third of an inch deep. Bake in a moderate oven, eight to ten minutes. Spread warm bacon fat over the top, and roll up very quickly. When quite cold, ice with the following icing:

Mocha Icing: Cream five tablespoons of butter and 10 table-spoonfuls of sifted icing sugar, then add one table-spoonful of coffee essence; if too stiff add a little water. Now cover roll, rolling, using a forcing pipe with rose attached, in straight rows to imitate the bark of a tree. Cut the ends straight, and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Garnish with fresh green twigs, decorated with tufts of wadding to resemble snow.—Mrs. H. Clifford, 48 Bland Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.

CHICKEN HAWAIIAN

1 pineapple, 4 table-spoons salad oil, 2 slices onion, 1葱, a chicken weighing about 1 lb., salt, pepper, and rice (boiled). Cut pineapple into slices, score, remove juice. Then fry slices in hot oil until light brown; remove and cook onion in same fat for 5 minutes, cut chicken into convenient pieces, and wipe thoroughly. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and roll in flour. Place in pan with onion and cook under a high brown. Lay slices of pineapple on top of the chicken, then add the pineapple juice, to which enough water has been added to make 2 cups. Cover tightly and cook very slowly for 1 hour. Remove chicken and pineapple on a platter around a mound of boiled rice. Garnish with parsley.—Miss Grace Graham, "Glenairden," Warialda, N.S.W.

Mrs. Ruth Purst, cookery expert of The Australian Gas Light Company, suggests the following recipes:

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Half lb. butter, 1½ lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 3 table-spoons brandy or sherry, 1lb. currants, 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. peal. 1lb. plain flour, ½ tea-spoon soda.

Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs gradually, then the sherry, and, lastly, sifted flour and carlsoda, and prepared fruit. Place in a well-floured pudding cloth. Gather the cloth up evenly, and tie firmly, allowing room to swell. Put in a flat tin in the hole where tied. Place in a large saucepan of fast boiling water. Buff quickly for 15 minutes, then lower the heat and allow to boil slowly for another hour.

Remove from the water and hang in a cool place. On the day of using, place in boiling water and boil for three hours. Remove from the cloth, and serve in a hot dish with custard, cream or hard sauce.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

Half lb. butter, 1½ lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 3 table-spoons sherry, 1lb. currants, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. plain flour, ½ tea-spoon each, soda, 1 tea-spoon caramel or Parisian essence, 1 tea-spoon spice.

Attend to oven. Remove baking shelf, place round it a piece of brown paper, and heat the oven from 10 to 15 minutes.

Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs gradually, then sherry. Then add the well-sifted flour, carlsoda and spice with the well-prepared fruit and caramel. Place in a round tin, which has been lined with two thicknesses of brown paper, and two of white. Size of tin is eight inches.

Place in hot oven, turn the cake down very low and allow to cook slowly from 3½ to 4 hours. Remove from the oven, and let remain in the tin till cold, or ready for icing.

To test the cake, place a skewer through the thickest part, and if it comes out quite free from cake mixture the cake is cooked.

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WITH THE DELICATE BLOOM OF ROSE PETALS

FESTIVE GIFTS From Your KITCHEN



Here's a most delightful way of coping with a lengthy gift list at Christmas! Suggestions and Tested Recipes . . .

By MARGARET SHEPHERD

who is instructor in cookery at leading hospitals

EVERYONE knows that our friends like best the gifts we make for them. And what variety your kitchen offers — from the tiny remembrance, to take the place of the customary gift card, to a large and sustaining present for those near and dear who cannot take part in the home festivities.

The illustrations show how party wrappings, gaily colored paper to cover boxes, tiny sprigs of holly, cellophane, filmy pastel tulles and bright ribbons can, and will, make your kitchen presents look enchantingly festive.

Amusing biscuits and cookies cut into bird, animal and foliage shapes; dressed in colored icing sugar, covered with coconut and raisins, are sent to spend Christmas with some little girl or boy you know.

A box of luscious tarts gaily presented, with the smartest bows and



A goblet for the invalid friend containing crystallized fruits.

ribbons, would be the gift ideal to grace a friend's breakfast table.

Consider the merits of home-made sweets, in china or pottery bowls, covered with tulle, and each tied with a saucy bow!

TO CRYSTALLISE FRUITS

Two cups castor sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 1-1/2 teaspoons cream of tartar, fruits as cherries, apricots, plums, strawberries, nuts.

Put the water, sugar, and cream of tartar into an enamel-lined saucepan. Stir, and bring slowly to boil, pouring the sugar from sides of saucepan with a brush. When the syrup comes to boiling point stop stirring and continue to boil until it begins to thicken. Remove from fire for two seconds to stop boiling, then stand the saucepan of syrup in hot water, stirring occasionally until the fruiting is thoroughly blended. Vanilla, almond, lemon, maple, and peppermint are nice flavorings.

TO COLOR—Make a well in the ball of fondant, put a few drops of the flavoring into the hole, and cover with a piece of the fondant. Add a few drops of colorant. If liquid colors are used, add very sparingly—adding more color if not deep enough.

TO DIP IN CHOCOLATE—Take a cake of plain chocolate and break up into a mug or cup. Stand it in a vessel of water on the stove, stirring occasionally until melted, then dip a piece of fondant on a two-pronged fork and dip in chocolate. Lift out, and stand on a tin tray covered with waxed paper, resting on a block of ice.

There are more complex ways of preparing chocolate, but this is the best and quickest way for dipping.

Fruits such as prunes, figs, dates, raisins, and cherries make delightful Christmas sweets when stuffed with fondant. Remove the seed and when dry—if at all sticky—dust lightly with powdered sugar.

These candied fruits do not keep for any length of time.



For that difficult friend "who has everything"—a festive jar containing delicious, stuffed oranges.

basin to cool a little. Beat the egg-white to a stiff froth. Whip the syrup a little, add egg-white, and continue beating until stiff but not set. Spread over a plate with icing sugar and pour the marshmallows over it. Sprinkle over top; allow to stand until cold. Cut into blocks and roll with icing sugar or cornflour. Coloring can be added just before whipping the syrup.

WALNUT BISCUITS

Five ounces flour, 3 oz. butter, 1 egg, salt, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped nuts, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream butter and egg; add well-beaten egg and 1 tablespoon milk. Sift in flour, baking powder, salt; add walnuts. Cook in a small oven on a greased tray in a hot oven.

SPICE COOKIES

Half pound flour, 3 oz. butter, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, a little grated lemon rind, 1/2 teaspoon mixed spice, "spick" of ground ginger, pinch salt, 1 egg.

Sift flour, spices, and salt together in a basin. Rub in butter in with the fingers. Make into a dough with the egg. Turn out onto a floured board, roll out to required thickness and cut into rounds. Bake in a slow oven, and join together with creamed butter, flavored with spices and essence or a little strong coffee.

Ice with coffee-icing and sprinkle tops with ground cinnamon or chopped nuts.



Here are gifts for everybody! . . . Jams and jellies in attractive jars, be-ribboned and enveloped in cellophane; delicious sweets and crystallized fruits in bowls and goblets, garnished with pastel tulles and butterfly bows; brightly-covered boxes containing chocolates, and lacquered tins of wholesome cookies and biscuits.

CREAM FONDANT

Two cups sugar, 1 tablespoon glucose, 1 cup cream, pinch salt.

Put almost smooth sugar into a straight-sided saucepan. Cook over low fire until sugar is dissolved. When the sugar begins to boil, cover quickly without stirring until it forms a soft ball when a small piece is dropped into cold water. Boil on to a cold wet plate or marble slab. Brush over lightly with cold water to keep the consistency; on no account touch the plate or slab, as the smoothness of the fondant is spoiled the smoother the fondant will be.

When the syrup is cool enough to hold your hand under it commence to work it with a spatula or wooden spoon. Work towards the center, back and forth, forward motion. When this has the consistency in your hands and knead until soft and smooth. Place in a jar or basin covered with a damp cloth for two days to ripen. At the end of that time your fondant is ready to be made into candies or chocolates.

To make the fondant on to a board or slab and divide into five or six portions. Take each piece and knead well. Flavor and color as you please.

TO FLAVOR—Make a hole in the ball of fondant, put a few drops of the flavoring into the hole, and cover with a piece of the fondant and knead until the flavor is blended. If liquid flavorings are used, add very sparingly—adding more color if not deep enough.

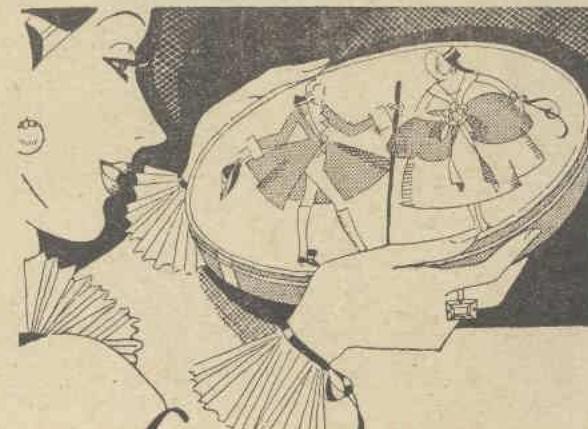
TO COLOR—Make a well in the fondant as above, and cover with the mixture. Knead until the color is blended. If liquid colorings are used, add very sparingly—adding more color if not deep enough.

TO DIP IN CHOCOLATE—Take a cake of plain chocolate and break up into a mug or cup. Stand it in a vessel of water on the stove, stirring occasionally until melted, then dip a piece of fondant on a two-pronged fork and dip in chocolate. Lift out, and stand on a tin tray covered with waxed paper, resting on a block of ice.

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These candied fruits do not keep for any length of time.



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MARRIAGE is a Toss-Up

Continued from Page 11

A

s she became aware of voices, Fay glanced up. There was a thick, tall bank of ferns and palms behind the settee, which made it impossible to see the speakers, but one voice, at any rate, was Ronnie's.

"She's a beauty," he was saying. "Took the hills like a bird."

There was the murmur of another voice, and then Ronnie spoke again.

"Of course I'd like her, Foster," he said. "but it's a question of cash. You see, I'm thinking of getting married, and what with furniture and flats and honeymoons and what not—"

Fay rose, realised that if she tried to escape Ronnie must inevitably see her, and sat down again.

"It comes to this, Foster," said Ronnie; "it's either buying the car or getting married. I can't afford both, but I'll make a sporting proposition. I'll toss for it. Odds, I buy the car—evens, I get married. We'll see what the coin says, and stick to that, eh?"

"Right-o!" agreed Foster.

THERE was a pause, and then: "1892," said Ronnie. "That's evens, so I get married. Sorry, Foster, and all that. Later on, perhaps. And now I must go and dance—"

His voice faded as they walked away, and for a few moments Fay sat motionless. And then she rose, hurried upstairs to the drawing-room, found that it was empty, and flung herself into an armchair.

And there, some minutes later, Ronnie found her.

"Hello, Fay!" he said. "Sorry I'm late, but we had a puncture. Ready?"

Fay did not even glance at him. "Thanks, Ronnie," she said, "but I'm not dancing to-night."

"All, please," repeated Ronnie. "You promised."

"I'm not dancing," interrupted Fay irritably. "I—I—Oh, go and dance with someone else, Ronnie."

Ronnie shook his head. "You're going away to-morrow, Fay," he said, "and there's something I want to tell you. I want to tell you that—that I'm sorry you're going."

Fay gave a shrug.

"And I shall miss you terribly."

Another shrug, and Ronnie laid a hand on hers. "Fay, dear," he said, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

Fay snatched her hand away and gave a contemptuous little laugh.

"I can't do
seventy on the level,
Ronnie."

"Eh?"

"And I can't
snort up a hill."

Ronnie frowned. "What's the great idea, Fay?"

She turned to him suddenly. "Why do you want to marry me?" she demanded.

"Because I love you, Fay."

"I see," said Fay.

"You love me so much, Bonnie, that when it's a choice between buying a car and marrying me, you're not particular which you do! I heard what you said to Mr. Foster. I was in the lounge, and couldn't help hearing."

Odds you bought the car, even you got married, wasn't it, Ronnie? If that's your idea of loving a girl

—to toss whether you'll marry her or not—

Ronnie began to speak, but she cut him short.

"Did you toss for it, or didn't you?" she demanded.

"Well—yes—I suppose I did," admitted Ronnie. "But, you see, Fay, although I promised you never to toss again—"

"That's all, Ronnie, thanks," said Fay, rose, hurried upstairs, and shut herself in her bedroom.

The next morning Ronnie did not see her at breakfast, and at the office Ronnie learned that Miss Cotway had caught the eight-thirty train to London. No, she had left no address.

During the following week the general opinion in the office was that Fay's holiday had not done her much good, although she insisted that she had never enjoyed herself so much before, and she told herself a hundred times that she wished that she had never been to Crawford.

But the fact remains that for every once that she wished it, she wished twice that she hadn't been quite so hasty with Ronnie. What Ronnie had said to Mr. Foster might not have meant what she had taken it to mean. It might simply have meant that if he bought the car he would have to wait

a little longer to get married, and that was a very different meaning from the one she had supposed.

The truth was that she had jumped to all sorts of conclusions that might very well not be true. And Ronnie, of course, hadn't written to her. For one thing, he did not know her address, and in any case after all she had said to him she could hardly expect him to write. And unless he did write, she could not possibly write to him. So there it was, and there, she supposed, it would have to remain.

AND then, at breakfast one morning, the following advertisement in the Personal Column of her newspaper caught her eye:

"Fay—Forgive me. All my fit. Hribru-Ronnie."

Again Fay did not finish her breakfast. Instead, she spent the time writing a note to Ronnie. It ran as follows:

"Dear Ronnie—I have seen your advertisement in to-day's paper. The above is my address. I am always home by six o'clock.—Fay."

And, the next evening at six o'clock promptly, Ronnie called, to find Fay seated on the couch staring at the newspaper.

"Hello, Fay!" he said. "Right way up this time, eh?"

Fay tossed the paper aside. "I saw your advertisement, Ronnie," she said. "So do you realise you were wrong, do you?"

"No," said Ronnie. "It was you who were wrong. If you'd given me a chance—"

Fay grabbed the paper. "Forgive me. All my fault," she read. "F—t stands for 'fault.' Ronnie, doesn't it?" "Quite correct," said Ronnie. "But it wasn't all my fault, Fay. It was just as much yours—"

Fay silenced him with a gesture. "Didn't you mean what you said in the advertisement, Ronnie?" she demanded.

"Oh, yes, I meant it."

"Then why try to back out now? After all, you inserted the advertisement, didn't you?"

"Absolutely," said Ronnie. "But what I meant by 'all my fault,' Fay was that it was all my fault for tossing again when I'd promised you I wouldn't. But

the rest was all your fault, because you wouldn't let me say a word. The fact is, I didn't want the car."

"Ronnie! You were positively aching for it."

"Not enough to risk waiting to marry you for the sake of getting it," said Ronnie. "But Foster wouldn't take no for an answer, and I had to get rid of him somehow, so I suggested tossing. It was even I got married, Fay, so out came old 1892."

He took a penny from his left-hand waistcoat pocket and laid it on her palm.

"And if it had been odds I got married," he said, "out would have come 1897."

He took a penny from his right-hand waistcoat pocket and laid it beside the other.

"RONNIE!" exclaimed Fay. "Then all the time you knew—"

"You bet I knew!" laughed Ronnie. "I always keep them in their proper pockets—1892 in the left, and 1897 in the right. It saves getting muddled."

"Then—then you didn't—really toss—at all?"

Ronnie shook his head. "Real tossing's too risky," he laughed. "I might get something I didn't want—or lose something I did."

He slipped the pennies back into their respective pockets.

"Just a stupid trick of mine, tossing," he said. "I never toss over things that really matter—except just this once with Foster. But the man was getting a nuisance and—I say, Fay, I'm wondering."

"Wondering what, Ronnie?"

"Wondering whether, all things considered, I dare kiss you, Fay."

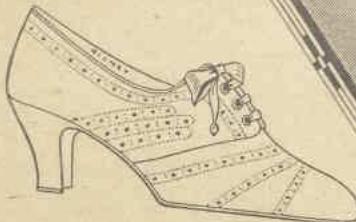
"Toss for it, Ronnie," laughed Fay. "Even you kiss me odds you don't."

And she quickly grasped his hand and guided it towards the left-hand pocket of his waistcoat.

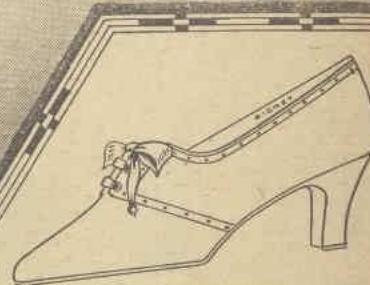
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Greetings from Rigney's

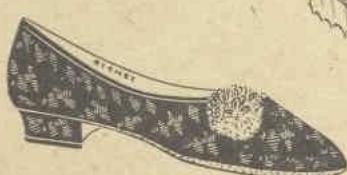
Perfect ^{with} footwear



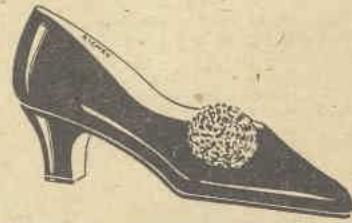
White Buck 5-Hole Derby Oxford. Neat Perforation and Baby Stilt Heels, 23/-.



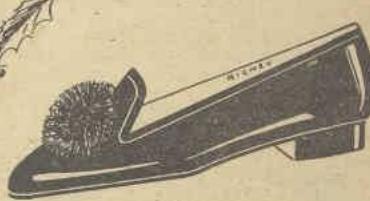
White Calf, and Buck Back 3-Hole Derbyette. Neat Pin Punch and Medium Heels, 21/-.



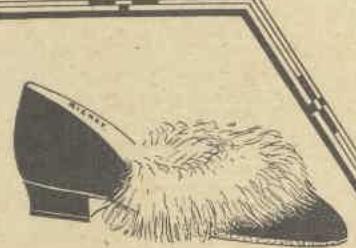
Black Brocade Semi-Grecian Slipper. Cosy Sole and Covered Heels. Also in Blue, Green, and Red, 7/11.



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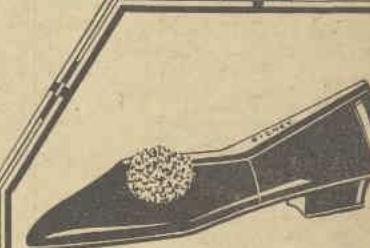
Rose Velvet, Semi-Grecian with Maribou Trim. Silk-Lined and Covered Heels. Also in Green, 11/6.



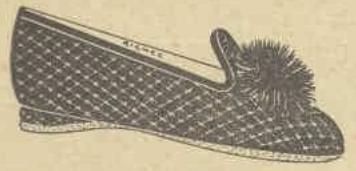
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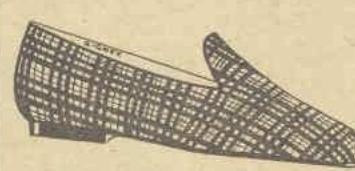
MEN'S—Sturdy Strength in this black or Brown nevis slipper, in either a Grecian or Albert cut, 11/6.



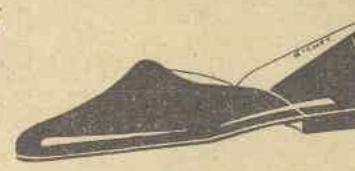
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slippery skin. A fashionable feature for
last-in Black or Egg.

FALLING STAR

Continued from Page 14

"OUTSIDE, if it isn't too warm," she answered, looking at him from absolutely empty eyes. "And set a plate for Mr. Eisenlohr as usual." It was all so stupid and insane, that everything should continue in its even groove while something terrible was happening to Oliver. "Please close the door," she said to Applequist who withdrew.

Then she rose and walked with a little pain to a wardrobe to fetch a dress that Oliver had liked to see her wear.

"I've got to go to him. I've got to go to him." She could think no other clear thought but that.

Ten minutes later she came down the steps wearing a yellowish street dress that was a bit too heavy. Her wet hair was brushed back, and she was carrying a handbag and gloves in her hand. She looked very correct. Takus, who had been watching the door, jumped up and began to busy himself with the coktail-shaker.

"That's good," she said, thanking him after she had drunk in one gulp the first glass he offered her.

"How is it? Is it all right?" he asked.

"A little too sweet," she answered, holding her glass out again. Her eyes were no longer green. They were transparent, as colorless as water. Takus noticed that.

"What's all the story about Oliver?" she asked.

"Oliver? What about Oliver, dove?"

"I mean—will he die?"

Takus felt suddenly as if he had fallen into the middle of a volcano.

"What do you mean? I don't know anything. Who told you anything?" he asked stupidly.

The room was cool and shady. On the small terrace outside, Applequist was setting the table. Holding a napkin in one hand, he raised every glass in the sunlight and looked through it before he put it down.

"So you have kept that secret from me? Why? You wanted to spare me? Am I the kind of a woman who should be spared?" Donca asked. It was horrible, because she did not make any sense. She had many a grand scene to her credit that Takus knew of; but this time she made no sense. He looked at her in amazement. His upper lip was stiff, but his heavy under-lip began to tremble.

"Oh, good God, Donca, spare you! Who's thinking of that—to spare anybody? It's a question of the production. See?" He stopped and looked at her.

SHE did not answer right away. Then she shook her head. "Yes, of course. The production," she said thoughtfully, while putting on one of the gloves. "Any mail for me? Or have you kept the mail away from me, too?" she asked.

"Of course not," Takus protested.

She looked at him. He went to the hall, where hung his coat, and brought back three telegrams which he spread out before Donca. All three had been sent by Jerry. The first two were worded alike. Jerry had sent one to the Morescu home and two to the studio.

"Condition unchanged. Mr. Dent calls Mme Morescu, Jerry."

The third one read:

"Condition unchanged. Asks insistently Mme Morescu come. Come as fast as possible. Jerry."

"That came to-day," Takus whispered, conscience-stricken.

Donca stood with the telegrams in her hand and looked before her. Applequist went by, holding in one hand a tray with bouillon cups.

"I think Applequist uses make-up," Donca said. She found it absolutely impossible to concentrate. Everything was swimming before her, and there was no shore. "Come as fast as possible. As fast as possible. As possible, Oliver. Don't be foolish, Oliver. As fast as possible."

"Dinner is served, madam."

"Thanks, Applequist. I tell you he uses make-up. Don't I know rouge? He has seen too many butlers in the films!"

"Shall I make reservations on the Chief?" Takus asked. "We will be going to-night."

"To-night? How can I? Yes. Make reservations. What does Jerry mean by saying 'As fast as possible'? I am in the midst of production. But I must speak: I must speak to Oliver. What's the telephone number? Get me the number immediately. I've got to talk to him."

SHE left the room and went out on the terrace. Takus watched her as she stood there and drank her bouillon absent-mindedly.

"What does she mean by that? Talk to Oliver!" Takus thought bitterly. Her words betrayed so much ignorance of Oliver's real condition that they paralysed him. At that moment Eisenlohr appeared in the hall. He, too, looked freshly showered, as he rubbed his hands together with seeming satisfaction.

"Is the honorable dinner ready?" he asked, coming in.

Takus looked at him almost ironically, then stepped closer.

"She knows everything," he whispered. Then he hung his head.

Eisenlohr did not know what to say. Before he had come to, Donca returned from the terrace. She looked ready for anything, with her handbag and gloves on. Absolutely absent-minded.

"I am not very hungry," she said politely, without looking at them, and walked towards the stairs. "I am going to lie down for a little while. When you get Oliver's number, relay it to me in my bedroom."

The stairway creaked as she went up.

"Dopca!" Takus called in Rumanian, beyond himself. "You can't talk to Oliver! Darling, you must understand. He is very sick. Very sick. You understand?"

She answered him in the same language.

"You get the connection and leave the rest to me," she said in even tones, and then closed the door behind her.

"Adieu! Good-bye, 'Night of Fate!' Now we can let the whole damn' thing go," Eisenlohr yelled. "Good-bye, film! Good-bye, me!

No one knows what the Morescu did and felt and thought that afternoon as she lay down on her bed, waiting to communicate with Dworsky's clinic. It took quite a long time; for the Phoenix Picture Corporation had cut the wires to the Morescu bungalow, to isolate the star from the rest of the world. It took quite a while; and the Morescu lay there without crying, and only thinking.

The nurse. Long talk. Then Jerry.

"Thank God, Jerry! Finally a voice I know. Jerry, how goes it? Jerry, how are you? How? Have you a cold? Your voice sounds as if—All right? That's nice, Jerry. But Jerry, can't I talk to him? Try, Jerry, please...

No, I know he is sick. Listen, Jerry, put the receiver to his ear. Do it. Do it. Yes? Now? All right, Jerry...

"Oliver, Oliver! Oliver! Do you hear me, Oliver?"

Nothing.

The buzz of the telephone. The whole

She waits. Her heart beats. Her heart beats fast. She waits. The doctor's assistant. Then the chief of the operating staff. Then Dworsky himself. Donca fights forward, forward.

"Yea. Patient called for you yesterday," came the clear voice of Dworsky across the continent. "I would recommend that you come immediately.... How's that? You want to talk to him? That's impossible. No, I forbid it. Absolutely. You seem not to understand how sick he is. You may speak to him, but he won't hear you."

"Is he dead?" Donca screamed into the telephone.

"No. But he is not conscious—not fully. And he is very weak. No, condition unchanged. Hope? Of course. Where there is life, there still is hope. Heart is doing wonders. Well, if you insist, I will connect you with his room. But I recommend that you come here immediately.... Good-bye, I will give you Room No. 168."

The nurse. Long talk. Then Jerry.

"Thank God, Jerry! Finally a voice I know. Jerry, how goes it? Jerry, how are you? How? Have you a cold? Your voice sounds as if—All right? That's nice, Jerry. But Jerry, can't I talk to him? Try, Jerry, please...

No, I know he is sick. Listen, Jerry, put the receiver to his ear. Do it. Do it. Yes? Now? All right, Jerry...

"Oliver, Oliver! Oliver! Do you hear me, Oliver?"

Nothing.

The buzz of the telephone. The whole

what is passing in Donca's heart after this conversation, how she is weighing the things that bring her to a decision. She is a human being. Perhaps the only straight human being in Hollywood. But her profession is the great idol, the idol that eats human beings and spits out the shells. Here is the film. There is life. Here is a big job. There is a great love. Here is the ebb and the flow, the hawling and screaming and whistling, and all the stamping and fighting and elbowing of the profession. And there is only the weak voice of a soul.

When Bill Turner knocked at the Morescu's door at five o'clock he found her at the mirror. Her face had been rubbed in with grease, and the first layer of yellow had already been smeared over her face. He first thought she was rubbing her makeup off—leaving for the train. But Eisenlohr, who looked over his shoulder, understood that it was not so.

"Donca," Bill said, standing before her with bowed head, "I am sorry. Sorry that we have played that comedy with you. Maybe you don't understand it. It was a question of the production. Of the money involved. Of all the people depending on it!"

"That's all right, Bill," she answered, without stopping making herself up. "I know. Production." She took a little brown on the tip of her middle finger and rubbed her eyelids with it.

"If we should keep on shooting day and night and take all my scenes first, when will I be able to go?" she said.

Eisenlohr stepped forward from the back.

"Two days and a night," he said, holding his breath after that.

"O.K. Then we start right away," the Morescu said.

Only Eisenlohr noticed that her voice had fallen suddenly by about three tones.

THAT week, while Oliver Dent was on his deathbed, the world showed it had not changed since the death of Valentine. The demand for Oliver Dent pictures was so great that the exhibitors couldn't get enough copies. "Hardogon" filled the houses in the whole of the United States. Heaps of money was being made on Oliver's dying. Telegraph companies, telephone companies, railroads, newspapers, poets, song writers, messenger boys, flower shops, even picture postcard dealers, screen magazines, and the druggists in the immediate neighborhood of Dworsky's clinic, were all making money. Jerry was every day receiving droves of gentlemen dressed in black who offered their services for the funeral. To bury Oliver Dent would "make" any one of them. In the hallway of the clinic the gentlemen of the Press installed themselves as if in the front-line trenches of a battle.

On the fourth day Dworsky ordered

By a Girl of 16

Registered Mail

I found beneath a jacaranda tree
A strange and lovely thought,
As though in the web of things to
be

It had been lured and caught.
So with a poppy-stem dipped deep
in dew

(For pen and ink), a moth-wing
for a crest,

I sent it off by Fairy Post to you.
And all the street seemed like
an aching breast.

Though I sealed it with a kiss
And posted it beneath a magic
stone,

It was returned to me to-day like
this—

"Address Unknown."

—YVONNE WEBB.

the reporters cleared out; for their noise, their smoking, their cynical jargon, completely destroyed the discipline of the hospital. The reporters encircled themselves in the drug store across the street. Day and night they stood there watching the clinic across the street.

Behind one of those windows Oliver lay flat on his back and breathed carefully. His eyes were almost always closed. He did not know much about what was happening. He was on his way, and nothing in him reminded one of the strong, living Oliver Dent who strutted even at this moment on every screen of the land, laughing and being loved.

"I will die," Oliver thought, "in the morning, between three and four o'clock. What's that? Dying? O.K. I'll die. I am ready. I am dying. I am ready." He thought, or didn't think.

It is strange how an Oliver Dent is ready to leave life, to let it slip from him. Life has given him everything, everything for which a man can wish. A first-class life, so to say. Right on top: Youth. Beauty. Strength. Love. Wealth. Success. "Well—and what?" Oliver thinks, lying and waiting, "well, and what if I have had all that? Everything that one can get out of life is still not worth much. No, life is not worth much. I am ready." When he got hold of himself, his mind always rested on two things: one was his pain; the other was Donca. How he missed her—how he missed her—how he missed her! Donca was strong. If anybody could help him, Donca could. Laughing, healthy, fighting Donca! Her step—her gait—her eyes—her voice—her cool skin—her crackling hair. Sparks—electricity! Floods of laughter and life and strength. Donca. Donca. Donca. His love for Donca was great in the last days of his life. "Come, Donca; help me, Donca; stand by me, Donca; don't let me die, Donca."

Please turn to Page 54

SAVOY CREAMS—another delicious surprise
from Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book

Probably she thought of Oliver—of that great love that had come to her when she had not expected happiness. She thought of Rhodes and Pasadena and Paris, and also about her enemy, Rita Nara.

And then she thought about her own life, her own life that was composed of a chain of catastrophes. After every step up, she had tumbled down. For every moment of happiness there had been a tragedy. Fate had presented her with a heavy bill for every moment of her life. She hoped that Oliver was still alive. But she knew that life had no intention of being kind to her. She had been beaten all her life long, and was already hardening herself for the next punishment. She thought about the torture of the last two years, without a contract—down, down. The worry, the work, the debts, the humiliation. The odor of the poor boarding-house in the Rue Pigalle.

And when everything had looked blackest, something had happened. A better turn. And then "Night of Fate."

She was thinking about "Night of Fate" not as about a film, but as a chance, a great chance, the only chance left her. She was so completely lost in thoughts about herself that she forgot about Oliver. She had an unconscious anger against him—that he should do that to her now! That he should become sick just then—Just at the moment when her future was being decided!

The telephone rang. New York—Long distance. Mme Morescu? The Dworsky clinic. Mme. Morescu?

"Here. Donca Morescu. Yeah, I want to talk to Mr. Oliver Dent. Can't talk to him? Well, then, I want to talk to his doctor. I am waiting."

The conversation is over.



Foster Clark's creamy CUSTARD

"When I use a custard powder I always choose Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, because I know how pure and wholesome it is. And I think it's delicious—don't you?"

Elizabeth Craig

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| FREE Recipe Book | |
| Postage Paid | |
| Send me a copy of Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book. | |
| Name _____ | |
| Address _____ | |
| City _____ State _____ Zip _____ | |

Enclose a 1c stamp for postage.

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY BEKEAR.



Jolly Games for the Holidays

YOU are all sure to like this jolly ball game. Stand all the players in a row except one, who runs a little way off and throws the ball high into the air. As it comes down the other boys give a shout and the thrower calls out the one who does this adds a "penny" to his money.

The ball then returns to the thrower again, who repeats what he did before, and this goes on until any player has gained "twelve pennies" when he can call himself a "shilling" and change places with the thrower.

* * *

IN the Penny Game arrange the players in a circle and then start off by blowing a tiny feather up into the air in the centre of the circle. The game is for all the boys and girls to try to keep the feather in the air by blowing it upwards. If the feather falls to the ground the player who is nearest to it falls out of the game, so every player must stand per-

fectly still the moment it touches the ground.

The game goes on until at last only one player is left, who is, of course, the winner.

* * *

In the name of "Pantomime" you divide the players into two sides, one to be the actors and the other the audience. The actors each draw a slip of paper from one of the boxes. One slip has been written a word such as ugly, pretty, good silly, etc., and the actors must proceed to act the word they have drawn from the hat. The audience watch this and try to guess what the words are that are being acted, as each actor comes on in turn. The boy or girl who guesses the greatest number of words wins the game.

* * *

A PIECE of paper and a pencil is all each player needs for this game called "Trees."

At the word "Go!" they must all commence to write down the names of as many trees as they can think of which start with the letter "A," such as ash, almond, apple, etc. These are called out, and so the game goes on right through the alphabet. The boy or girl with the greatest number of names of trees which have not been written down by any other player is the winner.



SANTA CLAUS AT WORK. For this clever sketch, Dorothy Magher, "Roslyn," Leichhardt St., Glebe Point, wins a prize of 5/-.

Tricks to Play on Your Friends

TRY TO SAY THESE

THREE round brown blobs.

Over a crooked style a crooked sixpence

creep.

Sharing soap and sherry.

Red leather, yellow leather.

Our canny cat could catch a rat and a rat

our cat could catch a rat.

Quack! quack! quack!

Pip, pip! pink pawed poodle.

A strange ship slowly and softly sailing.

A shifty snake selling snake skin slippers.



Now Let Me Think!

Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals—

This is our Christmas Number! At first I was rather sad when I learnt that we had it so early in December, but I've changed my mind now. Do you know why? Because I can tell you a number of games and tricks you can learn and will be able to play over the Christmas holidays.

A very Merry Christmas to you all, and a very happy Christmas too.

Cheerie,
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.



WOULD YOU LIKE SOME HOLLY?
V. MAGUIRE, 174 Batman Rd., Leichhardt, wins a prize of 2/- for this original sketch.

A NEAT CATCH

HERE is a bright little trick which you can play on a pal. You start by saying that you can clap his hands in such a way that you cannot walk out of the room without unclapping them, although his legs will be quite free to move.

If he consents for you to proceed, you take hold of his wrists and clasp his hands around the leg of a heavy table or some other suitable object. You then pull him up and himself unable to walk out of the room, even though his legs, as you said, are free.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall

FRED, Leonie, and Wunderlust were reading in the library at Mushroom Grove when they heard a gentle tapping at the front door. Fred rose to answer it, but Wunderlust stopped him by getting up and saying, "Don't you bother; I'll go."

Wunderlust went out of the library, and returned within a few seconds with Fairy Lightfoot.

"Oh! How are you?" said Fred, as his eye fell upon Fairy Lightfoot.

"Very well," she answered, as she nodded to Leonie. "I dropped in just to see if anyone would like to come with Jumble and me to see the Fairy-maker. She lives only a short way from here. Just about half-an-hour's drive, that's all. Would you like to come?"

"I'd just love to come," said Leonie, "wouldn't you, Fred?"

"Yes," answered Fred, eagerly, "you'll come too, won't you, Wunderlust?" As Wunderlust said he would, they walked out of the front door and found a chariot waiting in front. Fred was rather anxious to see Jumble, as he had heard quite a lot about him but had never seen him.

A VERY fat and amiable little fellow jumped out of the chariot as they came in view. He had a fat, red face, and two very red chubby hands. Fairy Lightfoot soon introduced him to Fred, who in turn introduced him to Leonie, as Fairy Lightfoot had forgotten to do so. Then they all got into the chariot. With a crack of the whip the horses were away, their white manes tossing as they jolted from side to side.

They had travelled for about ten miles



THE FAIRY sat with a pipe in her hand, when the chariot stopped abruptly, and the good-natured Jumble could be heard yelling, "All out here."

"Now, which track is it?" said Fairy Lightfoot half to herself, as she gazed on four tracks going in all directions. "Let me see now. The second from the right, that's it. Come on, follow me."

They followed Fairy Lightfoot for several hundred yards till they came to a big fountain. By it sat a beautiful fairy dressed in a glistening gown brocaded with sparkling diamonds. She had a big white pipe in one hand and the other hand rested against the side of the fountain. Beside her was a blue satin cushion, and seated on it was the tiniest little fairy Fred had ever seen.

The beautiful fairy did not see the little group approaching. She put the pipe to her mouth, and there appeared a very large blue bubble. Gently the bubble danced in the breeze, then falling, fell to the cushion and broke. Then the most amazing thing happened. Another tiny fairy was to be seen sitting beside the first little fairy, very much the same to look at, but a wee bit smaller.

"How marvellous," said Leonie, clapping her hands, and gazing in wonderment at the two little figures on the cushion.

THE fairy looked up when she heard Leonie, and beckoned her to come and sit next to her. This Leonie did quickly.

"No, my dear, it is not wonderful," said the fairy, "it's very sad and tiresome. Here I sit every day making fairies for flowers. Every flower must have a fairy; of course you know that. And as soon as a flower dies, my fairy dies, and I have to start all over again to make more fairies for new flowers. Sometimes I get ever so tired, but I dare not stop, for the moment I stop there will be no more flowers. Oh, and I do get so very tired sitting here all day doing the same thing."

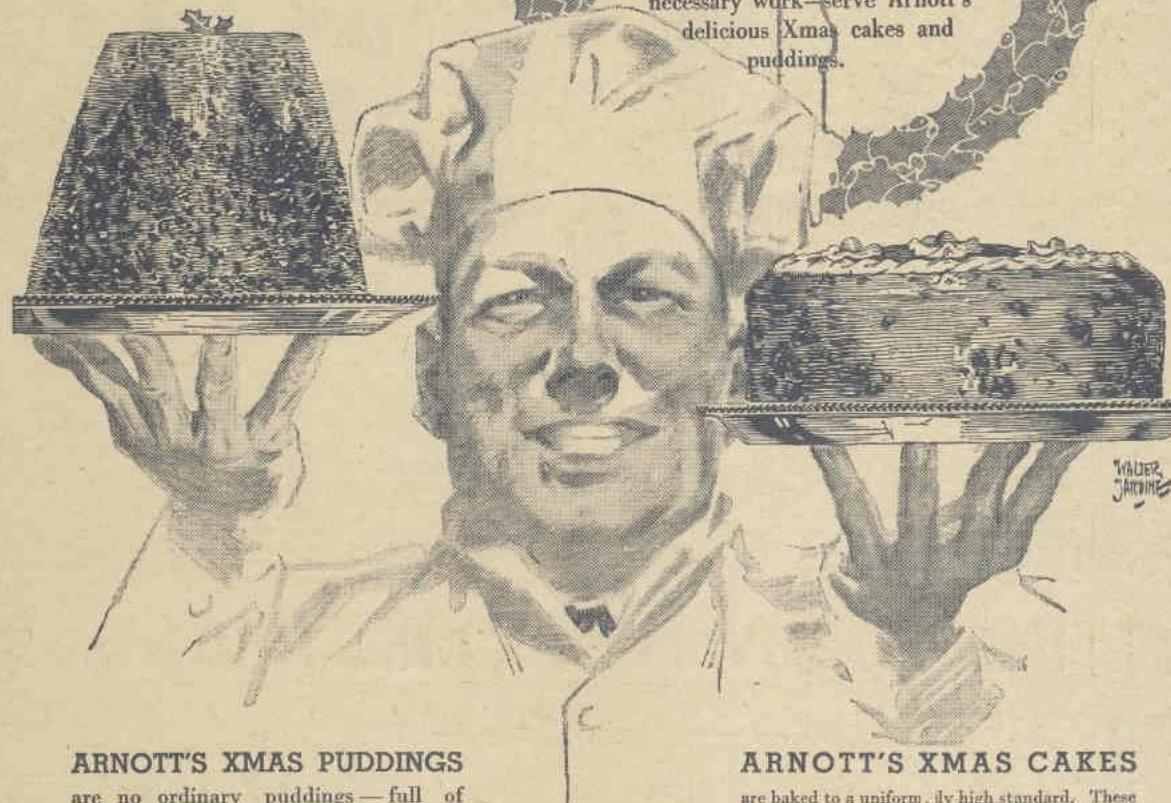
Leonie felt very sorry for the fairy who made fairies, but really she didn't think it was very hard work just blowing a pipe every now and again.

Motioning for the others to follow her Leonie went home. (Wunderlust finds Tuppence next week. Don't miss the instalment).

Make this Xmas a *real* Holiday

*Let Arnott's bakers
cook your Xmas
Cakes & Puddings*

Soon with us will be the Xmas and New Year Festive Season. Goblins, Mistletoe, Holly, Xmas Trees laden with presents and toys . . . and Chinese lanterns; in fact everything to make for fun, and you should be in it. Relieve yourself of unnecessary work—serve Arnott's delicious Xmas cakes and puddings.



ARNOTT'S XMAS PUDDINGS

are no ordinary puddings—full of luscious fruit—cooked to perfection they are rich and wholesome . . . and their flavour—well try a small tin this week.

Packed in handy sizes of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 1lb., 1½lb., 2lb. and 3lb. tins—a size to suit any family.

Always
say

ARNOTT'S XMAS CAKES

are baked to a uniformly high standard. These smooth textured fruit cakes will stay fresh and moist for days . . . you've never tasted anything more delicious. And they look great with their covering of velvety icing.

Your grocer stocks Cakes and Puddings both—be doubly wise, serve them together this Xmas.

ARNOTT'S
famous XMAS CAKES and PUDDINGS

ALLY SALMON

Now in two grades

RED LABEL

The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

COLD LABEL

A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.

The pick of the catch!



In ½, ½ & 1 lb. tins



SALMON



No reducing regime complete without RADOX baths

RADOX slimming baths are a necessary part of all modern reducing methods. Diet or exercise, or perhaps both, may be specified in the treatment, but beauty authorities recommend that every reducing regime be supplemented by Radox slimming baths in order to achieve faster and more lasting results. There is nothing complicated about these Radox reducing baths. Twice a week you take a hot bath with Radox, extra strength as directed, and when the desired reduction is secured, a Radox slimming bath from time to time will counteract any tendency to put on weight.

At all Chemists.

3-53

RADOX
8 oz. packet 2/6

Painful
BURN healed up
in two days...
Anointing burns heat up
quickly—without forming
blister—when apply
Tiger Salve. Get a tin
to-day.
all Chemists and Stores.

TIGER-SALVE
5-2-2

Backache To day
Doctor To-morrow

Thousands have turned the truth of this to late. Neglected backache leads to serious kidney disease. "The Backache" Harrison's Pills are made in a doctor's prescription—famous everywhere for Backache, Rheumatism, Arthritis, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Troubles. They give prompt relief and are sold under a definite guarantee. Sold by chemists and stores throughout Australia. Small cost. Money back if not satisfied with the very first bottle. Why delay?

FALLING STAR

Continued from Page 51

THAT day when his heart collapsed, Donca came to him, talked to him, and tore him out of his deep unconsciousness.

"Oliver, do you hear me?"

Of course he heard her. He answered. He hadn't spoken in a long time before that, and his voice no longer belonged to him. There were clouds between him and Donca. But he could hear her and answer her. Although she left him after that, he could wait for her.

Oliver was waiting for Donca.

The following day a woman came into his room. He knew it was not Donca, but did not at first know who it was. He closed his eyes not to see her. She sat down by his bed, which caused him sharp pain in his wound. She wiped his face from time to time with a perfumed handkerchief. Now he knew the woman. He knew the handkerchief. He knew the perfume. He knew that he hated all of them. He begged the lady, in very polite language, to leave the room. The perfume was suffocating him.

Unfortunately his words were not heard.

Rita Nara only saw that Oliver's sweating brow was quivering and that his dry lips were moving. Jerry, who stood at the head of the bed, finally caught one of the words, two of them:

"Please—go—"

And though Jerry was crying, he got Rita Nara out of the room.

From Friday night till Sunday night, Oliver called at the top of his voice for Donca—in a small, dry, almost inaudible voice; but it was the loudest voice he could muster. He longed for her. He waited for her. He continued to live for her. He wished for her hand, for her presence. He wanted to hear her say once more, "Puff." Only Donca could help. Only Donca. Only Donca. Everything in him strained to Donca.

At two o'clock he gave it up. He closed his eyes. He lay still. Jerry awakened the nurse. The nurse rang for the doctor. The doctor called Dworsky. Dworsky appeared immediately afterward.

"He is dying!" Jerry whispered with trembling pale lips.

Dworsky pushed Oliver's eyelids up and looked into his eyes.

"Well, and what?" he said, turning around to Jerry. "He doesn't need me to do that. Everybody dies alone. And he is not dead yet. A little cardiotonic, please." He turned to the nurse.

From the drug-store across the street the newspaper men had seen Dworsky's car arriving at midnight. They stopped playing bridge, came out into the street, and watched. A cat glided past a wall. A taxi rolled by. An old newspaper rose from the sidewalk and flapped like wings into the hot air, and then sank flat again.

McOrlahan, of the publicity department of the Phoenix Pictures Corporation, ran across the street and disappeared behind the door of the clinic.

One of the newspaper men was drafting a story over the wire. Headline: "Oliver Dent Dies."

At two o'clock in the morning Blakely fell into a dead faint. They had worked like madmen day and night. The work had taxed his strength and his nerves. They had to stop shooting for half-hour. It was the last night of the shooting of the "Night of Fate," and they were taking the scene where Tatiana and her husband were appearing before the revolutionary tribunal.

The Morescu was in a ball costume, having been brought to Petrograd from the court ball. Her dress was also torn.

Meyer was at the wheel of the automobile, waiting at the door of the studio, to take her to the airfield. An airplane and a pilot were there waiting to start for New York. As Eisenlohr approached Donca to tell her that the shooting was stopped for a half-hour, he was almost afraid of her. She had been on edge the whole night; but she laughed.

"A half-hour? All right. Doesn't much matter. Oliver will be well. I swear that he will be well as soon as I get to him."

Eisenlohr stroked her shoulder. He had the sensation that he was stroking heated glass. He was afraid she would burst and break and fall on the floor the next moment, and smash into pieces.

"I will get out of this all right," she said. "I'll come in time there just as I came in time to Pasadena. I took him out of the train. I'll take him out of the hospital. You can bank on that."

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Fever?"

TUNICS or TROUSERS for SPORTS GIRLS

Uniform Style for Teams

By RUTH ADAMSON

IN a recent interview, Miss Ruth Adamson, acting general secretary of the Brisbane branch of the Y.W.C.A., gave her opinion that the tunic and stockings uniform for sports girls in practically every type of game was both practical and becoming.

"I am not," she continued, "averse to the wearing of shorts, but I consider that a very well-groomed and a neat figure is necessary to achieve an attractive effect. Possibly for athletics shorts are the best form of dress, for they allow freedom of movement and a wrap is generally donned on the field preparatory to leaving the ground."

IN the course of the past few months, during which there has been so much discussion, acrimonious and otherwise, of the changing of various sports uniforms, I have been constantly asked to give my opinion as to the advisability of shorts, longs, and so on.

In regard to shorts, I am in complete accord with Miss Adamson. As champion tennis player Joan Hartigan remarked at the beginning of the season, "It depends entirely on your mirror."

There are so few women who could stand before their mirror in shorts and regard their reflection with any complacence that I do not think they should



MISS RUTH ADAMSON, acting general secretary of the Brisbane branch of the Y.W.C.A. Miss Adamson is also senior activity secretary.

ever be regarded in the light of a uniform.

In athletics, generally speaking, the girls are giving individual performances, and uniform in the fullest sense of the word is not so vital as it is, for instance, to a cricket team.

"Fever?" she laughed. "Why fever? Because I'm gay? When other people are fainting?"

"Donca, you've been wonderful. The whole night you've been wonderful."

"Is that so? So I've been good, eh? I am fit as a fiddle, you know."

After a while she demanded:

"Cafe! Takus, some coffee. Coffee and newspapers."

Takus grabbed into his pockets and put a few papers on the table.

She spread the papers before her to read the headlines.

"Look here," she said, pointing at the paper. "Rita Nara! Our friend Rita Nara is getting a lot of publicity out of Oliver's sickness. She has been to see Oliver. What—what is she doing there?" the Morescu screamed. "How dare she go near Oliver!"

The men were all on their feet now, scared by Donca's outbreak. They were expecting her to become hysterical.

"Domas! Please, Doma!" Eisenlohr murmured as he put his arm through hers. He was still the only one with any influence over her.

The telephone bell was ringing under the red danger-light. They all looked in that direction and seemed afraid to approach the telephone. Finally Dr. Erbacher stepped helplessly over the cables to it.

"It's New York," he said, holding the receiver in his hand, turning toward the group. "It's McOrlahan. It was a false alarm, he says. Oliver is still alive, he says. He is fully conscious, he says."

"He is still alive?" the Morescu repeated. "What? Was he then dead already?"

Blakely appeared on the stage, having just made himself up, a little paler than he had been.

"Here I am," he said with exaggerated humility. "On with the show."

O LIVER DENT died two hours before Donca Morescu arrived in New York.

He had spent the day before in a clear, sure and almost happy condition, full of hope that Donca would

HOBST Hulbrook says: I brew my Pore Malt Vinegar from Australian barley, and mature it for one year.

THE guiding principle in choosing uniform dress for a team is to choose a mode of apparel that will be of the greatest advantage to members as a whole.

replica of the others.

I would not for an instant advocate a return to such a mode of dress. The all-white vogue for sport is infinitely more pleasing to the eye of the spectator and more conducive to the comfort of the player.

As Miss Adamson has pointed out, tunics and stockings are an excellent uniform for all-round wear for the sports girl.

To deal, however, with specific cases, plus-four have proved to be the ideal wear for baseball, and long trousers are accepted by many of our finest cricketers. There are, of course, several teams that have adopted them unreservedly.

Of the wisdom of this course I would like to give a definitely qualified opinion. There is, admittedly, a point made in favor of trousers when one compares the aspect of a skirt blousing (to use a contradiction in terms) over the tops of the batsman's pads, and that of the neat finish achieved with the former garb.

But there are trousers—and trousers. Personally I would allow them on one condition only, that is, that they are all cut to exactly the same pattern. That pattern would be drafted by a tailor who appreciated to a nice degree just how freedom of leg movement could be combined with a firm grip at the waist.

Linen hats are an advantage, not from the point of view of appearance, but because they afford adequate protection against the glare. There are few women sufficiently accustomed to the sun's rays to be able to dispense with a shade of some sort.

Eye-shades have found favor, and the only argument against them is that they are not adequate in every case, so that once again a player wearing them is introducing a note that is not in keeping with all her team mates.

Shoes should be chosen for use on slippery ground. Though this would appear to be the dictate of the most elementary common sense, I have seen wickets lost and many runs gained because the batsman and the fieldsmen, respectively, had not given adequate thought to their footwear.

come. She had called him three times—every time the plane had come down to refuel. And every time he had been conscious and answered her. But the last day he fell into a painless coma, a darkness that slid him down to a deeper darkness. His hands were the last of him to live; but finally they also became still.

WHAT Donca saw was very beautiful: A serious, somewhat severe statue out of a yellow transparent material, more delicate than marble and finer than alabaster. A young silken Christ-beard covered the mouth and chin. A few white flowers lay on the pillow.

But there was nothing of Oliver there. Nothing. Nothing. The Morescu looked thoughtfully at that strange statue. Even love could not be felt in it. It was only then that she realised how absolutely the man she had loved had disappeared from this world. While at the door, she had still hoped for something, for release through a flood of tears; hoped to be able to throw herself on the dead one, to shake his cold shoulders. To breathe into his still heart. Some great scene that would relieve her.

Nothing of that.

It was all impossible here. Such things happened, maybe, in films. Eisenlohr was right, she thought curiously. A genuine emotion is noiseless. We are all acting too much, over-acting.

"Good-by, Oliver," she whispered. And even this was theatre.

Walking backward, with eyes away from the dead face, she saw the little dog Tobias in the shadow near the bed. Tobias was there, lying on his side, without moving, his back bent, his ribs sunken and his paws stretched out. His fur, always so easily soiled, was so off-color, so dirty that she did not recognise the dog immediately. It seemed a little out of place to call him. She stepped closer. Tobias looked at her from out his droll, still, wide-open eyes.

Donca left the room in a hurry. She walked backward. She wanted to close the door noiselessly behind her, but the knob slipped out of her hand, and the door fell to with a bang.

Dr. Ploughfield, who generally made

the autopsies at the Dworsky clinic, and who had already examined Oliver Dent, begged that they allow him to make an autopsy of the body of the little dog. He concluded that the dog had died from the bursting of a heart vein, and later on published an article about that case and several other ones, under the title: "Can One Die of a Broken Heart?"

"The Night of Fate" was only a fair-to-middling box-office attraction.

People found the action weak. Eisenlohr's direction splendid, and the Morescu very disappointing.

(The End.)

VAREX Ensures Permanent Healing for Bad Legs

Bad legs and varicose ulcers can be permanently cured by the Vares Treatment.

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

A bride, on being told that the groom's father was old-fashioned and would be disappointed if she didn't look the part when referred to in his speech as "The Blushing Bride," already applied her Petticoat Powder and so ingeniously saved the situation in the nick of time!

PRAYER IN TIME OF SUNBURN

Oh! Lord, why didn't I use that COOLTAN before I went down to the Beach!

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CHANEL,
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All Stores Throughout Australia.

International is NOT for Queensland

On the question of the forthcoming visit to Australia of the English champion, Miss Joyce Cooper, the Queensland association has at last reached a decision.

The Queensland executive fully realise the significance of missing a golden opportunity of furthering interest in this sport, and it is with the utmost regret that they have announced their decision.

Actually, the English champion comes to Australia at the invitation of the N.S.W. Association, and any other State she visits during her stay would be called upon to bear the additional expenses.

Six swimming carnivals are already scheduled for Brisbane during January and February, including three State and country and three national events. The cream of Australian swimmers will take part and the Q.L.A.S.A. feels that the public cannot be expected to respond to any further ventures.

There are many supporters of the sport, however, who deeply deplore the fact that caution rather than enterprise has been the guiding factor in the policy of the association.

Keen interest has, therefore, been focussed on the move made by the Valley Club. Miss Mackay, secretary of the club, who is one of the most active and enterprising officials in the association, asked whether any objection would be raised if an affiliated club should apply through the proper channels to arrange a visit from the international star.

As the club's annual carnival, usually held in November, has been postponed this year until late in the season, added significance attaches to Miss Mackay's question. It is certain that she would receive generous support from many members of the association should any further move be made.

National Programme

The women intend to apply for the inclusion in the national programme of a 200 metres invitation breaststroke handicap.

It is hoped that Miss Claire Dennis, the Olympic champion, will be persuaded to swim in the race. She will then be seen in action to greater advantage than in the championship, which doubtless will be a runaway victory for her.

In order to give the long-distance swimmers in the State and country championships keener and better test, it is proposed to swim them in the men's events.

IMPROVEMENT In B Grade

Forty-six players were selected from the ranks of the "B" grade cricketers by the New South Wales selectors to play a two-day match which commenced last Saturday.

THE standard of play in this division of women's cricket has improved to a remarkable degree. Not only are the bowling, batting and fielding improved, but the ethics of cricket are being strictly observed. Many of the players should earn promotion next year to "A" grade rank.

From the forty-six players a team of twelve will be selected to play in a combined second-grade team against a second country eleven.

Country Match

On Saturday, a representative team from the Illawarra Women's Cricket Association, played the Stokes Victorians from Sydney, at Wollongong.

For Illawarra, Ruby Monaghan again top-scored for the day. This player has been showing most consistent form this season. The best bowler for the side was Lily Bostock, who took three wickets for 34. As it was only a one-day match, many of the players retired from the batting crease. Of the Stokes Victorians team Morecroft, Barber, and R. Howarth performed well.

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MISS AMY HUDSON, who compiled the large score of 68 against the Sans Souci team last Saturday. This is the highest score ever made against this team since their entry into grade matches four years ago.

JUNIOR Age Limit Has Been REDUCED

THE official announcement that the age limit for juniors in the forthcoming Australian championships to be held in Sydney early in the new year has been reduced from twenty-one to nineteen means that an entirely new team will compete for the Wilson Cup.

THE Wilson Cup is open for competition to representative junior girls' teams from each State and the N.S.W. selectors, Dr. Walkom, Messrs. C. Harris and S. E. Jamieson are keeping a watchful eye on present performances.

Nina Vickery, Beth Peach, Ruth Kennedy, Thelma Coyne, Cherry Bubb, and Betty Lockwood are names that are freely mentioned in this connection. The last three have just shown very fine form during the competition for the schools' trophy, the Stuart Cup.

The Lawn Tennis Association of Australia held a meeting in Melbourne on Monday night and decided that an invitation be sent to the best representative players in England, France, Japan, South Africa, Spain, and the United States to visit Melbourne, and take part in the Australian championships in January, 1935.

In fairness to the women of Australia it is hoped that the invitations will include four women players.

If this should not be practicable then perhaps the Australasian Council will invite a British women's team, or as The Australian Women's Weekly has already suggested, a team comprising players from America, France, and Germany. At an Australian delegates' meeting

which is to be held in Melbourne during the third Test match, the Messmates Gunway Warburton and Miss Lloyd, the New South Wales women councillors, have instructed their delegates to bring the matter before the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, and request again that New South Wales be allowed to invite a women's team from overseas to visit Australia.

Bowlers' Activities

THE Lakemba women have formed a bowling club, and it is their intention to affiliate with the New South Wales Women's Bowling Association immediately. Already the club has 22 members.

The Newcastle women have arranged for a two-day carnival, commencing on December 30. Thirty-two women bowlers have already signified their intention of playing in this tournament. Four of the visitors are from the Wyong district.

SPORTING SHORTS

Prospective Olympian

MISS LESLEY THOMPSON, Australian diving champion, during an exhibition at the City Baths, Melbourne, showed that she was a diver of outstanding ability. It has been predicted that she will be a competitor at the next Olympic Games.

New Professional

MISS GRETA MOTT of Victoria, has announced her intention of retiring from competitive swimming and diving after ten years' active participation. She intends taking up instruction classes in both branches. Miss Mott was, at one time, Australian diving champion, and formed the Victorian ladies' diving team a few years ago.

Vigoro, "How's That?"

PLAYING for the St. George Vigoro Association last Saturday, H. Lambert took ten wickets for thirty runs, and E. Perkins, a member of the Bankers' Royals, twelve for a very good performance. The best hitting was that of L. Nathan, who scored thirty-two.

Welcome Home

ON Tuesday night, at the O'Gorman Girls' Secondary Club, a welcome home to Miss Kate Ogilvie was given by the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association. The welcome took a novel form, for each present wrote a greeting to bring a joy. The proceeds were divided between the Day Nursery and the Rachel Forster Hospital.

Associates' Annual Meeting

LAST Saturday afternoon associates of the Liverpool Golf Club held their annual meeting. The following office-bearers were elected for the coming season—President, Mrs. C. G. Harrison; Captain, Mrs. Wilson-Hirst; secretary, Mrs. M. Adams; and assistant secretary, Mrs. C. Dwan.

Only Woman Member

MISS JOAN HARTIGAN has been chosen to accompany the men's team which will leave shortly for Tasmania. Miss Hartigan will be the only woman member of the team.

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY Cup For Interstate CONTEST

IN view of the keen interest that has attended the challenge between the women life-savers of Victoria and New South Wales, The Australian Women's Weekly is presenting a cup which will be open for interstate competition.

Final details of the proposed women's interstate carnival have yet to be arranged, but tidings from Queensland, Victoria and New South Wales augur spirited competition.

WHEN Brighton (N.S.W.) women life-savers' team issued a challenge to the Brighton (Vic.) team, the members of the latter club accepted it enthusiastically. The two teams, which, curiously enough, bear the same title, are the champions of their respective states, and the supporters of each are certain that their own fancy is unbeatable.

Queensland women life-savers, too, can claim a very fine record. There has been some difficulty of late for the northerners, occasioned by the fact that their association has been governed by the men's association. The latter have imposed various restrictions on the women's teams in the recent carnivals.

A contest of the nature of that at present under discussion should give the Queensland girls a chance to show just what they can do.

The Mayor of Rockdale, Alderman Barton, at a meeting of the Brighton (N.S.W.) club held to discuss further the arrangements for the carnival, reiterated his conviction that the N.S.W. girls were equal to any team. Both he and Mrs. Barton, who is the president of the club, expressed their willingness to co-operate in every possible way to forward the movement.

Mr. Sandon, the organiser, was instructed to get in touch with the officials of the Victorian club with a view to definite arrangements regarding time and place.

Though the actual carnival in the first place originated as a challenge between the two championship clubs of Victoria and N.S.W., an interstate fixture, in the fullest sense of the term, implies that a representative team should be chosen from all the clubs in each State.

Just how this aspect will be regarded by the respective officials is one of the points that has yet to be decided.

It has been suggested that, as Sydney

is the central town, the first carnival should be held there.

In presenting the cup, however, The Australian Women's Weekly has made no fixed rules, apart from the fact that it will be open for competition to teams from all States.

With the formal notification to the officials of the presentation of the cup, tentative rules have been suggested, but



MRS. BARTON, Mayoress of Rockdale, who says, "The Brighton Club and officials are very enthusiastic over the forthcoming competition, and I, as president of the club, am sure that the offer of a cup by The Australian Women's Weekly will be greatly appreciated."

It remains with the officials to make those rules definite.

Their acceptance of the cup and the announcement of the rules of competition will be the forerunner of the first interstate women's life-saving carnival ever held in Australia, a stepping-stone in the history of an activity that affords a very fine service to the community.

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